OLNEY HYMNS,

IN

THREE BOOKS.

Book I. On Select Texts of Scripture.
Book II. On Occasional Subjects.
Book III. On the Progress and Changes of the Spiritual Life.

——————— *Cantabitis, Arcades, inquit,*
Montibus hæc vestris: soli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tam quam molliter ossa quiescant,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!
VIRGIL, Ecl. x. 31.

And they sung as it were a new song before the throne:—and no man could learn that song, but the redeemed from the earth. Rev. xiv. 3.

As sorrowful,—yet alway rejoicing. 2 Cor. vi. 10.

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PREFACE.

Copies of a few of these Hymns have already appeared in periodical publications, and in some recent collections. I have observed one or two of them attributed to persons who certainly had no concern in them, but as transcribers. All that have been at different times parted with in manuscript are included in the present volume; and (if the information were of any great importance) the Public may be assured, that the whole number were composed by two persons only. The original design would not admit of any other association. A desire of promoting the faith and comfort of sincere Christians, though the principal, was not the only motive to this undertaking. It was likewise intended as a monument, to perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship. With this pleasing view, I entered upon my part, which would have been smaller than it is, and the book would have appeared much sooner, and in a very different form, if the wise, though mysterious providence of God, had not seen fit to cross my wishes. We had not proceeded far upon our proposed plan, before my dear friend was prevented, by a long and affecting indisposition, from affording me any farther assistance. My grief and disappointment were great; I hung my harp upon the willows, and for some time thought myself determined to proceed no farther without him. Yet my mind was afterwards led to resume the service. My progress in it, amidst a variety of other engagements, has been slow; yet, in a course of years, the Hymns amounted

to a considerable number: And my deference to the judgment and desires of others, has at length overcome the reluctance I long felt to see them in print, while I had so few of my friend's hymns to insert in the collection. Though it is possible a good judge of composition might be able to distinguish those which are his, I have thought it proper to preclude a misapplication, by prefixing the letter C *to each of them. For the rest I must be responsible.*

There is a style and manner suited to the composition of hymns, which may be more successfully, or at least more easily attained by a versifier, than by a poet. They should be Hymns, *not* Odes, *if designed for public worship, and for the use of plain people. Perspicuity, simplicity, and ease, should be chiefly attended to; and the imagery and colouring of poetry, if admitted at all, should be indulged very sparingly, and with great judgment. The late Dr Watts, many of whose hymns are admirable patterns in this species of writing, might, as a poet, have a right to say, That it cost him some labour to restrain his fire, and to accommodate himself to the capacities of common readers. But it would not become me to make such a declaration. It behoved me to do my best. But though I would not offend readers of taste by a wilful coarseness and negligence, I do not write professedly for them. If the Lord, whom I serve, has been pleased to favour me with that mediocrity of talent, which may qualify me for usefulness to the weak and the poor of his flock, without quite disgusting persons of superior discernment, I have reason to be satisfied.*

As the workings of the heart of man, and of the Spirit of God, are in general the same in all who are the subjects of grace, I hope most of these

hymns,

hymns, being the fruit and expreſſion of my own experience, will coincide with the views of real Chriſtians of all denominations. But I cannot expect that every ſentiment I have advanced will be univerſally approved. However, I am not conſcious of having written a ſingle line with an intention either to flatter or to offend any party or perſon upon earth. I have ſimply declared my own views and feelings, as I might have done if I had compoſed hymns in ſome of the newly-diſcovered iſlands in the South ſea, where no perſon had any knowledge of the name of Jeſus, but myſelf. I am a friend of peace; and being deeply convinced that no one can profitably underſtand the great truths and doctrines of the goſpel, any farther than he is taught of God, I have not a wiſh to obtrude my own tenets upon others, in a way of controverſy: yet I do not think myſelf bound to conceal them. Many gracious perſons, (for many ſuch I am perſuaded there are), who differ from me, more or leſs, in thoſe points which are called Calviniſtic, appear deſirous that the Calviniſts ſhould, for their ſakes, ſtudiouſly avoid every expreſſion which they cannot approve. Yet few of them, I believe, impoſe a like reſtraint upon themſelves, but think the importance of what they deem to be truth juſtifies them in ſpeaking their ſentiments plainly and ſtrongly. May I not plead for an equal liberty? The views I have received of the doctrines of grace are eſſential to my peace; I could not live comfortably a day or an hour without them. I likewiſe believe, yea, ſo far as my poor attainments warrant me to ſpeak, I know them to be friendly to holineſs, and to have a direct influence in producing and maintaining a goſpel-converſation; and therefore I muſt not be aſhamed of them.

The Hymns are diſtributed into three Books. In

the first I have classed those which are formed upon select passages of scripture, and placed them in the order of the Books of the Old and New Testament. The second contains Occasional Hymns, suited to particular seasons, or suggested by particular events or subjects. The third Book is miscellaneous, comprising a variety of subjects relative to a life of faith in the Son of God, which have no express reference either to a single text of scripture, or to any determinate season or incident. These are farther subdivided into distinct heads. This arrangement is not so accurate but that several of the hymns might have been differently disposed. Some attention to method may be found convenient, though a logical exactness was hardly practicable. As some subjects in the several books are nearly co incident, I have, under the divisions in the third Book, pointed out those which are similar in the two former. And I have likewise here and there, in the first and second, made a reference to hymns of a like import in the third.

This publication, which, with my humble prayer to the Lord for his blessing upon it, I offer to the service and acceptance of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, of every name and in every place, into whose hands it may come; I more particularly dedicate to my dear friends in the parish and neighbourhood of Olney, for whose use the Hymns were originally composed: as a testimony of the sincere love I bear them, and as a token of my gratitude to the Lord, and to them, for the comfort and satisfaction with which the discharge of my ministry among them has been attended.

The hour is approaching, and, at my time of life, cannot be very distant, when my heart, my pen, and my tongue, will no longer be able to move in their service. But I trust, while my heart

heart continues to beat, it will feel a warm desire for the prosperity of their souls; and while my hand can write, and my tongue speak, it will be the business and the pleasure of my life, to aim at promoting their growth and establishment in the grace of our God and Saviour. To this precious grace I commend them, and earnestly entreat them, and all who love his name, to strive mightily with their prayers to God for me, that I may be preserved faithful to the end, and enabled at last to finish my course with joy.

Olney, Bucks,
Feb. 15. 1779.

JOHN NEWTON.

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OL-

OLNEY HYMNS, &c.

BOOK I.

ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

GENESIS.

HYMN I. *ADAM.* Chap. iii.

1 ON man, in his own image made,
How much did God beſtow?
The whole creation homage paid,
And own'd him Lord below!

2 He dwelt in Eden's garden, ſtor'd
With ſweets for ev'ry ſenſe;
And there, with his deſcending Lord,
He walk'd in confidence.

3 But, oh! by ſin how quickly chang'd!
His honour forfeited,
His heart from God and truth eſtrang'd,
His conſcience fill'd with dread!

4 Now from his Maker's voice he flees,
Which was before his joy;
And thinks to hide, amidſt the trees,
From an all-ſeeing eye.

5 Compell'd to anſwer to his name,
With ſtubbornneſs and pride,
He caſt on God himſelf the blame;
Nor once for mercy cry'd.

6 But grace, unaſk'd, his heart ſubdu'd,
And all his guilt forgave;
By faith the promis'd ſeed he view'd,
And felt his power to ſave.

7 Thus we ourſelves would juſtify,
Tho' we the law tranſgreſs;
Like him, unable to deny,
Unwilling to confeſs.

8 But when by faith the ſinner ſees
A pardon bought with blood;
Then he forſakes his fooliſh pleas,
And gladly turns to God.

II. *CAIN and ABEL.* Chap. iv. 3.—8.

1 WHEN Adam fell, he quickly loſt
God's image which he once poſſeſs'd:
See *All* our nature ſince could boaſt
In Cain, his firſt-born ſon, expreſs'd!

2 The Sacrifice the Lord ordain'd
In type of the Redeemer's blood,
Self-righteous reas'ning Cain diſdain'd,
And thought his own firſt-fruits as good.

3 Yet rage and envy fill'd his mind,
When with a ſullen downcaſt look,
He ſaw his brother favour find,
Who God's appointed method took.

4 By Cain's own hand good Abel dy'd,
Becauſe the Lord approv'd his faith;
And, when his blood for vengeance cry'd,
He vainly thought to hide his death.

5 Such

5 Such was the wicked murd'rer Cain,
And ſuch by nature ſtill are we,
Until by grace we're born again,
Malicious, blind, and proud, as he.

6 Like him, the way of grace we ſlight,
And in our own devices truſt;
Call evil good, and darkneſs light,
And hate and perſecute the juſt.

7 The ſaints in ev'ry age and place,
Have found his hiſtory fulfill'd;
The numbers all our thoughts ſurpaſs,
Of Abels, whom the Cains have kill'd *!

8 Thus Jeſus fell—but, oh! his blood
Far better things than Abel's cries †;
Obtains his murd'rers peace with God,
And gains them manſions in the ſkies.

III. C. *Walking with God.* Chap. v. 24.

1 OH! for a cloſer walk with God,
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light, to ſhine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the bleſſedneſs I knew
When firſt I ſaw the Lord?
Where is the ſoul-refreſhing view
Of Jeſus, and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How ſweet their mem'ry ſtill!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet meſſenger of reſt;
I hate the ſins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breaſt:

* Rom. viii. 36. † Heb. xii. 24.

5 The deareſt idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worſhip only thee.

6 So ſhall my walk be cloſe with God,
Calm and ſerene my frame;
So purer light ſhall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

IV. Another.

1 BY faith in Chriſt I walk with God,
With heav'n, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his ſtaff and rod *,
My road is ſafe and pleaſant too.

2 I travel through a deſert wide,
Where many round me blindly ſtray;
But he vouchſafes to be my guide †,
And will not let me miſs my way.

3 Tho' ſnares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my courſe withſtand,
I triumph over all by faith ‡,
Guarded by his Almighty hand.

4 The wilderneſs affords no food,
But God for my ſupport prepares;
Provides me ev'ry needful good,
And frees my ſoul from wants and cares.

5 With him ſweet converſe I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free;
I tell him all my grief and pain,
And he reveals his love to me.

6 Some cordial from his word he brings,
Whene'er my feeble ſpirit faints;
At once my ſoul revives and ſings,
And yields no more to ſad complaints.

* Pſalm xxiii. 4. † Pſalm cvii. ‡ Pſalm xxvii. 1. 2.

7 I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleaſures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

V. *LOT in Sodom.* Chap. xiii. 10.

1 HOW hurtful was the choice of Lot,
Who took up his abode
(Becauſe it was a fruitful ſpot)
With them who fear'd not God!

2 A pris'ner he was quickly made,
Bereav'd of all his ſtore;
And, but for Abraham's timely aid,
He had return'd no more.

3 Yet ſtill he ſeem'd reſolv'd to ſtay,
As if it were his reſt;
Altho' their ſins from day to day *
His righteous ſoul diſtreſs'd.

4 Awhile he ſtay'd with anxious mind,
Expos'd to ſcorn and ſtrife:
At laſt he left his all behind,
And fled to ſave his life.

5 In vain his ſons-in-law he warn'd,
They thought he told his dreams:
His daughters too, of them had learn'd,
And periſh'd in the flames.

6 His wife eſcap'd a little way,
But dy'd for looking back:
Does not her caſe to pilgrims ſay,
"Beware of growing ſlack?"

7 Yea, Lot himſelf could ling'ring ſtand,
Tho' vengeance was in view;
'Twas mercy pluck'd him by the hand,
Or he had periſh'd too.

* 2 Peter ii. 8.

8 The doom of Sodom will be ours,
If to the earth we cleave;
Lord, quicken all our drowsy pow'rs,
To flee to thee and live.

VI. C. *JEHOVAH-JIREH. The LORD will provide.* Chap. xxii. 14.

1 THE saints should never be dismay'd,
Nor sink in hopeless fear;
For when they least expect his aid,
The Saviour will appear.

2 This Abraham found, he rais'd the knife,
God saw, and said, "Forbear;"
Yon ram shall yield his meaner life;
Behold the victim there.

3 Once David seem'd Saul's certain prey;
But hark! the foe's at hand *;
Saul turns his arms another way,
To save th' invaded land.

4 When Jonah sunk beneath the wave,
He thought to rise no more†;
But God prepar'd a fish to save,
And bear him to the shore.

5 Blest proofs of pow'r and grace divine,
That meet us in his word!
May ev'ry deep-felt care of mine
Be trusted with the Lord.

6 Wait for his seasonable aid,
And tho' it tarry, wait:
The promise may be long delay'd,
But cannot come too late.

* Sam. xxiii. 7. † Jonah, i. 17.

VII. *The*

VII. *The LORD will provide.*

1 THO' troubles aſſail,
And dangers affright,
Tho' friends ſhould all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing ſecures us,
Whatever betide,
The ſcripture aſſures us,
The LORD will provide.

2 The birds without barn
Or ſtorehouſe are fed,
From them let us learn
To truſt for our bread:
His ſaints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
The LORD will provide.

3 We may, like the ſhips,
By tempeſts be toſt
On perilous deeps,
But cannot be loſt:
Tho' Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promiſe engages,
The LORD will provide.

4 His call we obey,
Like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way,
But faith makes us bold;
For tho' we are ſtrangers,
We have a good guide,
And truſt in all dangers,
The LORD will provide.

5 When Satan appears
To ſtop up our path,
And fill us with fears,
We triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us,
Tho' oft he has try'd,
This heart-chearing promiſe,
The LORD will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak,
Our hope is in vain,
The good that we ſeek
We ne'er ſhall obtain;
But when ſuch ſuggeſtions
Our ſpirits have ply'd,
This anſwers all queſtions,
The LORD will provide.

7 No ſtrength of our own,
Or goodneſs we claim;
Yet ſince we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our ſtrong tower
For ſafety we hide,
The LORD is our power,
The LORD will provide.

8 When life ſinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us thro':
No fearing or doubting
With CHRIST on our ſide,
We hope to die ſhouting,
The LORD will provide.

VIII. *ESAU.* Chap. xxv. 34. Heb. xii. 16.

1 POOR Eſau repented too late,
That once he his birth-right deſpis'd,
And ſold for a morſel of meat,
What could not too highly be priz'd:
How great was his anguiſh when told,
The *bleſſing* he ſought to obtain
Was gone with the *birth-right* he ſold,
And none could recal it again!

2 He ſtands as a warning to all,
Where-ever the goſpel ſhall come;
O haſten and yield to the call,
While yet for repentance there's room!
Your ſeaſon will quickly be paſt;
Then hear and obey it to-day,
Leſt when you ſeek mercy at laſt,
The Saviour ſhould frown you away.

3 What is it the world can propoſe?
A morſel of meat at the
For this are you willing to loſe
A ſhare in the joys of the bleſt?
Its pleaſures will ſpeedily end,
Its favour and praiſe are but breath;
And what can its profits befriend
Your ſoul in the moments of death?

4 If Jeſus, for theſe, you deſpiſe,
And ſin to the Saviour prefer;
In vain your intreaties and cries,
When ſummon'd to ſtand at his bar:
How will you his preſence abide?
What anguiſh will torture your heart?
The ſaints all enthron'd by his ſide,
And you be compell'd to depart.

5 Too often, dear Saviour, have I
Preferr'd ſome poor trifle to thee;
How is it thou doſt not deny
The bleſſing and birth-right to me?
No better than Eſau I am,
Tho' pardon and heaven be mine;
To me belongs nothing but ſhame,
The praiſe and the glory be thine.

IX. *JACOB's Ladder.* Chap. xxviii. 12.

1 IF the Lord our leader be,
We may follow without fear;
Eaſt or weſt, by land or ſea,
Home, with him, is ev'ry where;
When from Eſau Jacob fled,
Tho' his pillow was a ſtone,
And the ground his humble bed,
Yet he was not left alone.

2 Kings are often waking kept,
Rack'd with cares on beds of ſtate;
Never king like Jacob ſlept,
For he lay at heaven's gate:
Lo! he ſaw a ladder rear'd,
Reaching to the heav'nly throne;
At the top the Lord appear'd,
Spake, and claim'd him for his own.

3 "Fear not, Jacob, thou art mine,
And my preſence with thee goes;
On thy heart my love ſhall ſhine,
And my arm ſubdue thy foes:
From my promiſe comfort take,
For my help in trouble call;
Never will I thee forſake,
'Till I have accompliſh'd all."

4 Well does Jacob's ladder ſuit
To the goſpel throne of grace;
We are at the ladder's foot,
Ev'ry hour, in ev'ry place:

By aſſuming fleſh and blood,
Jeſus heav'n and earth unites;
We by faith aſcend to God*,
God to dwell with us delights.

5 They who know the Saviour's name,
Are for all events prepar'd;
What can changes do to them,
Who have ſuch a guide and guard?
Should they traverſe earth around,
To the ladder ſtill they come:
Ev'ry ſpot is holy ground,
God is there—and he's their home.

X. *My name is JACOB.* Chap xxxii. 27.

1 NAY, I cannot let thee go,
'Till a bleſſing thou beſtow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent preſſing caſe.

2 Doſt thou aſk me, who I am?
Ah, my Lord, thou know'ſt my name!
Yet the queſtion gives a plea,
To ſupport my ſuit with thee.

3 Thou didſt once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy pow'r defy,
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

4 Once a ſinner near deſpair
Sought thy mercy ſeat by pray'r;
Mercy heard and ſet him free,
Lord, that mercy came to me.

5 Many years have paſs'd ſince then,
Many changes I have ſeen,
Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?

* 2 Cor. vi. 16.

6 Thou haſt help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens me to plead;
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Can'ſt thou let me ſink at laſt?

7 No—I muſt maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodneſs makes me bold;
I can no denial take,
When I plead for Jeſu's ſake.

XI. *Plenty in the time of Dearth.* Chap. xli. 56.

1 MY ſoul once had its plenteous years,
And throve, with peace and comfort fill'd,
Like the fat kine and ripen'd ears,
Which Pharaoh in his dream beheld.

2 With pleaſing frames and grace receiv'd,
With means and ordinances fed,
How happy for awhile I liv'd,
And little fear'd the want of bread.

3 But famine came, and left no ſign
Of all the plenty I had ſeen;
Like the dry ears and half-ſtarv'd kine,
I then look'd wither'd, faint, and lean.

4 To Joſeph the Egyptians went;
To Jeſus I made known my caſe;
He, when my little ſtock was ſpent,
Open'd *his* magazine of grace.

5 For he the time of dearth foreſaw,
And made proviſion long before;
That famiſh'd ſouls, like me, might draw
Supplies from his unbounded ſtore.

6 Now on his bounty I depend,
And live from fear of dearth ſecure;
Maintain'd by ſuch a mighty friend,
I cannot want till he is poor.

7 O ſinners, hear his gracious call!
His mercy's door ſtands open wide;
He has enough to feed you all,
And none who come ſhall be deny'd.

XII. *JOSEPH made known to his Brethren.* Chap. xlv. 3. 4.

1 WHEN Joſeph his brethren beheld,
Afflicted and trembling with fear,
His heart with compaſſion was fill'd;
From weeping he could not forbear.
Awhile his behaviour was rough,
To bring their paſt ſin to their mind;
But when they were humbled enough,
He haſted to ſhew himſelf kind.

2 How little they thought it was he,
Whom they had ill-treated and ſold!
How great their confuſion muſt be,
As ſoon as his name he had told!
"I am Joſeph, your brother, he ſaid,
And ſtill to my heart you are dear;
You ſold me, and thought I was dead,
But God, for your ſakes, ſent me here."

3 Though greatly diſtreſſed before,
When charg'd with purloining the cup,
They now were confounded much more,
Not one of them durſt to look up.
"Can Joſeph, whom we would have ſlain,
Forgive us the evil we did?
And will he our houſeholds maintain?
O this is a brother indeed!"

4 Thus dragg'd by my conſcience, I came,
And laden with guilt, to the Lord,
Surrounded with terror and ſhame,
Unable to utter a word.

At firſt he look'd ſtern and ſevere,
What anguiſh then pierced my heart!
Expecting each moment to hear
The ſentence, "Thou curſed, depart!"

5 But, oh! what ſurpriſe when he ſpoke,
While tenderneſs beam'd in his face;
My heart then to pieces was broke,
O'erwhelm'd and confounded by grace:
"Poor ſinner, I know thee full well,
By thee I was ſold and was ſlain;
But I dy'd to redeem thee from hell,
And raiſe thee in glory to reign.

6 I am Jeſus, whom thou haſt blaſphem'd,
And crucify'd often afreſh;
But let me henceforth be eſteem'd
Thy brother, thy bone, and thy fleſh:
My pardon I freely beſtow,
Thy wants I will fully ſupply;
I'll guide thee and guard thee below,
And ſoon will remove thee on high.

7 Go, publiſh to ſinners around,
That they may be willing to come,
The mercy which now you have found,
And tell them that yet there is room."
Oh, ſinners, the meſſage obey!
No more vain excuſes pretend;
But come, without further delay,
To Jeſus, our brother and friend.

EXODUS.

XIII *The Bitter Waters.* Chap. xv. 23.—25.

1 BITTER, indeed, the waters are
Which in this deſert flow;
Though to the eye they promiſe fair,
They taſte of ſin and woe.

2 Of

2 Of pleaſing draughts I once could dream;
But now, awake, I find,
That ſin has poiſon'd ev'ry ſtream,
And left a curſe behind.

3 But there's a wonder working wood,
I've heard believers ſay,
Can make theſe bitter waters good,
And take the curſe away.

4 The virtues of this healing tree
Are known and priz'd by few:
Reveal this ſecret, Lord, to me,
That I may prize it too.

5 The croſs on which the Saviour dy'd,
And conquer'd for his ſaints;
This is the tree, by faith apply'd,
Which ſweetens all complaints.

6 Thouſands have found the bleſs'd effect,
Nor longer mourn their lot;
While on his ſorrows they reflect,
Their own are all forgot.

7 When they, by faith, behold the croſs,
Tho' many griefs they meet;
They draw again from ev'ry loſs,
And find the bitter ſweet.

XIV. C. *JEHOVAH ROPHI,—I am the* LORD *that healeth thee.* Chap. xv.

1 HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded ſouls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are ſuch.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confeſs,
We faintly truſt thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the leſs?
Be that far from the Lord!

3 Remember him who once apply'd
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cry'd *,
"O help my unbelief."

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the preſs,
And healing virtue ſtole,
Was anſwer'd, "Daughter, go in peace †,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Conceal'd amid the gath'ring throng,
She would have ſhunn'd thy view;
And if her faith was firm and ſtrong,
Had ſtrong miſgivings too.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears, we come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! ſend us not deſpairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

XV. *MANNA.* Chap. xvi. 18.

1 MANNA to Iſrael well ſupply'd
The want of other bread;
While God is able to provide,
His people ſhall be fed.

2 (Thus, tho' the corn and wine ſhould fail,
And creature-ſtreams be dry,
The pray'r of faith will ſtill prevail,
For bleſſings from on high).

3 Of his kind care how ſweet a proof!
It ſuited ev'ry taſte:
Who gather'd moſt had juſt enough,
Enough, who gather'd leaſt.

4 'Tis thus our gracious Lord provides
Our comforts and our cares;
His own unerring hand provides,
And gives us each our ſhares.

* Mark, ix. 24. † Mark, v. 34.

5 He

5 He knows how much the weak can bear,
And helps them when they cry;
The ſtrongeſt have no ſtrength to ſpare,
For ſuch he'll ſtrongly try.

6 Daily they ſaw the Manna come,
And cover all the ground;
But what they try'd to keep at home,
Corrupted ſoon was found.

7 Vain their attempt to ſtore it up,
This was to tempt the Lord;
Iſrael muſt live by faith and hope,
And not upon a hoard.

XVI. *Manna hoarded.* Chap. xvi. 20.

1 THE Manna, favour'd Iſrael's meat,
Was gather'd day by day;
When all the hoſt was ſerv'd, the heat
Melted the reſt away.

2 In vain to hoard it up they try'd,
Againſt to-morrow came;
It then bred worms and putrify'd,
And prov'd their ſin and ſhame.

3 'Twas daily bread, and would not keep,
But muſt be ſtill renew'd;
Faith ſhould not want a hoard or heap,
But truſt the Lord for food.

4 The truths by which the ſoul is fed,
Muſt thus be had afreſh;
For notions reſting in the head
Will only feed the fleſh.

5 However true, they have no life
Or unction to impart;
They breed the worms of pride and ſtrife,
But cannot chear the heart.

6 Nor

6 Nor can the beſt experience paſt
The life of faith maintain;
The brighteſt hope will faint at laſt,
Unleſs ſupply'd again.

7 Dear Lord, while we in pray'r are found,
Do thou the Manna give;
Oh! let it fall on all around,
That we may eat and live.

XVII. C. *JEHOVAH NISSI*—*The* LORD *my banner.* Chap. xvii. 15.

1 BY whom was David taught
To aim the dreadful blow,
When he Goliah fought,
And laid the Gittite low?
No ſword nor ſpear the ſtripling took,
But choſe a pebble from the brook.

2 'Twas Iſrael's God and King,
Who ſent him to the fight;
Who gave him ſtrength to ſling,
And ſkill to aim aright.
Ye feeble ſaints, your ſtrength endures,
Becauſe young David's God is yours.

3 Who ordered Gideon forth,
To ſtorm th' invaders' camp *,
With arms of little worth,
A pitcher and a lamp?
The trumpets made his coming known,
And all the hoſt was overthrown.

4 Oh! I have ſeen the day,
When with a ſingle word,
God helping me to ſay,
My truſt is in the Lord,
My ſoul has queli'd a thouſand foes,
Fearleſs of all that could oppoſe.

* Judges, vii. 20.

5 But

5 But unbelief, ſelf-will,
Self-righteouſneſs, and pride,
How often do they ſteal
My weapon from my ſide?
Yet David's Lord, and Gideon's friend,
Will help his ſervant to the end.

XVIII. *The Golden Calf.* Chap. xxxii. 4. 31.

1 WHEN Iſrael heard the fiery law
From Sinai's top proclaim'd,
Their hearts ſeem'd full of holy awe,
Their ſtubborn ſpirits tam'd.

2 Yet, as forgetting all they knew,
Ere forty days were paſt,
With blazing Sinai ſtill in view,
A molten calf they caſt.

3 Yea, Aaron, God's annointed prieſt,
Who on the mount had been,
He durſt prepare the idol-beaſt,
And lead them on to ſin.

4 Lord, what is man, and what are we,
To recompenſe thee thus!
In their offence our own we ſee,
Their ſtory points at us.

5 From Sinai we heard thee ſpeak,
And from Mount Calv'ry too;
And yet to idols oft we ſeek,
While thou art in our view.

6 Some golden calf, or golden dream,
Some fancied creature-good,
Preſumes to ſhare the heart with him,
Who bought the whole with blood.

7 Lord, ſave us from our golden calves,
Our ſin with grief we own;
We would no more be thine by halves,
But live to thee alone.

LEVITICUS.

XIX. *The true Aaron.* Chap. viii. 7.—9.

1 SEE Aaron, God's anointed prieſt,
Within the vail appear,
In robes of myſtic meaning dreſt,
Preſenting Iſrael's prayer.

2 The plate of gold which crowns his brows,
His holineſs deſcribes;
His breaſt diſplays, in ſhining rows,
The names of all the tribes.

3 With the atoning blood he ſtands
Before the mercy ſeat;
And clouds of incenſe from his hands
Ariſe with odour ſweet.

4 Urim and Thummim near his heart,
In rich engravings worn,
The ſacred light of truth impart,
To teach and to adorn.

5 Thro' him the eye of faith deſcries,
A greater Prieſt than he:
Thus Jeſus pleads above the ſkies,
For you, my friends, and me.

6 He bears the names of all his ſaints
Deep on his heart engrav'd;
Attentive to the ſtate and wants
Of all his love has ſav'd.

7 In him a holineſs complete,
Light and perfections ſhine;
And wiſdom, grace, and glory meet;
A Saviour all divine.

8 The blood, which as a prieſt he bears
For ſinners, is his own;
The incenſe of his pray'rs and tears
Perfume the holy throne.

9 In him my weary ſoul has reſt,
Though I am weak and vile;
I read my name upon his breaſt,
And ſee the Father ſmile.

NUMBERS.

XX. *BALAAM's Wiſh* *. Chap. xxiii. 10.

1 HOW bleſt the righteous are
When they reſign their breath!
No wonder Balaam wiſh'd to ſhare
In ſuch a happy death.

2 "Oh! let me die, ſaid he,
The death the righteous do;
When life is ended let me be
Found with the faithful few."

3 The force of truth, how great!
When enemies confeſs,
None but the righteous, whom they hate,
A ſolid hope poſſeſs.

4 But Balaam's wiſh was vain,
His heart was inſincere;
He thirſted for unrighteous gain,
And ſought a portion here.

5 He ſeem'd the Lord to know,
And to offend him loth;
But Mammon prov'd his overthrow,
For none can ſerve them both.

6 May you, my friends, and I,
Warning from hence receive;
If like the righteous we could die,
To chooſe the life they live.

* Book III. Hymn 71.

JO-

JOSHUA.

XXI. *GIBEON.* Chap. x. 6.

1 WHEN Joſhua, by God's command,
Invaded Canaan's guilty land,
Gibeon, unlike the nations round,
Submiſſion made, and mercy found.

2 Their ſtubborn neighbours who, enrag'd,
United war againſt them wag'd,
By Joſhua ſoon were overthrown,
For Gibeon's cauſe was now his own.

3 He from whoſe arm they ruin fear'd,
Their leader and ally appear'd;
An emblem of the Saviour's grace,
To thoſe who humbly ſeek his face.

4 The men of Gibeon wore diſguiſe,
And gain'd their peace by framing lies;
For Joſhua had no pow'r to ſpare,
If he had known from whence they were.

5 But Jeſus invitations ſends,
Treating with rebels as his friends;
And holds the promiſe forth in view,
To all who for his mercy ſue.

6 Too long his goodneſs I diſdain'd,
Yet went at laſt and peace obtain'd;
But ſoon the noiſe of war I heard,
And former friends in arms appear'd.

7 Weak in myſelf, for help I cry'd,
Lord, I am preſs'd on ev'ry ſide;
The cauſe is thine, they fight with me,
But ev'ry blow is aim'd at thee.

8 With ſpeed to my relief he came,
And put my enemies to ſhame;
Thus ſav'd by grace I live to ſing
The love and triumphs of my King.

JUDGES.

XXII. C. *JEHOVAH-SHALEM*——*The* LORD *ſend Peace.* Chap. vi. 24.

1 JESUS, whoſe blood ſo freely ſtream'd
To ſatisfy the law's demand,
By thee from guilt and wrath redeem'd,
Before the Father's face I ſtand,

2 To reconcile offending man,
Made Juſtice drop her angry rod;
What creature could have form'd the plan,
Or who fulfil it but a God?

3 No drop remains of all the curſe,
For wretches who deſerv'd the whole;
No arrows dipt in wrath, to pierce
The guilty, but returning ſoul.

4 Peace by ſuch means ſo dearly bought,
What rebel could have hop'd to ſee?
Peace, by his injur'd Sov'reign wrought,
His Sov'reign faſt'ned to the tree.

5 Now, Lord, thy feeble worm prepare!
For ſtrife with earth and hell begins;
Confirm and gird me for the war,
They hate the ſoul that hates his ſins.

6 Let them in horrid league agree!
They may aſſault, they may diſtreſs;
But cannot quench thy love to me,
Nor rob me of the Lord my peace.

XXIII. *GIDEON's Fleece.* Chap. vi. 37.—40.

1 THE ſigns which God to Gideon gave,
His holy Sov'reignty made known,
That He alone has pow'r to ſave,
And claims the glory as his own.

2 The

2 The dew which firſt the fleece had fill'd,
When all the earth was dry around,
Was from it afterwards with-held,
And only fell upon the ground.

3 To Iſrael thus the heavenly dew
Of ſaving truth was long reſtrain'd;
Of which the Gentiles nothing knew,
But dry and deſolate remain'd.

4 But now the Gentiles have receiv'd
The balmy dew of goſpel peace;
And Iſrael, who his ſpirit griev'd,
Is left a dry and empty fleece.

5 This dew ſtill falls at his command,
To keep his choſen plants alive;
They ſhall, tho' in a thirſty land,
Like willows by the waters thrive *.

6 But chiefly when his people meet,
To hear his word and ſeek his face;
The gentle dew, with influence ſweet,
Deſcends and nouriſhes their grace.

7 But ah! what numbers ſtill are dead,
Tho' under means of grace they lie!
The dew ſtill falling round their head,
And yet their heart untouch'd and dry.

8 Dear Saviour, hear us when we call,
To wreſtling pray'r an anſwer give;
Pour down thy dew upon us all,
That all may feel, and all may live.

XXIV. *SAMSON's Lion.* Chap. xiv. 8.

1 THE lion that on Samſon roar'd,
And thirſted for his blood,
With honey afterwards was ſtor'd,
And furniſh'd him with food.

* Iſa. xliv. 4.

2 Believers,

2 Believers, as they paſs along,
With many lions meet,
But gather ſweetneſs from the ſtrong,
And from the eater, meat.

3 The lions rage and roar in vain,
For Jeſus is their ſhield;
Their loſſes prove a certain gain,
Their troubles comfort yield.

4 The world and Satan join their ſtrength,
To fill their ſouls with fears;
But crops of joy they reap at length,
From what they ſow in tears.

5 Afflictions make them love the word,
Stir up their hearts to pray'r;
And many precious proofs afford
Of their Redeemer's care.

6 The lions roar, but cannot kill,
Then fear them not, my friends,
They bring us, tho' againſt their will,
The honey Jeſus ſends.

I. SAMUEL.

XXV. *HANNAH; or the Throne of Grace.* Chap. i. 18.

1 WHEN Hannah, preſs'd with grief,
Pour'd forth her ſoul in pray'r;
She quickly found relief,
And left her burden there:
Like her, in ev'ry trying caſe,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 When ſhe began to pray,
Her heart was pain'd and ſad;
But ere ſhe went away
Was comforted and glad:

In trouble, what a reſting-place
Have they who know the throne of grace!

3 Tho' men and devils rage,
And threaten to devour;
The ſaints, from age to age,
Are ſafe from all their pow'r;
Freſh ſtrength they gain to run their race,
By waiting at the throne of grace.

4 Eli her caſe miſtook;
How was her ſpirit mov'd
By his unkind rebuke?
But God her cauſe approv'd.
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at a throne of grace.

5 She was not fill'd with wine,
As Eli raſhly thought;
But with a faith divine,
And found the help ſhe ſought:
Tho' men deſpiſe and call us baſe,
Still let us ply the throne of grace.

6 Men have not pow'r or ſkill
With troubled ſouls to bear;
Tho' they expreſs good-will,
Poor comforters they are:
But ſwelling ſorrows ſink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.

7 Numbers before have try'd,
And found the promiſe true;
Nor yet one been deny'd,
Then why ſhould I or you?
Let us by faith their footſteps trace,
And haſten to the throne of grace.

8 As fogs obſcure the light,
And taint the morning air;
But ſoon are put to flight,
If the bright ſun appear;

Thus

Thus Jeſus will our troubles chaſe,
By ſhining from the throne of grace *.

XXVI. *DAGON before the Ark.* Chap. v. 4, 5.

1 WHEN firſt to make my heart his own,
The Lord reveal'd his mighty grace;
Self reign'd, like Dagon, on the throne,
But could not long maintain its place.

2 It fell, and own'd the pow'r divine,
(Grace can with eaſe the vict'ry gain),
But ſoon this wretched heart of mine,
Contriv'd to ſet it up again.

3 Again the Lord his name proclaim'd,
And brought the hateful idol low;
Then ſelf, like Dagon, broken, maim'd,
Seem'd to receive a mortal blow.

4 Yet ſelf is not of life bereft,
Nor ceaſes to oppoſe his will;
Though but a maimed ſtump be left,
'Tis Dagon, 'tis an idol ſtill.

5 Lord! muſt I always guilty prove,
And idols in my heart have room †?
Oh! let the fire of heav'nly love
The very ſtump of ſelf conſume.

XXVII. *The milch kine drawing the Ark: Faith's ſurrender of all.* Chap. vi. 12.

1 THE kine unguided went
By the directeſt road;
When the Philiſtines homeward ſent
The ark of Iſrael's God.

* Book II. Hymn 61. † Hoſea, xiv. 8.

2 Lowing they paſs'd along,
And left their calves ſhut up;
They felt an inſtinct for their young,
But would not turn or ſtop.

3 Shall brutes, devoid of thought,
Their Maker's will obey;
And we, who by his grace are taught,
More ſtubborn prove than they?

4 He ſhed his precious blood,
To make us his alone;
If waſh'd in that atoning flood,
We are no more our own.

5 If he his will reveal,
Let us obey his call;
And think, whate'er the fleſh may feel,
His love deſerves our all.

6 We ſhould maintain in view
His glory, as our end;
Too much we cannot bear, or do,
For ſuch a matchleſs friend.

7 His ſaints ſhould ſtand prepar'd
In duty's path to run;
Nor count their greateſt trials hard,
So that his will be done.

8 With Jeſus for our guide,
The path is ſafe though rough;
The promiſe ſays, "I will provide,"
And faith replies, "Enough!"

XXVIII. *SAUL's Armour.* Chap. xvii. 38.—40.

1 WHEN firſt my ſoul enliſted
My Saviour's foes to fight,
Miſtaken friends inſiſted
I was not arm'd aright:

So

So Saul adviſed David
He certainly would fail,
Nor could his life be ſaved
Without a coat of mail.

2 But David, tho' he yielded
To put the armour on,
Soon found he could not wield it,
And ventur'd forth with none.
With only ſling and pebble,
He fought the fight of faith;
The weapons ſeem'd but feeble,
Yet prov'd Goliah's death.

3 Had I by him been guided,
And quickly thrown away
The armour men provided,
I might have gain'd the day;
But arm'd as they advis'd me,
My expectations fail'd;
My enemy ſurpris'd me,
And had almoſt prevail'd.

4 Furniſh'd with books and notions,
And arguments and pride,
I practis'd all my motions,
And Satan's pow'r defy'd:
But ſoon perceiv'd with trouble,
That theſe would do no good;
Iron to him is ſtubble *,
And braſs like rotten wood.

5 I triumph'd at a diſtance,
While he was out of ſight;
But faint was my reſiſtance,
When forc'd to join in fight:
He broke my ſword in ſhivers,
And pierc'd my boaſted ſhield;
Laugh'd at my vain endeavours,
And drove me from the field.

* Job, xli. 27.

6 Satan will not be braved
By ſuch a worm as I;
Then let me learn with David,
To truſt in the Moſt High;
To plead the name of Jeſus,
And uſe the ſling of pray'r;
Thus arm'd, when Satan ſees us,
He'll tremble and deſpair.

II. SAMUEL.

XXIX. *DAVID's Fall.* Chap. xi. 27.

1 HOW David, when by ſin deceiv'd,
From bad to worſe went on!
For when the Holy Spirit's griev'd,
Our ſtrength and guard are gone.

2 His eye on Bathſheba once fix'd,
With poiſon fill'd his ſoul;
He ventur'd on adult'ry next,
And murder crown'd the whole.

3 So from a ſpark of fire at firſt,
That has not been deſcry'd;
A dreadful flame has often burſt,
And ravag'd far and wide.

4 When ſin deceives, it hardens too,
For tho' he vainly ſought
To hide his crimes from public view,
Of God he little thought.

5 He neither would nor could repent,
No true compunction felt;
Till God in mercy Nathan ſent,
His ſtubborn heart to melt.

6 The

6 The parable held forth a fact,
Deſign'd his caſe to ſhew;
But though the picture was exact,
Himſelf he did not know.

7 "Thou art the man," the prophet ſaid,
That word his ſlumber broke;
And when he own'd his ſin, and pray'd,
The Lord forgiveneſs ſpoke.

8 Let thoſe who think they ſtand beware,
For David ſtood before;
Nor let the fallen ſoul deſpair,
For mercy can reſtore.

XXX. *Is this thy kindneſs to thy friend?* Chap. xvi. 17.

1 POOR, weak, and worthleſs, tho' I am,
I have a rich almighty friend;
Jeſus, the Saviour, is his name,
He freely loves, and without end.

2 He ranſom'd me from hell with blood,
And by his pow'r my foes controll'd;
He found me, wand'ring far from God,
And brought me to his choſen fold.

3 He chears my heart, my want ſupplies,
And ſays that I ſhall ſhortly be
Enthron'd with him above the ſkies,
Oh! what a friend is Chriſt to me!

4 But ah! my inmoſt ſpirit mourns,
And well my eyes with tears may ſwim,
To think of my perverſe returns;
I've been a faithleſs friend to him.

5 Often my gracious Friend I grieve,
Neglect, diſtruſt, and diſobey,
And often Satan's lies believe,
Sooner than all my Friend can ſay.

6 He bids me always freely come,
And promiſes whate'er I aſk:
But I am ſtrait'ned, cold, and dumb,
And count my privilege a taſk.

7 Before the world, that hates his cauſe,
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with ſhame;
Loth to forego the world's applauſe,
I hardly dare avow his name.

8 Sure, were not I moſt vile and baſe,
I could not thus my Friend requite!
And were not he the God of grace,
He'd frown and ſpurn me from his ſight.

I. KINGS.

XXXI. *Aſk what I ſhall give thee.* Chap. iii. 5.

1 COME, my ſoul, thy ſuit prepare,
Jeſus loves to anſwer pray'r;
He himſelf has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not ſay thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King *,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r are ſuch,
None can ever aſk too much.

3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of ſin!
Let thy blood for ſinners ſpilt,
Set my conſcience free from guilt.

4 Lord! I come to thee for reſt,
Take poſſeſſion of my breaſt;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

* Pſalm lxxxi. 10.

5 As

5 As the image in the glaſs
Anſwers the beholder's face;
Thus unto my heart appear,
Print thine own reſemblance there.

6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my ſpirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

7 Shew me what I have to do,
Ev'ry hour my ſtrength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy peoples death.

692 XXXII. ~~Another.~~ "Ask what I ſhall give thee."

1 IF Solomon for wiſdom pray'd,
The Lord before had made him wiſe;
Elſe he another choice had made,
And aſk'd for what the worldlings prize.

2 Thus he invites his people ſtill;
~~He~~ firſt inſtructs them how to chooſe;
Then bids them aſk whate'er they will,
Aſſur'd that He will not refuſe.

3 Our wiſhes would our ruin prove,
Could we our wretched choice obtain,
Before we feel the Saviour's love
Kindle our love to him again.

4 But when our hearts perceive his worth,
Deſires, till then unknown, take place;
Our ſpirits cleave no more to earth,
But pant for holineſs and grace.

5 And doſt thou ſay, "Aſk what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would ſeize the golden hour;
I pray to be releas'd from guilt,
And free'd from ſin and Satan's pow'r.

6 More of thy preſence, Lord, impart,
More of thine image let me bear;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And reign without a rival there.

7 Give me to read my pardon ſeal'd,
And from thy joy to draw my ſtrength;
To have thy boundleſs love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

8 Grant theſe requeſts, I aſk no more,
But to thy care the reſt reſign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All will be well if thou art mine.

XXXIII. *Another.*

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promiſe calls me near;
There Jeſus ſhews a ſmiling face,
And waits to anſwer pray'r.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which ſprinkled round I ſee,
Provides for thoſe who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My ſoul, aſk what thou wilt,
Thou canſt not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he ſpilt,
What elſe can he with-hold?

4 Beyond thy utmoſt wants
His love and pow'r can bleſs;
To praying ſouls he always grants
More than they can expreſs.

5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be ſupply'd.

6 Thine

6 Thine image, Lord, beſtow,
Thy preſence and thy love;
I aſk to ſerve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

7 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory ſhine.

8 If thou theſe bleſſings give,
And wilt my portion be,
Cheerful the world's poor toys I leave
To them who know not thee.

XXXIV. *Queen of* SHEBA.
Chap. x. 1,—9.

1 FROM Sheba a diſtant report
Of Solomon's glory and fame,
Invited the queen to his court,
But all was outdone when ſhe came;
She cry'd, with a pleaſing ſurpriſe,
When firſt ſhe before him appear'd,
"How much, what I ſee with my eyes,
Surpaſſes the rumour I heard!"

2 When once to Jeruſalem come,
The treaſure and train ſhe had brought,
The wealth ſhe poſſeſſed at home,
No longer had place in her thought:
His houſe, *his* attendants, *his* throne,
All ſtruck her with wonder and awe;
The glory of Solomon ſhone
In every object ſhe ſaw.

3 But Solomon moſt ſhe admir'd,
Whoſe ſpirit conducted the whole;
His wiſdom, which God had inſpir'd,
His bounty and greatneſs of ſoul;

Of all the hard queſtions ſhe put,
A ready ſolution he ſhew'd;
Exceeded her wiſh and her ſuit,
And more than ſhe aſk'd him beſtow'd.

4 Thus I when the goſpel proclaim'd
The Saviour's great name in my ears,
The wiſdom for which he is fam'd,
The love which to ſinners he bears;
I long'd, and I was not deny'd,
That I in his preſence might bow;
I ſaw, and tranſported I cry'd,
"A greater than Solomon Thou!"

5 My conſcience no comfort could find,
By doubt and hard queſtions oppos'd:
But He reſtor'd peace to my mind,
And anſwer'd each doubt I propos'd:
Beholding me poor and diſtreſs'd,
His bounty ſupply'd all my wants;
My pray'r could have never expreſs'd
So much as this Solomon grants.

6 I heard, and was ſlow to believe,
But now with my eyes I behold
Much more than my heart could conceive,
Or language could ever have told:
How happy thy ſervants muſt be,
Who always before thee appear!
Vouchſafe, Lord, this bleſſing to me,
I find it is good to be here.

XXXV. *ELIJAH fed by Ravens* *.
Chap. xvii. 6.

1 ELIJAH's example declares,
Whatever diſtreſs may betide,
The ſaints may commit all their cares
To him who will ſurely provide;

When

When rain long with-held from the earth
Occaſion'd a famine of bread,
The prophet, ſecur'd from the dearth,
By ravens was conſtantly fed.

2 More likely to rob than to feed,
Were ravens who live upon prey;
But when the Lord's people have need,
His goodneſs will find out a way:
This inſtance to thoſe may ſeem ſtrange,
Who know not how faith can prevail;
But ſooner all nature ſhall change,
Than one of God's promiſes fail.

3 Nor is it a ſingular caſe,
The wonder is often renew'd;
And many can ſay to his praiſe,
He ſends them by ravens their food:
Thus worldlings, tho' ravens indeed,
Tho' greedy and ſelfiſh their mind,
If God has a ſervant to feed,
Againſt their own wills can be kind.

4 Thus Satan, that raven unclean,
Who croaks in the ears of the ſaints,
Compell'd by a power unſeen,
Adminiſters oft to their wants:
God teaches them how to find food
From all the temptations they feel;
This raven, who thirſts for my blood,
Has help'd me to many a meal.

5 How ſafe and how happy are they
Who on the good Shepherd rely!
He gives them out ſtrength for their day,
Their wants he will ſurely ſupply:
He ravens and lions can tame,
All creatures obey his command;
Then let me rejoice in his name,
And leave all my cares in his hand.

XXXVI.

XXXVI. *The Meal and Cruiſe of Oil.* Chap. xvii. 16.

1 BY the poor widow's oil and meal
Elijah was ſuſtain'd;
Tho' ſmall the ſtock, it laſted well,
For God the ſtore maintain'd.

2 It ſeem'd as if from day to day,
They were to eat and die;
But ſtill, tho' in a ſecret way,
He ſent a freſh ſupply.

3 Thus to his poor he ſtill will give
Juſt for the preſent hour;
But for to-morrow they muſt live
Upon his word and pow'r.

4 No barn or ſtore-houſe they poſſeſs
On which they can depend;
Yet have no cauſe to fear diſtreſs,
For Jeſus is their friend.

5 Then let no doubts your mind aſſail,
Remember God has ſaid,
"The cruiſe and barrel ſhall not fail,
"My people ſhall be fed."

6 And thus tho' faint it often ſeems,
He keeps their grace alive;
Supply'd by his refreſhing ſtreams,
Their dying hopes revive.

7 Tho' in ourſelves we have no ſtock,
The Lord is nigh to ſave;
His door flies open when we knock,
And 'tis but aſk and have.

II. KINGS.

XXXVII. *JERICHO; Or, The Waters healed.* Chap. ii. 19,—22.

1 THO' Jericho pleaſantly ſtood,
And look'd like a promiſing ſoil;
The harveſt produc'd little food,
To anſwer the huſbandman's toil.
The water ſome property had,
Which poiſonous prov'd to the ground;
The ſprings were corrupted and bad,
The ſtreams ſpread a barrenneſs round.

2 But ſoon by the cruiſe and the ſalt,
Prepar'd by Eliſha's command,
The water was cur'd of its fault,
And plenty enriched the land:
An emblem ſure this of the grace
On fruitleſs dead ſinners beſtow'd;
For man is in Jericho's caſe,
'Till cur'd by the mercy of God.

3 How noble a creature he ſeems!
What knowledge, invention, and ſkill!
How large and extenſive his ſchemes!
How much can he do if he will!
His zeal to be learned and wiſe
Will yield to no limits or bars;
He meaſures the earth and the ſkies,
And numbers and marſhals the ſtars.

4 Yet ſtill he is barren of good;
In vain are his talents and art;
For ſin has infected his blood,
And poiſon'd the ſtreams of his heart:
Tho' cockatrice eggs he can hatch *,
Or, ſpider-like, cobwebs can weave;
'Tis madneſs to labour and watch
For what will deſtroy or deceive.

* Iſaiah, lix. 5.

5 But

5 But grace, like the ſalt in the cruiſe,
When caſt in the ſpring of the ſoul,
A wonderful change will produce,
Diffuſing new life through the whole:
The wilderneſs blooms like a roſe,
The heart which was vile and abhorr'd,
Now fruitful and beautiful grows,
The garden and joy of the Lord.

XXXVIII. *NAAMAN.* Chap. v. 14.

1 BEFORE Eliſha's gate
The Syrian leper ſtood;
But could not brook to wait,
He deem'd himſelf too good:
He thought the prophet would attend,
And not *to him* a meſſage ſend.

2 Have I this journey come,
And will he not be ſeen?
I were as well at home,
Would waſhing make me clean:
Why muſt I waſh in Jordan's flood?
Damaſcus rivers are as good.

3 Thus by his fooliſh pride,
He almoſt miſs'd a cure;
Howe'er at length he try'd,
And found the method ſure:
Soon as his pride was brought to yield,
The leproſy was quickly heal'd.

4 Leprous and proud as he,
To Jeſus thus I came,
From ſin to ſet me free,
When firſt I heard his fame:
Surely, thought I, my pompous train
Of vows and tears will notice gain.

5 My

5 My heart devis'd the way-
Which I ſuppos'd he'd take;
And when I found delay,
Was ready to go back:
Had he ſome painful taſk enjoin'd,
I to performance ſeem'd inclin'd.

6 When by his word he ſpake,
That fountain open'd ſee;
'Twas open'd for thy ſake,
"Go waſh, and thou art free:"
Oh! how did my proud heart gainſay,
I fear'd to truſt this ſimple way.

7 At length I trial made,
When I had much endur'd;
The meſſage I obey'd,
I waſh'd, and I was cur'd:
Sinners, this healing fountain try,
Which cleans'd a wretch ſo vile as I.

XXXIX. *The Borrowed Ax.* Chap. vi. 5, 6.

1 THE prophets ſons in times of old,
Tho' to appearance poor,
Were rich without poſſeſſing gold,
And honour'd, tho' obſcure.

2 In peace their daily bread they eat,
By honeſt labour earn'd;
While daily at Eliſha's feet,
They grace and wiſdom learn'd.

3 The prophet's preſence cheer'd their toil,
They watch'd the words he ſpoke;
Whether they turn'd the furrow'd ſoil,
Or fell'd the ſpreading oak.

4 Once as they liſten'd to his theme,
Their conference was ſtopp'd;
For one beneath the yielding ſtream
A borrow'd ax had dropp'd.

5 "Alas!

5 "Alas! it was not mine, he ſaid,
"How ſhall I make it good?"
Eliſha heard, and when he pray'd,
The iron ſwam like wood.

6 If God, in ſuch a ſmall affair,
A miracle performs;
It ſhews his condeſcending care
Of poor unworthy worms.

7 Tho' kings and nations in his view
Are but as motes and duſt;
His eye and ear are fix'd on you,
Who in his mercy truſt.

8 Not one concern of ours is ſmall,
If we belong to him;
To teach us this, the Lord of all
Once made the iron ſwim.

XL. *More with us than with them.* Chap. i. 16.

1 ALAS! Eliſha's ſervant cry'd,
When he the Syrian army ſpy'd;
But he was ſoon releas'd from care,
In anſwer to the prophet's pray'r.

2 Straightway he ſaw, with other eyes,
A greater army from the ſkies,
A fiery guard around the hill;
Thus are the ſaints preſerved ſtill.

3 When Satan and his hoſt appear,
Like him of old, I faint and fear;
Like him, by faith, with joy I ſee,
A greater hoſt engag'd for me.

4 The ſaints eſpouſe my cauſe by pray'r,
The angels make my ſoul their care;
Mine is the promiſe ſeal'd with blood,
And Jeſus lives to make it good.

I. CHRO-

I. CHRONICLES.

XLI. *Faith's Review and Expectation.*

Chap. xvii. 16. 17.

1 AMazing grace! (how ſweet the ſound!)
That ſav'd a wretch like me!
I once was loſt, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I ſee.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I firſt believ'd!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and ſnares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me ſafe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope ſecures;
He will my ſhield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this fleſh and heart ſhall fail,
And mortal life ſhall ceaſe;
I ſhall poſſeſs, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

6 The earth ſhall ſoon diſſolve like ſnow,
The ſun forbear to ſhine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

NEHEMIAH.

XLII. *The Joy of the LORD is your Strength.*

Chap. viii. 10.

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren ſoil;
All we can boaſt till Chriſt we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour ſeen by faith,
A ſenſe of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like thoſe above.

4 To take a glimpſe within the vail,
To know that God is mine,
Are ſprings of joy that never fail,
Unſpeakable! divine!

5 Theſe are the joys which ſatisfy,
And ſanctify the mind;
Which make the ſpirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But if you are the Lord's,
Reſign to them that know him not
Such joys as earth affords.

JOB.

XLIII. *Oh that I were as in months paſt.* Chap. xxix. 2.

1 SWEET was the time when firſt I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood
Apply'd, to cleanſe my ſoul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praiſes tun'd my tongue;
And when the ev'ning ſhades prevail'd,
His love was all my ſong.

3 In vain the tempter ſpread his wiles,
The world no more could charm;
Il iv'd upon my Saviour's ſmiles,
And lean'd upon his arm.

4 In pray'r my ſoul drew near the Lord,
And ſaw his glory ſhine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promiſe mine.

5 Then to his ſaints I often ſpoke,
Of what his love had done;
But now my heart is almoſt broke,
For all my joys are gone.

6 Now when the evening ſhade prevails,
My ſoul in darkneſs mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noiſe,
For Jeſus hides his face;
I read, the promiſe meets my eyes,
But will not reach my caſe.

8 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And make my ſoul his prey;
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,
O come without delay.

XLIV. *The Change* *.

1 SAviour, ſhine, and cheer my ſoul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded ſpirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive:
Speak the word, and ſet me free,
Let me live alone to thee.

* Book II. Hymn 34. and Book III. Hymn 86.

2 Speak

2 Shall I ſigh and pray in vain,
Wilt thou ſtill refuſe to hear;
Wilt thou not return again,
Muſt I yield to black deſpair?
Thou haſt taught my heart to pray,
Canſt thou turn thy face away?

3 Once I thought my mountain ſtrong,
Firmly fix'd no more to move;
Then thy grace was all my ſong,
Then my ſoul was fill'd with love:
Thoſe were happy golden days,
Sweetly ſpent in pray'r and praiſe.

4 When my friends have ſaid, "Beware,
"Soon or late you'll find a change,"
I could ſee no cauſe for fear,
Vain their caution ſeem'd and ſtrange:
Not a cloud obſcur'd my ſky,
Could I think a tempeſt nigh?

5 Little, then, myſelf I knew,
Little thought of Satan's pow'r;
Now I find their words were true,
Now I feel the ſtormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has chang'd my day to night.

6 Satan aſks and mocks my woe,
"Boaſter, where is now your God?"
Silence, Lord, this cruel foe,
Let him know I'm bought with blood:
Tell him, ſince I know thy name,
Tho' I change, thou art the ſame.

PSALMS.

XLV. *Pleading for Mercy.* Pſalm vi.

1 IN mercy, not in wrath, rebuke
Thy feeble worm, my God!
My ſpirit dreads thine angry look,
And trembles at thy rod.

2 Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
Regard my heavy groans;
O let thy voice of comfort ſpeak,
And heal my broken bones!

3 By day, my buſy beating head
Is fill'd with anxious fears;
By night, upon my reſtleſs bed,
I weep a flood of tears.

4 Thus I ſit deſolate and mourn,
Mine eyes grow dull with grief;
How long, my Lord, ere thou return,
And bring my ſoul relief?

5 O come and ſhew thy pow'r to ſave,
And ſpare my fainting breath;
For who can praiſe thee in the grave,
Or ſing thy name in death?

6 Satan, my cruel envious foe,
Inſults me in my pain;
He ſmiles to ſee me brought ſo low,
And tells me hope is vain.

7 But hence, thou enemy, depart!
Nor tempt me to deſpair;
My Saviour comes to cheer my heart,
The Lord has heard my pray'r.

XLVI. *None*

XLVI. *None upon earth I desire besides thee.*
Psal. lxxiii. 25.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs,
Have lost all their sweetness with me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd;
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song;
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

XLVII. *The*

XLVII. *The Believer's Safety.* Pſalm xci.

1 INcarnate God! the ſoul that knows
Thy name's myſterious pow'r,
Shall dwell in undiſturb'd repoſe,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Thy wiſdom, faithfulneſs, and love,
To feeble helpleſs worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove
From enemies and ſtorms.

3 In vain the fowler ſpreads his net,
To draw them from thy care;
Thy timely call inſtructs their feet
To ſhun the artful ſnare.

4 When, like a baneful peſtilence,
Sin mows its thouſands down
On ev'ry ſide, without defence,
Thy grace ſecures thine own.

5 No midnight terrors haunt their bed,
No arrow wounds by day;
Unhurt on ſerpents they ſhall tread,
If found in duty's way.

6 Angels, unſeen, attend the ſaints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the ſpirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

7 The angels' Lord himſelf is nigh
To them that love his name;
Ready to ſave them when they cry,
And put their foes to ſhame.

8 Croſſes and changes are their lot,
Long as they ſojourn here;
But ſince their Saviour changes not,
What have the ſaints to fear?

XLVIII. *Another.*

1 THAT man no guard or weapons needs,
Whoſe heart the blood of Jeſus knows;
But ſafe may paſs, if duty leads,
Thro' burning ſands or mountain-ſnows.

2 Releas'd from guilt he feels no fear;
Redemption is his ſhield and tow'r;
He ſees his Saviour always near
To help in ev'ry trying hour.

3 Tho' I am weak and Satan ſtrong,
And often to aſſault me tries;
When Jeſus is my ſhield and ſong,
Abaſh'd, the wolf before me flies.

4 His love poſſeſſing I am bleſt,
Secure whatever change may come:
Whither I go to Eaſt or Weſt,
With him I ſtill ſhall be at home.

5 If plac'd beneath the northern pole,
Tho' winter reigns with rigour there;
His gracious beams would chear my ſoul,
And make a ſpring throughout the year.

6 Or if the deſert's ſun-burnt ſoil
My lonely dwelling e'er ſhould prove;
His preſence would ſupport my toil,
Whoſe ſmile is life, whoſe voice is love.

XLIX. *He led them by a right way.* Pſal. cvii. 7.

1 WHEN Iſrael was from Egypt freed,
The Lord, who brought them out,
Help'd them in ev'ry time of need,
But led them round about *.

* Exod. xiii. 17.

2 To

2 To enter Canaan ſoon they hop'd;
But quickly chang'd their mind,
When the Red ſea their paſſage ſtopp'd,
And Pharaoh march'd behind.

3 The deſert fill'd them with alarms,
For water and for food;
And Amalek, by force of arms,
To check their progreſs ſtood.

4 They often murmur'd by the way,
Becauſe they judg'd by ſight;
But were at length conſtrain'd to ſay,
The Lord hath led them right.

5 In the Red ſea that ſtopp'd them firſt,
Their enemies were drown'd;
The rocks gave water for their thirſt,
And manna ſpread the ground.

6 By fire and cloud their way was ſhown
Acroſs the pathleſs ſands;
And Amalek was overthrown
By Moſes' lifted hands.

7 The way was right their hearts to prove,
To make God's glory known;
And ſhew his wiſdom, pow'r, and love
Engag'd to ſave his own.

8 Juſt ſo the true believer's path
Thro' many dangers lies;
Tho' dark to ſenſe, 'tis right to faith,
And leads us to the ſkies.

L. *What ſhall I render* *? Pſalm cxvi. 12. 13.

1 FOR mercies, countleſs as the ſands,
Which daily I receive
From Jeſus my Redeemer's hands,
My ſoul, what canſt thou give?

* Book III. Hymn 67.

2 Alas! from ſuch a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth!
My beſt is ſtain'd and dy'd with ſin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make
For all he has beſtow'd,
Salvation's ſacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The beſt returns for one like me,
So wretched and ſo poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And aſk him ſtill for more.

5 I cannot ſerve him as I ought,
No works have I to boaſt;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I ſhall owe him moſt.

LI. *Dwelling in Meſech.* Pſalm cxx. 5.—7.

1 WHAT a mournful life is mine,
Fill'd with croſſes, pains, and cares!
Ev'ry work defil'd with ſin,
Ev'ry ſtep beſet with ſnares!

2 If alone I penſive ſit,
I myſelf can hardly bear;
If I paſs along the ſtreet,
Sin and riot triumph there.

3 Jeſus! how my heart is pain'd,
How it mourns for ſouls deceiv'd!
When I hear thy name profan'd,
When I ſee thy Spirit griev'd!

4 When thy children's griefs I view,
Their diſtreſs becomes my own;
All I hear, or ſee, or do,
Makes me tremble, weep, and groan.

5 Mourning

5 Mourning thus I long had been,
When I heard my Saviour's voice;
"Thou haſt cauſe to mourn for ſin,
But in me thou may'ſt rejoice."

6 This kind word diſpell'd my grief,
Put to ſilence my complaints;
Tho' of ſinners I am chief,
He has rank'd me with his ſaints.

7 Tho' conſtrain'd to dwell a while
Where the wicked ſtrive and brawl;
Let them frown, ſo he but ſmile,
Heav'n will make amends for all.

8 There, believers, we ſhall reſt,
Free from ſorrow, ſin, and fears;
Nothing there our peace moleſt,
Thro' eternal rounds of years.

9 Let us then the fight endure,
See our Captain looking down;
He will make the conqueſt ſure,
And beſtow the promis'd crown.

PROVERBS.

LII. C. *Wiſdom.* Chap. viii. 22.—31.

1 ERE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills;
Before he fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In me, from everlaſting,
The wonderful I AM,
Found pleaſures never waſting,
And Wiſdom is my name.

2 When, like a tent to dwell in,
He ſpread the ſkies abroad,
And ſwath'd about the ſwelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;

He wrought by weight and meaſure,
And I was with him then;
Myſelf the Father's pleaſure,
And mine, the ſons of men.

3 Thus wiſdom's words diſcover
Thy glory and thy grace,
Thou everlaſting lover
Of our unworthy race!
Thy gracious eye ſurvey'd us
Ere ſtars were ſeen above;
In wiſdom thou haſt made us,
And dy'd for us in love.

4 And couldſt thou be delighted
With creatures ſuch as we!
Who when we ſaw thee, ſlighted,
And nail'd thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And myſtery divine!
The voice that ſpeaks in thunder,
Says, "Sinner, I am thine!"

LIII. *A Friend that ſticketh cloſer than a Brother.* Chap. xviii. 24.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deſerves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Coſtly, free, and knows no end:
They who once his kindneſs prove,
Find it everlaſting love!

2 Which of all our friends to ſave us,
Could or would have ſhed their blood!
But our Jeſus dy'd to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God:
This was boundleſs love indeed!
Jeſus is a friend in need.

3 Men,

3 Men, when rais'd to lofty ſtations,
Often know their friends no more;
Slight and ſcorn their poor relations,
Tho' they valu'd them before:
But our Saviour always owns
Thoſe whom he redeem'd with groans.

4 When he liv'd on earth abaſed,
Friend of ſinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raiſed,
He rejoices in the ſame:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

5 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us tho' we treat him thus:
Tho' for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren ſtill.

6 Oh! for grace our hearts to ſoften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our ſouls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

ECCLESIASTES.

LIV. *Vanity of Life* *. Chap. i. 2.

1 THE evils that beſet our path
Who can prevent or cure?
We ſtand upon the brink of death
When moſt we ſeem ſecure.

* Book II. Hymn 6.

2 If we to-day ſweet peace poſſeſs,
It ſoon may be withdrawn;
Some change may plunge us in diſtreſs,
Before to-morrow's dawn.

3 Diſeaſe and pain invade our health,
And find an eaſy prey;
And oft, when leaſt expected, wealth
Takes wings, and flies away.

4 A fever or a blow can ſhake
Our wiſdom's boaſted rule,
And of the brighteſt genius make
A madman or a fool.

5 The gourds, from which we look for fruit,
Produce us only pain;
A worm unſeen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.

6 I pity thoſe who ſeek no more
Than ſuch a world can give;
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
And dying while they live.

7 Since ſin has fill'd the earth with woe,
And creatures fade and die;
Lord, wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

LV. C. *Vanity of the World.*

1 GOD gives his mercies to be ſpent;
Your hoard will do your ſoul no good;
Gold is a bleſſing only lent,
Repaid by giving others food.

2 The world's eſteem is but a bribe,
To buy their peace you ſell your own;
The ſlave of a vain-glorious tribe,
Who hate you while they make you known.

3 The

3 The joy that vain amuſements give,
Oh! ſad concluſion that it brings!
The honey of a crowded hive,
Defended by a thouſand ſtings.

4 'Tis thus the world rewards the fools
That live upon her treach'rous ſmiles;
She leads them, blindfold, by her rules,
And ruins all whom ſhe beguiles.

5 God knows the thouſands who go down
From pleaſure into endleſs woe;
And with a long-deſpairing groan
Blaſpheme their Maker as they go.

6 O fearful thought! be timely wiſe;
Delight but in a Saviour's charms;
And God ſhall take you to the ſkies,
Embrac'd in everlaſting arms.

LVI. *Vanity of the Creature ſanctified.*

1 HONEY tho' the bee prepares,
An envenom'd ſting he wears;
Piercing thorns a guard compoſe
Round the fragrant blooming roſe.

2 Where we think to find a ſweet,
Oft a painful ſting we meet:
When the roſe invites our eye,
We forget the thorn is nigh.

3 Why are thus our hopes beguil'd?
Why are all our pleaſures ſpoil'd?
Why do agony and woe
From our choiceſt comforts grow?

4 Sin has been the cauſe of all!
'Twas not thus before the fall:
What but pain, and thorn, and ſting,
From the root of ſin can ſpring?

5 Now with ev'ry good we find
Vanity and grief entwin'd;
What we feel, or what we fear,
All our joys embitter here.

6 Yet, thro' the Redeemer's love,
Theſe afflictions bleſſings prove;
He the wounding ſtings and thorns
Into healing med'cines turns.

7 From the earth our hearts they wean,
Teach us on his arm to lean;
Urge us to a throne of grace,
Make us ſeek a reſting place.

8 In the manſions of our King
Sweets abound without a ſting;
Thornleſs there the roſes blow,
And the joys unmingled flow.

SOLOMON's SONG.

LVII. *The name of JESUS.* Chap. i. 3.

1 HOW ſweet the name of JESUS ſounds
In a believer's ear!
It ſoothes his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with ſin defil'd;
Satan accuſes me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 JESUS! my Shepherd, Huſband, Friend,
My Prophet, Prieſt, and King;
My LORD, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the muſic of thy name
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

ISAIAH.

LVIII. C. *O LORD, I will praiſe thee!*
Chap. xii.

1 I Will praiſe thee ev'ry day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away!
Comfortable thoughts ariſe
From the bleeding ſacrifice.

2 Here, in the fair goſpel-field,
Wells of free ſalvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous ſtore,
And my ſoul ſhall thirſt no more.

3 JESUS is become at length
My ſalvation and my ſtrength;
And his praiſes ſhall prolong,
While I live, my pleaſant ſong,

4 Praiſe ye, then, his glorious name,
Publiſh his exalted fame!
Still his worth your praiſe exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raiſe again the joyful ſound,
Let the nations roll it round!
Zion ſhout, for this is he,
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

LIX. *The Refuge, River, and Rock of the Church.* Chap. xxxii. 2.

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our ſins and pains;
Now, ſeated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 His hands the wheels of nature guide,
With an unerring ſkill;
And countleſs worlds, extended wide,
Obey his ſov'reign will.

3 While harps unnumber'd ſound his praiſe,
In yonder world above;
His ſaints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

4 His righteouſneſs to faith reveal'd,
Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and ſhield
From enemies and ſtorms.

5 This land, thro' which his pilgrims go,
Is deſolate and dry;
But ſtreams of grace from him o'erflow,
Their thirſt to ſatisfy.

6 When troubles, like a burning ſun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleaſing ſhade.

7 How

7 How glorious he, how happy they
In ſuch a glorious friend!
Whoſe love ſecures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

LX. *Zion, or the city of God* *. Chap. xxxiii. 20. 21.

1 GLorious things of thee are ſpoken †,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whoſe word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode ‡:
On the rock of ages founded ‖,
What can ſhake thy ſure repoſe?
With ſalvation's walls ſurrounded **,
Thou may'ſt ſmile at all thy foes.

2 See! the ſtreams of living waters
Springing from eternal love ††;
Well ſupply thy ſons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while ſuch a river
Ever flows their thirſt t' aſſuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear ‡‡!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Shewing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and ſhade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Bleſt inhabitants of Zion,
Waſh'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jeſus, whom their ſouls rely on,
Makes them kings and prieſts to God ‖‖:

* Book II. Hymn 24.
† Pſalm lxxxvii. 3.
‡ Pſalm cxxxii. 14.
‖ Matth. xvi. 18.
** Iſaiah, xxvi. 1.
†† Pſalm xlvi. 4.
‡‡ Iſaiah, iv. 5. 6.
‖‖ Rev. i. 6.

'Tis

'Tis his love his people raiſes
Over ſelf to reign as kings,
And as prieſts, his ſolemn praiſes
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I thro' grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleaſure,
All his boaſted pomp and ſhow;
Solid joys and laſting treaſure,
None but Zion's children know.

LXI. *Look unto me, and be ye ſaved.* Chap. xlv. 22.

1 AS the ſerpent rais'd by Moſes *
Heal'd the burning ſerpent's bite;
Jeſus thus himſelf diſcloſes
To the wounded ſinner's ſight:
Here his gracious invitation,
"I have life and peace to give,
I have wrought out full ſalvation,
Sinner, look to me and live.

2 Pore upon your ſins no longer,
Well I know their mighty guilt;
But my love than death is ſtronger,
I my blood have freely ſpilt:
Tho' your heart has long been harden'd,
Look on me—it ſoft ſhall grow;
Paſt tranſgreſſions ſhall be pardon'd,
And I'll waſh you white as ſnow.

3 I have ſeen what you were doing,
Tho' you little thought of me;
You were madly bent on ruin,
But I ſaid,—It ſhall not be:

* Numbers, xxi. 9.

You

You had been for ever wretched,
Had I not eſpous'd your part;
Now behold my arms outſtretched
To receive you to my heart.

4 Well may ſhame, and joy, and wonder,
All your inward paſſions move;
I could cruſh thee with my thunder,
But I ſpeak to thee in love:
See! your ſins are all forgiv'n,
I have paid the countleſs ſum!
Now my death has open'd heav'n,
Thither you ſhall ſhortly come."

5 Deareſt Saviour, we adore thee
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each ſtubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith:
From the law's condemning ſentence,
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canſt give repentance,
Thou alone our ſouls can heal.

LXII. *The Good Phyſician.*

HOW loſt was my condition,
Till Jeſus made me whole!
There is but one Phyſician
Can cure a ſin-ſick ſoul!
Next door to death he found me,
And ſnatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wond'rous pow'r to ſave.

2 The worſt of all diſeaſes
Is light, compar'd with ſin;
On ev'ry part it ſeizes,
But rages moſt within:
'Tis palſy, plague, and fever,
And madneſs,—all combin'd;
And none but a believer
The leaſt relief can find.

3 From men great ſkill profeſſing
I thought a cure to gain;
But this prov'd more diſtreſſing,
And added to my pain:
Some ſaid that nothing ail'd me,
Some gave me up for loſt;
Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
And all my hopes were croſs'd.

4 At length this great Phyſician,
How matchleſs is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my caſe:
Firſt gave me ſight to view him,
For ſin my eyes had ſeal'd;
Then bid me look unto him;
I look'd, and I was heal'd.

5 A dying, riſen Jeſus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And ſaves the ſoul from death:
Come then to this Phyſician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

LXIII. *To the afflicted, toſſed with tempeſts, and not comforted.* Chap. liv. 5,—11.

1 PEnſive, doubting, fearful heart,
Hear what Chriſt the Saviour ſays;
Ev'ry word ſhould joy impart,
Change thy mourning into praiſe:
Yes, he ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee,
May he help thee to believe!
Then thou preſently wilt ſee,
Thou haſt little cauſe to grieve.

2 "Fear

2 "Fear thou not, nor be aſham'd,
All thy ſorrows ſoon ſhall end:
I who heav'n and earth have fram'd
Am thy huſband and thy friend:
I the High and Holy One,
Iſrael's God by all ador'd,
As thy Saviour will be known,
Thy Redeemer and thy Lord.

3 For a moment I withdrew,
And thy heart was fill'd with pain;
But my mercies I'll renew,
Thou ſhalt ſoon rejoice again:
Tho' I ſeem to hide my face,
Very ſoon my wrath ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis but for a moment's ſpace,
Ending in eternal peace.

4 When my peaceful bow appears *,
Painted on the wat'ry cloud;
'Tis to diſſipate thy fears,
Leſt the earth ſhould be o'erflow'd:
'Tis an emblem too of grace,
Of my cov'nant love a ſign:
Tho' the mountains leave their place,
Thou ſhalt be for ever mine.

5 Tho' afflicted, tempeſt toſs'd,
Comfortleſs awhile thou art,
Do not think thou can'ſt be loſt,
Thou art graven on my heart:
All thy waſtes I will repair,
Thou ſhalt be rebuilt anew;
And in thee it ſhall appear
What a God of love can do."

* Gen. ix. 13, 14.

LXIV. C. *The contrite Heart.* Chap. lvii. 15.

1 THE Lord will happineſs divine
On contrite hearts beſtow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but ſeem to hear in vain,
Inſenſible as ſteel;
If ought is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 I ſometimes think myſelf inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averſe to all that's good.

4 My beſt deſires are faint and few,
I fain would ſtrive for more;
But when I cry, "My ſtrength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy ſaints are comforted, I know,
And love thy houſe of pray'r;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ach;
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

LXV. C. *The future peace and glory of the Church.* Chap. lx. 15.—20.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath ſpoken,
O my people, faint and few;
Comfortleſs, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Themes of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You ſhall name your walls, Salvation,
And your gates ſhall all be praiſe.

2 There,

2 There, like ſtreams that feed the garden,
Pleaſures without end ſhall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty ſhall beſtow:
Still in undiſturb'd poſſeſſion,
Peace and righteouſneſs ſhall reign;
Never ſhall you feel oppreſſion,
Hear the voice of war again.

3 Ye no more your ſuns deſcending,
Waning moons no more ſhall ſee;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God ſhall riſe, and ſhining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord ſhall be your glory,
God your everlaſting light.

JEREMIAH.

LXVI. *Truſt of the Wicked and the Righteous compared.* Chap. xvii. 5.—8.

1 AS parched in the barren ſands,
Beneath a burning ſky,
The worthleſs bramble with'ring ſtands,
And only grows to die:

2 Such is the ſinner's awful caſe,
Who makes the world his truſt,
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and duſt.

3 A ſecret curſe deſtroys his root,
And dries his moiſture up;
He lives awhile, but bears no fruit,
Then dies without a hope.

4 But

4 But happy he whoſe hopes depend
Upon the Lord alone;
The ſoul that truſts in ſuch a friend,
Can ne'er be overthrown.

5 Tho' gourds ſhould wither, ciſterns break,
And creature-comforts die;
No change his ſolid hope can ſhake,
Or ſtop his ſure ſupply.

6 So thrives and blooms the tree whoſe roots
By conſtant ſtreams are fed;
Array'd in green, and rich in fruits,
It rears its branching head.

7 It thrives tho' rain ſhould be deny'd,
And drought around prevail;
'Tis planted by a river ſide,
Whoſe waters cannot fail.

LXVII. C. *JEHOVAH our righteouſneſs.* Chap. xxiii. 6.

1 MY God, how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itſelf about my praiſe,
And ſlides into my prayer.

2 When I would ſpeak what thou haſt done
To ſave me from my ſin,
I cannot make thy mercies known
But ſelf-applauſe creeps in.

3 Divine deſire, that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.

4 This heart a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow?
While ſelf upon the ſurface floats,
Still bubbling from below.

5 Let

5 Let others in the gaudy dreſs
Of fancied merit ſhine,
The Lord ſhall be my righteouſneſs,
The Lord for ever mine.

LXVIII. C. *EPHRAIM repenting.* Chap. xxxi. 18.—20.

1 MY God, till I receiv'd thy ſtroke,
How like a beaſt was I!
So unaccuſtom'd to the yoke,
So backward to comply.

2 With grief my juſt reproach I bear,
Shame fills me at the thought;
How frequent my rebellions were!
What wickedneſs I wrought!

3 Thy merciful reſtraint I ſcorn'd,
And left the pleaſant road;
Yet turn me, and I ſhall be turn'd,
Thou art the Lord my God.

4 Is Ephraim baniſh'd from my thoughts,
Or vile in my eſteem?
No, ſaith the Lord, with all his faults
I ſtill remember him.

5 Is he a dear and pleaſant child?
Yes, dear and pleaſant ſtill;
Tho' ſin his fooliſh heart beguil'd,
And he withſtood my will.

6 My ſharp rebuke has laid him low,
He ſeeks my face again;
My pity kindles at his woe,
He ſhall not ſeek in vain.

LAMENTATIONS.

LXIX. *The LORD is my Portion.* Chap. iii. 24.

1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,
And ſearch in vain for bliſs;
My ſoul is ſatisfy'd at home,
The Lord my portion is.

2 Jeſus, who on his glorious throne
Rules heav'n, and earth, and ſea,
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,
And give himſelf to me.

3 His perſon fixes all my love,
His blood removes my fear;
And while he pleads for me above,
His arm preſerves me here.

4 His word of promiſe is my food,
His Spirit is my guide;
Thus daily is my ſtrength renew'd,
And all my wants ſupply'd *.

5 For him I count as gain each loſs,
Diſgrace, for him, renown;
Well may I glory in his croſs,
While he prepares my crown!

6 Let worldlings then indulge their boaſt,
How much they gain or ſpend;
Their joys muſt ſoon give up the ghoſt,
But mine ſhall know no end.

* Book III. Hymn 59.

EZEKIEL.

LXX. *Humbled and ſilenced by Mercy.* Chap. xvi. 63.

1 ONCE periſhing in blood I lay,
Creatures no help could give;
But Jeſus paſs'd me in the way,
He ſaw, and bid me live.

2 Tho'

2 Tho' Satan ſtill his rule maintain'd,
And all his arts employ'd;
That mighty word his rage reſtrain'd,
I could not be deſtroy'd.

3 At length the time of love arriv'd
When I my Lord ſhould know;
Then Satan, of his pow'r depriv'd,
Was forc'd to let me go.

4 O can I e'er that day forget,
When Jeſus kindly ſpoke!
"Poor ſoul, my blood has paid thy debt,
And now I break thy yoke.

5 Henceforth I take thee for my own,
And give myſelf to thee;
Forſake the idols thou haſt known,
And yield thyſelf to me."

6 Ah, worthleſs heart! it promis'd fair,
And ſaid it would be thine;
I little thought it e'er would dare
Again with idols join.

7 Lord, doſt thou ſuch backſlidings heal,
And pardon all that's paſt?
Sure, if I am not made of ſteel,
Thou haſt prevail'd at laſt.

8 My tongue, which raſhly ſpoke before,
This mercy will reſtrain;
Surely I now ſhall boaſt no more,
Nor cenſure, nor complain.

LXXI. C. *The Covenant.* Chap. xxxvi. 25.—28.

1 THE Lord proclaims his grace abroad!
Behold I change your hearts of ſtone;
Each ſhall renounce his idol-god,
And ſerve, henceforth, the Lord alone.

2 My

2 My grace, a flowing ſtream, proceeds
To waſh your filthineſs away;
Ye ſhall abhor your former deeds,
And learn my ſtatutes to obey.

3 My truth the great deſign inſures,
I give myſelf away to you;
You ſhall be mine, I will be yours,
Your God unalterably true.

4 Yet not unſought, or unimplor'd,
The plenteous grace ſhall I confer *;
No—your whole hearts ſhall ſeek the Lord,
I'll put a praying ſpirit there.

5 From the firſt breath of life divine,
Down to the laſt expiring hour,
The gracious work ſhall all be mine,
Begun and ended in my pow'r.

LXXII. C. *JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH.* Chap. xlviii. 35.

1 AS birds their infant-brood protect †,
And ſpread their wings to ſhelter them;
Thus ſaith the Lord to his elect,
"So will I guard Jeruſalem."

2 And what then is Jeruſalem,
This darling object of his care?
Where is its worth in God's eſteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?

3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the ſaints, once foes to God,
The ſinners whom he calls his own.

4 There, tho' beſieg'd on every ſide,
Yet much belov'd and guarded well,
From age to age they have defy'd
The utmoſt force of earth and hell.

* Ver. 37. † Iſaiah, xxxi. 5.

5 Let

5 Let earth repent, and hell deſpair,
This city has a ſure defence;
Her name is call'd, The Lord is there,
And who has pow'r to drive him thence?

DANIEL.

LXXIII. *The Power and Triumph of Faith.* Chap. iii. 6.

1 SUpported by the word,
Though in himſelf a worm,
The ſervant of the Lord
Can wond'rous acts perform:
Without diſmay he boldly treads
Where-e'er the path of duty leads.

2 The haughty king in vain,
With fury on his brow,
Believers would conſtrain
To golden gods to bow:
The furnace could not make them fear,
Becauſe they knew the Lord was near.

3 As vain was the decree
Which charg'd them not to pray;
Daniel ſtill bow'd his knee,
And worſhip'd thrice a-day.
Truſting in God, he fear'd not men,
Tho' threat'ned with the lions den.

4 Secure they might refuſe
Compliance with ſuch laws;
For what had they to loſe,
When God eſpous'd their cauſe?
He made the hungry lions crouch;
Nor durſt the fire *his* children touch.

5 The Lord is ſtill the ſame,
A mighty ſhield and tow'r,
And they who truſt his name
Are guarded by his pow'r;

He can the rage of lions tame,
And bear them harmleſs thro' the flame.

6 Yet we too often ſhrink
When trials are in view;
Expecting we muſt ſink,
And never can get thro':
But could we once believe indeed,
From all theſe fears we ſhould be freed.

LXXIV. *BELSHAZZAR.* Chap. v. 5 6.

1 POOR ſinners! little do they think
With whom they have to do!
But ſtand ſecurely on the brink
Of everlaſting woe.

2 Belſhazzar thus, profanely bold,
The Lord of hoſts defy'd;
But vengeance ſoon his boaſts controul'd,
And humbled all his pride.

3 He ſaw a hand upon the wall
(And trembled on his throne)
Which wrote his ſudden dreadful fall
In characters unknown.

4 Why ſhould he tremble at the view
Of what he could not read?
Foreboding conſcience quickly knew
His ruin was decreed.

5 See him o'erwhelm'd with deep diſtreſs!
His eyes with anguiſh roll;
His looks, and looſen'd joints, expreſs
The terrors of his ſoul.

6 His pomp and muſic, gueſts and wine,
No more delight afford;
O ſinner, ere this caſe be thine,
Begin to ſeek the Lord.

7 The

7 The Law, like this hand writing, ſtands,
And ſpeaks the wrath of God *;
But Jeſus anſwers its demands,
And cancels it with blood.

* Coloſſians, ii. 14.

JONAH.

LXXV. *The Gourd.* Chap. iv. 7.

1 AS once for Jonah, ſo the Lord,
To ſooth and cheer my mournful hours,
Prepar'd for me a pleaſing gourd,
Cool was its ſhade, and ſweet its flow'rs.

2 To prize his gift was ſurely right,
But thro' the folly of my heart,
It hid the Giver from my ſight,
And ſoon my joy was chang'd to ſmart.

3 While I admir'd its beauteous form,
Its pleaſant ſhade and grateful fruit;
The Lord diſpleas'd, ſent forth a worm,
Unſeen, to prey upon the root.

4 I trembled when I ſaw it fade,
But guilt reſtrain'd the murm'ring word;
My folly I confeſs'd, and pray'd,
Forgive my ſin, and ſpare my gourd.

5 His wond'rous love can ne'er be told,
He heard me and reliev'd my pain;
His word the threat'ning worm controul'd,
And bid my gourd revive again.

6 Now, Lord, my gourd is mine no more,
'Tis thine, who only could'ſt it raiſe;
The idol of my heart before,
Henceforth ſhall flouriſh to thy praiſe.

ZECHARIAH.

LXXVI. *Prayer for the LORD's promiſed preſence.* Chap. ii. 10.

1 SON of God! thy people ſhield!
Muſt we ſtill thine abſence mourn?
Let thy promiſe be fulfill'd,
Thou haſt ſaid, "I will return!"

2 Gracious Leader, now appear,
Shine upon us with thy light!
Like the ſpring, when thou art near,
Days and ſuns are doubly bright.

3 As a mother counts the days
Till her abſent ſon ſhe ſee,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So our ſpirits long for thee.

4 Come, and let us feel thee nigh,
Then thy ſheep ſhall feed in peace;
Plenty bleſs us from on high,
Evil from amongſt us ceaſe.

5 With thy love, and voice, and aid,
Thou can'ſt ev'ry care aſſuage;
Then we ſhall not be afraid,
Tho' the world and Satan rage.

6 Thus each day for thee we'll ſpend,
While our callings we purſue;
And the thoughts of ſuch a friend
Shall each night our joy renew.

7 Let thy light be ne'er withdrawn,
Golden days afford us long!
Thus we pray at early dawn,
This ſhall be our ev'ning ſong.

LXXVII. *A Brand plucked out of the Fire.* Chap. iii. 1.—5.

1 WITH Satan, my accuſer, near,
My ſpirit trembled when I ſaw
The Lord in majeſty appear,
And heard the language of his law.

2 In vain I wiſh'd and ſtrove to hide
The tatter'd filthy rags I wore;
While my fierce foe, inſulting cry'd,
"See what you truſted in before!"

3 Struck dumb, and left without a plea,
I heard my gracious Saviour ſay,
"Know, Satan, I this ſinner free,
I dy'd to take his ſins away.

4 This is a brand which I, in love,
To ſave from wrath and ſin deſign;
In vain thy accuſations prove;
I anſwer all, and claim him mine."

5 At his rebuke the tempter fled;
Then he remov'd my filthy dreſs;
"Poor ſinner, take this robe, he ſaid,
It is thy Saviour's righteouſneſs.

6 And ſee, a crown of life prepar'd!
That I might thus thy head adorn,
I thought no ſhame or ſuffering hard,
But wore for thee a crown of thorn."

7 O how I heard theſe gracious words!
They broke and heal'd my heart at once;
Conſtrain'd me to become the Lord's,
And all my idol gods renounce.

8 Now, Satan, thou haſt loſt thy aim,
Againſt this brand thy threats are vain;
Jeſus has pluck'd it from the flame,
And who ſhall put it in again?

LXXVIII. *On one Stone ſhall be ſeven Eyes.* Chap. iii. 9.

1 JESUS CHRIST, the Lord's anointed,
Who his blood for ſinners ſpilt,
Is the Stone by God appointed,
And the church is on him built:
He delivers all who truſt him from their guilt.

2 Many eyes at once are fixed
On a perſon ſo divine;
Love, with awful juſtice mixed,
In his great redemption ſhine:
Mighty Jeſus! give me leave to call thee mine.

3 By the Father's eye approved,
Lo, a voice is heard from heaven *,
"Sinners, this is my beloved,
For your ranſom freely giv'n:
All offences, for his ſake, ſhall be forgiven."

4 Angels with their eyes purſu'd him †,
When he left his glorious throne;
With aſtoniſhment they view'd him
Put the form of ſervant on:
Angels worſhipp'd him who was on earth unknown.

5 Satan and his hoſt amazed,
Saw this Stone in Zion laid;
Jeſus, tho' to death abaſed,
Bruis'd the ſubtle ſerpent's head ‡,
When, to ſave us, on the croſs his blood he ſhed.

6 When a guilty ſinner ſees him,
While he looks his ſoul is heal'd;
Soon this ſight from anguiſh frees him,
And imparts a pardon ſeal'd ‖:
May this Saviour be to all our hearts reveal'd.

* Matth. iii. 17.
† 1 Tim. iii. 16.
‡ John xii. 31.
‖ John iii. 15.

7 With

7 With deſire and admiration,
All his blood-bought flock behold;
Him who wrought out their ſalvation,
And inclos'd them in his fold *:
Yet their warmeſt love and praiſes are too cold.

8 By the eye of carnal reaſon
Many view him with diſdain †;
How will they abide the ſeaſon
When he'll come with all his train?
To eſcape him then they'll wiſh, but wiſh in vain.

9 How their hearts will melt and tremble
When they hear his awful voice ‡;
But his ſaints he'll then aſſemble,
As his portion and his choice,
And receive them to his everlaſting joys.

LXXIX. C. *Praiſe for the Fountain opened.* Chap. xiii. 1.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And ſinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Waſh'd all my ſins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r,
Till all the ranſom'd church of God
Be ſav'd to ſin no more.

4 E'er ſince, by faith, I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

* 1 Pet. ii. 7. † Pſalm cxviii. 22.
‡ Rev. i. 7.

5 Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong
I'll ſing thy pow'r to ſave;
When this poor liſping ſtam'ring tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

6 Lord, I believe thou haſt prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

7 'Tis ſtrung, and tun'd, for endleſs years,
And form'd by pow'r divine;
To ſound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

MALACHI.

LXXX. *They ſhall be mine, ſaith the* LORD. Chap. iii. 16.—18.

1 WHEN ſinners utter boaſting words,
And glory in their ſhame;
The Lord, well-pleas'd, an ear affords
To thoſe who fear his name.

2 They often meet to ſeek his face,
And what they do, or ſay,
Is noted in his book of grace
Againſt another day.

3 For they by faith a day deſcry,
And joyfully expect,
When he, deſcending from the ſky,
His jewels will collect.

4 Unnotic'd now, becauſe unknown,
A poor and ſuff'ring few;
He comes to claim them for his own,
And bring them forth to view.

5 With

5 With tranſport then their Saviour's care
And favour they ſhall prove;
As tender parents guard and ſpare
The children of their love.

6 Aſſembled worlds will then diſcern
The ſaints alone are bleſt;
When wrath ſhall like an oven burn,
And vengeance ſtrike the reſt.

MATTHEW.

LXXXI. *The Beggar.* Chap. vii. 7. 8.

1 ENcourag'd by thy word
Of promiſe to the poor,
Behold, a beggar, Lord,
Waits at thy mercy's door!
No hand, no heart, O Lord, but thine,
Can help or pity wants like mine.

2 The beggar's uſual plea,
Relief from men to gain,
If offer'd unto thee,
I know thou wouldſt diſdain;
And pleas which move thy gracious ear,
Are ſuch as men would ſcorn to hear.

3 I have no right to ſay,
That though I now am poor,
Yet once there was a day
When I poſſeſſed more:
Thou know'ſt that from my very birth,
I've been the pooreſt wretch on earth.

4 Nor can I dare profeſs,
As beggars often do,
Tho' great is my diſtreſs;
My wants have been but few:
If thou ſhouldſt leave my ſoul to ſtarve,
It would be what I well deſerve.

5 'Twere folly to pretend
I never begg'd before;
Or if thou now befriend,
I'll trouble thee no more:
Thou often haſt reliev'd my pain,
And often I muſt come again.

6 Tho' crumbs are much too good
For ſuch a dog as I,
No leſs than children's food
My ſoul can ſatisfy:
O do not frown and bid me go,
I muſt have all thou canſt beſtow.

7 Nor can I willing be
Thy bounty to conceal
From others who, like me,
Their wants and hunger feel:
I'll tell them of thy mercy's ſtore,
And try to ſend a thouſand more.

8 Thy thoughts, thou only wiſe!
Our thoughts and ways tranſcend,
Far as the arched ſkies
Above the earth extend *:
Such pleas as mine men would not bear,
But God receives a beggar's pray'r.

LXXXII. *The Leper.* Chap. viii. 2. 3.

1 OFT as the leper's caſe I read,
My own deſcrib'd I feel;
Sin is a leproſy indeed,
Which none but Chriſt can heal.

2 A while I would have paſs'd for well,
And ſtrove my ſpots to hide;
Till it broke out incurable,
Too plain to be deny'd.

* Iſaiah, lv. 8. 9.

3 Then

3 Then from the ſaints I ſought to flee,
And dreaded to be ſeen;
I thought they all would point at me,
And cry, "Unclean, unclean!"

4 What anguiſh did my ſoul endure,
Till hope and patience ceas'd?
The more I ſtrove myſelf to cure,
The more the plague increas'd.

5 While thus I lay diſtreſs'd, I ſaw
The Saviour paſſing by;
To him, tho' fill'd with ſhame and awe,
I rais'd my mournful cry.

6 Lord, thou canſt heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canſt all things do;
O cleanſe my leprous ſoul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew!

7 He heard, and with a gracious look
Pronounc'd the healing word;
"I will,—be clean," and while he ſpoke
I felt my health reſtor'd.

8 Come, lepers, ſeize the preſent hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He *can* relieve, for he is pow'r;
He *will*, for he is love.

LXXXIII. *A Sick Soul.* Chap. ix. 12.

1 PHyſician of my ſin-ſick ſoul,
To thee I bring my caſe;
My raging malady controul,
And heal me by thy grace.

2 Pity the anguiſh I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.

3 I would diſcloſe my whole complaint,
But where ſhall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worſt diſtemper, ſin.

4 It lies not in a ſingle part,
But thro' my frame is ſpread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palſy in my head.

5 It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame;
And overclouds, and fills my mind
With folly, fear, and ſhame.

6 A thouſand evil thoughts intrude
Tumultuous in my breaſt;
Which indiſpoſe me for my food,
And rob me of my reſt.

7 Lord, I am ſick, regard my cry,
And ſet my ſpirit free:
Say, canſt thou let a ſinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?

LXXXIV. *Satan returning.* Chap. xii. 43.—45.

1 WHEN Jeſus claims the ſinner's heart,
Where Satan rul'd before;
The evil ſpirit muſt depart,
And dares return no more.

2 But when he goes without conſtraint,
And wanders from his home,
Altho' withdrawn, 'tis but a feint,
He means again to come.

3 Some outward change perhaps is ſeen
If Satan quit the place;
But tho' the houſe ſeem ſwept and clean,
'Tis deſtitute of grace.

4 Except

4 Except the Saviour dwell and reign
Within the ſinner's mind;
Satan, when he returns again,
Will eaſy entrance find.

5 With rage and malice ſevenfold,
He then reſumes his ſway;
No more by checks to be controul'd,
No more to go away.

6 The ſinner's former ſtate was bad,
But worſe the latter far;
He lives poſſeſſed, blind, and mad,
And dies in dark deſpair.

7 Lord, ſave me from this dreadful end!
And from this heart of mine
O drive and keep away the fiend
Who fears no voice but thine.

LXXXV. C. *The Sower.* Chap. xiii. 3.

1 YE ſons of earth, prepare the plough,
Break up your fallow ground!
The ſower is gone forth to ſow,
And ſcatter bleſſings round.

2 The ſeed that finds a ſtony ſoil,
Shoots forth a haſty blade;
But ill repays the ſower's toil,
Soon wither'd, ſcorch'd, and dead.

3 The thorny ground is ſure to baulk
All hopes of harveſt there:
We find a tall and ſickly ſtalk,
But not the fruitful ear.

4 The beaten path and high-way ſide
Receive the truſt in vain;
The watchful birds the ſpoil divide,
And pick up all the grain.

5 But

5 But where the Lord of grace and pow'r
Has bleſs'd the happy field;
How plenteous is the golden ſtore
The deep-wrought furrows yield!

6 Father of mercies, we have need
Of thy preparing grace;
Let the ſame hand that gives the ſeed
Provide a fruitful place.

LXXXVI. *The Wheat and Tares.* Chap. xiii. 37.—42.

1 THO' in the outward church below,
The wheat and tares together grow,
Jeſus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares, in anger, up.

2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their ſtations here?
How much they heard, how much they knew,
How long amongſt the wheat they grew!

3 Oh! this will aggravate their caſe!
They periſh'd under means of grace;
To them the word of life and faith
Became an inſtrument of death.

4 We ſeem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all are wheat;
But to the Lord's all-ſearching eyes,
Each heart appears without diſguiſe.

5 The tares are ſpar'd for various ends,
Some, for the ſake of praying friends;
Others, the Lord, againſt their will,
Employs his counſels to fulfil.

6 But tho' they grow ſo tall and ſtrong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harveſt, when he ſaves his own,
The tares ſhall into hell be thrown.

LXXXVII. *Peter walking upon the Water.* Chap. xiv. 28.—31.

1 A Word from Jeſus calms the ſea,
The ſtormy wind controuls,
And gives repoſe and liberty
To tempeſt-toſſed ſouls.

2 To Peter on the waves he came,
And gave him inſtant peace;
Thus he to me reveal'd his name,
And bid my ſorrows ceaſe.

3 Then fill'd with wonder, joy, and love,
Peter's requeſt was mine;
Lord, call me down, I long to prove
That I am wholly thine.

4 Unmov'd at all I have to meet
On life's tempeſtuous ſea,
Hard, ſhall be eaſy; bitter, ſweet,
So I may follow thee.

5 He heard and ſmil'd, and bid me try,
I eagerly obey'd;
But when from him I turn'd my eye,
How was my ſoul diſmay'd!

6 The ſtorm increas'd on ev'ry ſide,
I felt my ſpirit ſhrink;
And ſoon, with Peter, loud I cry'd,
"Lord, ſave me, or I ſink."

7 Kindly he caught me by the hand,
And ſaid, "Why doſt thou fear?
Since thou art come at my command,
And I am always near.

8 Upon my promiſe reſt thy hope,
And keep my love in view;
I ſtand engag'd to hold thee up,
And guide thee ſafely through."

LXXXVIII. *Woman of Canaan.* Chap. xv. 22.—28.

1 PRay'r an anſwer will obtain,
Tho' the Lord a while delay;
None ſhall ſeek his face in vain,
None be empty ſent away.

2 When the woman came from Tyre,
And for help to Jeſus ſought;
Tho' he granted her deſire,
Yet at firſt he anſwer'd not.

4 Could ſhe gueſs at his intent,
When he to his follow'rs ſaid,
"I to Iſrael's ſheep am ſent,
Dogs muſt not have children's bread."

4 She was not of Iſrael's ſeed,
But of Canaan's wretched race;
Thought herſelf a dog indeed;
Was not this a hopeleſs caſe?

5 Yet altho' from Canaan ſprung,
Tho' a dog herſelf ſhe ſtyl'd,
She had Iſrael's faith and tongue,
And was own'd for Abram's child.

6 From his words ſhe draws a plea:
"Tho' unworthy children's bread,
'Tis enough for one like me,
If with crumbs I may be fed."

7 Jeſus then his heart reveal'd:
"Woman, canſt thou thus believe?
I to thy petition yield,
All that thou canſt wiſh, receive."

8 'Tis a pattern ſet for us,
How we ought to wait and pray;
None who plead and wreſtle thus
Shall be empty ſent away.

LXXXIX.

LXXXIX. *What think ye of Chriſt?* Chap. xxii. 42.

1 WHAT think ye of Chriſt? is the teſt
To try both your ſtate and your ſcheme;
You cannot be right in the reſt,
Unleſs you think rightly of him.
As Jeſus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;
So God is diſpoſed to you,
And mercy or wrath are your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at moſt:
Sure, theſe have not feelings like me,
Nor know themſelves wretched and loſt:
So guilty, ſo helpleſs am I,
I durſt not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unleſs I were ſure he is God.

3 Some call him a Saviour, in word,
But mix their own works with his plan;
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can:
If doings prove rather too light,
(A little, they own, they may fail),
They purpoſe to make up full weight,
By caſting his name in the ſcale.

4 Some ſtyle him the pearl of great price,
And ſay he's the fountain of joys;
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys:
Like Judas, the Saviour they kiſs,
And while they ſalute him, betray;
Ah! what will profeſſion like this
Avail in his terrible day?

5 If aſk'd, what of Jeſus I think?
Tho' ſtill my beſt thoughts are but poor,
I ſay, he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my ſtrength, and my ſtore;
My Shepherd, my Huſband, my Friend,
My Saviour from ſin and from thrall;
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my All.

XC. *The Fooliſh Virgins* *. Chap. xxv. 1

1 WHEN, deſcending from the ſky,
The Bridegroom ſhall appear,
And the ſolemn midnight cry
Shall call profeſſors near,
How the ſound our hearts will damp!
How will ſhame o'erſpread each face!
If we only have a lamp,
Without the oil of grace.

2 Fooliſh virgins then will wake,
And ſeek for a ſupply;
But in vain the pains they take
To borrow or to buy:
Then with thoſe they now deſpiſe,
Earneſtly they'll wiſh to ſhare;
But the beſt among the wiſe
Will have no oil to ſpare.

3 Wiſe are they, and truly bleſt,
Who then ſhall ready be!
But deſpair will ſeize the reſt,
And dreadful miſery:
Once they'll cry, we ſcorn to doubt,
Tho' in lies our truſt we put;
Now our lamp of hope is out,
The door of mercy ſhut.

* Book III. Hymn 72.

4 It

4 If they then preſume to plead,
" Lord, open to us now;
We on earth have heard and pray'd,
And with thy ſaints did bow:"
He will anſwer from his throne,
" Tho' you with my people mix'd,
Yet to me you ne'er were known;
Depart, your doom is fix'd."

5 O that none who worſhip here
May hear that word, Depart!
Lord, impreſs a godly fear
On each profeſſor's heart:
Help us, Lord, to ſearch the camp,
Let us not ourſelves beguile;
Truſting to a dying lamp,
Without a ſtock of oil.

XCI. *Peter ſinning and repenting.* Chap. xxvi. 73.

1 WHEN Peter boaſted, ſoon he fell,
Yet was by grace reſtor'd;
His caſe ſhould be regarded well
By all who fear the Lord.

2 A voice it has, and helping hand,
Backſliders to recall;
And cautions thoſe who think they ſtand,
Leſt ſuddenly they fall.

3 He ſaid, " Whatever others do,
With Jeſus I'll abide;"
Yet ſoon amidſt a murd'rous crew
His ſuff'ring Lord deny'd.

4 He who had been ſo bold before,
Now trembled like a leaf;
Not only ly'd, but curs'd and ſwore,
To gain the more belief.

5 While

5 While he blaſphem'd, he heard the cock,
And Jeſus look'd in love;
At once, as if by lightning ſtruck,
His tongue forbore to move.

6 Deliver'd thus from Satan's ſnare,
He ſtarts, as from a ſleep;
His Saviour's look he could not bear,
But haſted forth to weep.

7 But ſure the faithful cock had crow'd
A hundred times in vain,
Had not the Lord that look beſtow'd,
The meaning to explain.

8 As I, like Peter, vows have made,
Yet acted Peter's part;
So conſcience, like the cock, upbraids
My baſe, ungrateful heart.

9 Lord Jeſus, hear a ſinner's cry,
My broken peace renew;
And grant one pitying look, that I
May weep with Peter too.

MARK.

XCII. *The legion diſpoſſeſſed.* Chap. v. 18. 19.

1 LEgion was my name by nature,
Satan rag'd within my breaſt;
Never miſery was greater,
Never ſinner more poſſeſs'd:
Miſchievous to all around me,
To myſelf the greateſt foe;
Thus I was, when Jeſus found me,
Fill'd with madneſs, ſin, and woe.

2 Yet in this forlorn condition,
When he came to ſet me free,
I reply'd to my Phyſician,
"What have to I do with thee?"

But

But he would not be prevented,
Reſcu'd me againſt my will;
Had he ſtaid till I conſented,
I had been a captive ſtill.

3 "Satan, tho' thou fain wouldſt have it,
Know, this ſoul is none of thine;
I have ſhed my blood to ſave it,
Now I challenge it for mine *:
Tho' it long has thee reſembled,
Henceforth it ſhall me obey."
Thus he ſpoke, while Satan trembled,
Gnaſh'd his teeth, and fled away.

4 Thus my frantic ſoul he healed,
Bid my ſins and ſorrows ceaſe;
"Take, ſaid he, my pardon ſealed,
I have ſav'd thee, go in peace:"
Rather take me, Lord, to heaven,
Now thy love and grace I know;
Since thou haſt my ſins forgiven,
Why ſhould I remain below!

5 "Love, he ſaid, will ſweeten labours,
Thou haſt ſomething yet to do;
Go and tell your friends and neighbours
What my love has done for you:
Live to manifeſt my glory,
Wait for heav'n a little ſpace;
Sinners when they hear thy ſtory,
Will repent and ſeek my face."

XCIII. *The Ruler's Daughter raiſed.* Chap. v. 39.—42.

1 COuld the creatures help or eaſe us,
Seldom ſhould we think of pray'r;
Few, if any, come to Jeſus,
Till reduc'd to ſelf-deſpair:

* Book III. Hymn 54.

Long

Long we either ſlight or doubt him,
But when all the means we try
Prove we cannot do without him,
Then at laſt to him we cry.

2 Thus the ruler when his daughter
Suffer'd much, tho' Chriſt was nigh,
Still deferr'd it, till he thought her
At the very point to die:
Tho' he mourn'd for her condition,
He did not intreat the Lord,
Till he found that no phyſician
But himſelf could help afford.

3 Jeſus did not once upbraid him,
That he had no ſooner come;
But a gracious anſwer made him,
And went ſtraitway with him home:
Yet his faith was put to trial
When his ſervants came, and ſaid,
"Tho' he gave thee no denial,
'Tis too late, the child is dead."

4 Jeſus, to prevent his grieving,
Kindly ſpoke and eas'd his pain;
"Be not fearful, but believing,
Thou ſhalt ſee her live again:"
When he found the people weeping,
"Ceaſe, he ſaid, no longer mourn;
For ſhe is not dead, but ſleeping,"
Then they laughed him to ſcorn.

5 O thou meek and lowly Saviour,
How determin'd is thy love!
Not this rude unkind behaviour,
Could thy gracious purpoſe move:
Soon as he the room had enter'd,
Spoke, and took her by the hand;
Death at once his prey ſurrender'd,
And ſhe liv'd at his command.

6 Fear not then, diſtreſs'd believer,
Venture on his mighty name;
He is able to deliver,
And his love is ſtill the ſame:
Can his pity or his power
Suffer thee to pray in vain?
Wait but his appointed hour,
And thy ſuit thou ſhalt obtain.

XCIV. *But one Loaf**. Chap. viii. 14.

1 WHEN the diſciples croſs'd the lake
With but one loaf on board,
How ſtrangely did their hearts miſtake
The caution of their Lord.

2 "The leaven of the Phariſees
Beware," the Saviour ſaid;
They thought, it is becauſe he ſees
We have forgotten bread.

3 It ſeems they had forgotten too
What their own eyes had view'd;
How with what ſcarce ſuffic'd for few,
He fed a multitude.

4 If five ſmall loaves, by his command,
Could many thouſands ſerve;
Might they not truſt his gracious hand,
That they ſhould never ſtarve?

5 They oft his pow'r and love had known,
And doubtleſs were to blame;
But we have reaſon good to own
That we are juſt the ſame.

6 How often has he br ught relief,
And ev'ry want ſupply'd!
Yet ſoon, again, ou unbelief
Says, "Can the Lord provide?"

* Book III. Hymn 57.

7 Be

7 Be thankful for one loaf to day,
Tho' that be all your ſtore;
To-morrow, if you truſt and pray,
Shall timely bring you more.

XCV. *BARTIMEUS.* Chap. x. 47. 48.

1 "MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are ſaved,
Now to me afford thine aid:"
Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder ſtill;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
"Come, and aſk me what you will."

2 Money was not what he wanted,
Tho' by begging us'd to live;
But he aſk'd, and Jeſus granted,
Alms which none but he could give:
"Lord, remove this grievous blindneſs,
Let my eyes behold the day;"
Strait he ſaw, and, won by kindneſs,
Follow'd Jeſus in the way.

3 Oh! methinks I hear him praiſing,
Publiſhing to all around,
"Friends, is not my caſe amazing?
What a Saviour I have found:
Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be adviſ'd by me!
Surely would they haſten to him,
He would cauſe them all to ſee."

XCVI. C. *The Houſe of Prayer.* Chap. xi. 17.

1 THY manſion is the Chriſtian's heart,
O Lord, thy dwelling place ſecure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the conſecrated door.

2 Devoted

2 Devoted as it is to thee,
A thieviſh ſwarm frequents the place;
They ſteal away my joys from me,
And rob my Saviour of his praiſe.

3 There too a ſharp deſigning trade
Sin, Satan, and the world, maintain;
Nor ceaſe to preſs me, and perſuade,
To part with eaſe and purchaſe pain.

4 I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of the buſtling crowd;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot ſerve thee as I would.

5 Oh! for the joy thy preſence gives,
What peace ſhall reign when thou art here!
Thy preſence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful houſe of pray'r.

6 And if thou make thy temple ſhine,
Yet, ſelf-abas'd, will I adore;
The gold and ſilver are not mine,
I give thee what was thine before.

XCVII. *The Blaſted Fig-tree.* Chap. xi. 20.

1 ONE awful word which Jeſus ſpoke
Againſt the tree which bore no fruit,
More piercing than the lightning's ſtroke,
Blaſted and dry'd it to the root.

2 But could a tree the Lord offend,
To make him ſhew his anger thus?
He ſurely had a farther end,
To be a warning word to us.

3 The fig-tree by its leaves was known;
But having not a fig to ſhow,
It brought a heavy ſentence down,
"Let none hereafter on thee grow."

4 Too many, who the goſpel hear,
Whom Satan blinds and ſin deceives,
We to this fig-tree may compare,
They yield no fruit, but only leaves.

5 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,
Unleſs combin'd with faith and love,
And witneſs'd by a goſpel walk,
Will not a true profeſſion prove.

6 Without the fruit the Lord expects,
Knowledge will make our ſtate the worſe;
The barren trees he ſtill rejects,
And ſoon will blaſt them with his curſe.

7 O Lord, unite our hearts in pray'r!
On each of us thy Spirit ſend,
That we the fruits of grace may bear,
And find acceptance in the end.

LUKE.

XCVIII. *The two Debtors.* Chap. vii. 47.

1 ONCE a woman ſilent ſtood,
While Jeſus ſat at meat;
From her eyes ſhe pour'd a flood,
To waſh his ſacred feet:
Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once poſſeſs'd her mind,
That ſhe e'er ſo vile could prove,
Yet now forgiveneſs find.

2 "How came this vile woman here?
Will Jeſus notice ſuch?
Sure, if he a prophet were,
He would diſdain her touch!"
Simon thus, with ſcornful heart,
Slighted one whom Jeſus lov'd;
But her Saviour took her part,
And thus his pride reprov'd:

3 "If

3 " If two men in debt were bound,
One leſs, the other more,
Fifty, or five hundred pound,
And both alike were poor;
Should the lender both forgive,
When he ſaw them both diſtreſs'd,
Which of them would you believe
Engag'd to love him beſt?

4 " Surely he who moſt did owe,"
The Phariſee reply'd;
Then our Lord, " By judging ſo,
Thou doſt for her decide:
Simon, if like her you knew
How much you forgiveneſs need;
You like her had acted too,
And welcom'd me indeed.

5 When the load of ſin is felt,
And much forgiveneſs known,
Then the heart of courſe will melt,
Tho' hard before as ſtone:
Blame not then her love and tears,
Greatly ſhe in debt has been;
But I have remov'd her fears,
And pardon'd all her ſin."

6 When I read this woman's caſe,
Her love and humble zeal,
I confeſs, with ſhame of face,
My heart is made of ſteel.
Much has been forgiv'n to me,
Jeſus paid my heavy ſcore;
What a creature muſt I be,
That I can love no more!

XCIX. *The good Samaritan.* Chap. x. 33.—35.

1 HOW kind the good Samaritan
To him who fell among the thieves!
Thus Jeſus pities fallen man,
And heals the wounds the ſoul receives.

2 Oh! I remember well the day,
When ſorely wounded, nearly ſlain,
Like that poor man I bleeding lay,
And gron'd for help, but gron'd in vain.

3 Men ſaw me in this helpleſs caſe,
And paſs'd without compaſſion by;
Each neighbour turn'd away his face,
Unmoved by my mournful cry.

4 But he whoſe name had been my ſcorn,
(As Jews Samaritans deſpiſe),
Came, when he ſaw me thus forlorn,
With love and pity in his eyes.

5 Gently he rais'd me from the ground,
Preſs'd me to lean upon his arm,
And into ev'ry gaping wound
He pour'd his own all-healing balm.

6 Unto his church my ſteps he led,
The houſe prepar'd for ſinners loſt,
Gave charge I ſhould be cloth'd and fed,
And took upon him all the coſt.

7 Thus ſav'd from death, from want ſecur'd,
I wait till he again ſhall come,
(When I ſhall be completely cur'd),
And take me to his heav'nly home.

8 There, through eternal boundleſs days,
When Nature's wheel no longer rolls,
How ſhall I love, adore, and praiſe,
This good Samaritan to ſouls!

C. *MARTHA and MARY.* Chap. x. 38.—42.

1 MARTHA her love and joy expreſs'd
By care to entertain her gueſt;
While Mary ſat to hear her Lord,
And could not bear to loſe a word.

2 The

2 The principle, in both the ſame:
Produc'd in each a diff'rent aim;
The one to feaſt the Lord was led,
The other waited to be fed.

3 But Mary choſe the better part,
Her Saviour's words refreſh'd her heart;
While buſy Martha angry grew,
And loſt her time and temper too.

4 With warmth ſhe to her ſiſter ſpoke,
But brought upon herſelf rebuke:
"One thing is needful, and but one,
Why do thy thoughts on many run?"

5 How oft are we like Martha vex'd,
Encumber'd, hurried and perplex'd?
While trifles ſo engroſs our thought,
The one thing needful is forgot.

6 Lord, teach us this one thing to chooſe,
Which they who gain can never loſe;
Sufficient in itſelf alone,
And needful, were the world our own.

7 Let grov'ling hearts the world admire,
Thy love is all that I require!
Gladly I may the reſt reſign,
If the one needful thing be mine!

CI. *The Heart taken.* Chap. xi. 21. 22.

1 THE caſtle of the human heart,
Strong in its native ſin,
Is guarded well in every part,
By him who dwells within.

2 For Satan there in arms reſides,
And calls the place his own;
With care againſt aſſaults provides,
And rules as on a throne.

3 Each traitor thought, on him as chief,
In blind obedience waits;
And pride, ſelf-will, and unbelief,
Are poſted at the gates.

4 Thus Satan for a ſeaſon reigns,
And keeps his goods in peace;
The ſoul is pleas'd to wear his chains,
Nor wiſhes a releaſe.

5 But Jeſus, ſtronger far than he,
In his appointed hour
Appears to ſet his people free
From the uſurper's pow'r.

6 "This heart I bought with blood, he ſays,
And now it ſhall be mine;"
His voice the ſtrong one arm'd diſmays,
He knows he muſt reſign.

7 In ſpite of unbelief and pride,
And ſelf and Satan's art;
The gates of braſs fly open wide,
And Jeſus wins the heart.

8 The rebel ſoul that once withſtood
The Saviour's kindeſt call,
Rejoices now, by grace ſubdu'd,
To ſerve him with her all.

CII. *The Worldling.* Chap. xii. 16.—21.

1 "MY barns are full, my ſtores increaſe,
And now, for many years,
Soul, eat and drink, and take thine eaſe,
Secure from wants and fears."

2 Thus while a worldling boaſted once,
As many now preſume,
He heard the Lord himſelf pronounce
His ſudden, awful doom.

3 "This

3 "This night, vain fool, thy ſoul muſt paſs
Into a world unknown;
And who ſhall then the ſtores poſſeſs
Which thou has call'd thine own?"

4 Thus blinded mortals fondly ſcheme
For happineſs below;
Till death diſturbs the pleaſing dream,
And they awake to woe.

5 Ah! who can ſpeak the vaſt diſmay
That fills the ſinner's mind,
When torn by Death's ſtrong hand away,
He leaves his all behind.

6 Wretches, who cleave to earthly things,
But are not rich to God;
Their dying hour is full of ſtings,
And hell their dark abode.

7 Dear Saviour, make us timely wiſe,
Thy goſpel to attend,
That we may live above the ſkies,
When this poor life ſhall end.

CIII. *The Barren Fig-tree.* Chap. xiii. 6.—9.

1 THE church a garden is
In which believers ſtand,
Like ornamental trees
Planted by God's own hand:
His Spirit waters all their roots,
And ev'ry branch abounds with fruits.

2 But other trees there are,
In this incloſure grow,
Which, tho' they promiſe fair,
Have only leaves to ſhow:
No fruits of grace are on them found,
They ſtand but cumb'rers of the ground.

3 The under gard'ner grieves,
In vain his ſtrength he ſpends,
For heaps of uſeleſs leaves
Afford him ſmall amends:
He hears the Lord his will make known,
To cut the barren fig-trees down.

4 How difficult his poſt,
What pangs his bowels move,
To find his wiſhes croſt,
His labours uſeleſs prove!
His laſt relief, his earneſt pray'r,
"Lord ſpare them yet another year.

5 Spare them, and let me try
What farther means may do;
I'll freſh manure apply,
My digging I'll renew:
Who knows but yet they fruit may yield!
If not—'tis juſt they muſt be fell'd."

6 If under means of grace
No gracious fruits appear,
It is a dreadful caſe;
Tho' God may long forbear,
At length he'll ſtrike the threat'ned blow *,
And lay the barren fig-tree low.

CIV. *The Prodigal Son.* Chap. xv. 11.—24.

1 AFflictions, tho' they ſeem ſevere,
In mercy oft are ſent;
They ſtopp'd the prodigal's career,
And forc'd him to repent.

2 Altho' he no relentings felt,
Till he had ſpent his ſtore;
His ſtubborn heart began to melt
When famine pinch'd him ſore.

* Book II. Hymn 26.

3 "What

3 "What have I gain'd by ſin, he ſaid,
But hunger, ſhame, and fear;
My father's houſe abounds with bread,
While I am ſtarving here.

4 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
And fall before his face;
Unworthy to be call'd his ſon,
I'll ſeek a ſervant's place."

5 His father ſaw him coming back,
He ſaw, and ran, and ſmil'd;
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

6 "Father, I've ſinn'd—but O forgive!"
"I've heard enough, he ſaid;
Rejoice my houſe, my ſon's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.

7 Now let the fatted calf be ſlain,
And ſpread the news around;
My ſon was dead, but lives again,
Was loſt, but now is found."

8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor ſinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

CV. *The Rich Man and* LAZARUS.
Chap. xvi. 19.—25.

1 A Worldling ſpent each day
In luxury and ſtate;
While a believer lay,
A beggar at his gate:
Think not the Lord's appointment ſtrange,
Death made a great and laſting change.

2 Death brought the ſaint releaſe
From want, diſeaſe, and ſcorn;
And to the land of peace,
His ſoul, by angels borne,

In Abraham's boſom ſafely plac'd,
Enjoys an everlaſting feaſt.

3 The rich man alſo dy'd,
And in a moment fell
From all his pomp and pride
Into the flames of hell:
The beggar's bliſs from far beheld,
His ſoul with double anguiſh fill'd.

4 "O Abra'm ſend, he cries,
(But his requeſt was vain)
The beggar from the ſkies
To mitigate my pain!
One drop of water I intreat,
To ſoothe my tongue's tormenting heat."

5 Let all who worldly pelf
And worldly ſpirits have,
Obſerve, each for himſelf,
The anſwer Abra'm gave:
"Remember thou waſt fill'd with good,
While the poor beggar pin'd for food.

6 Neglected at thy door,
With tears he begg'd his bread;
But now he weeps no more,
His griefs and pains are fled:
His joys eternally will flow,
While thine expire in endleſs woe."

7 Lord, make us truly wiſe,
To chooſe thy people's lot,
And earthly joys deſpiſe,
Which ſoon will be forgot:
The greateſt evil we can fear,
Is to poſſeſs our portion here!

CVI. *The*

CVI. *The Importunate Widow**.
Chap. xviii. 1.—7.

1 OUR Lord, who knows full well
The heart of ev'ry ſaint,
Invites us by a parable,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain;
Yet we muſt wait till he appear
And pray, and pray again.

3 Tho' unbelief ſuggeſt,
Why ſhould we longer wait?
He bids us never give him reſt,
But be importunate.

4 'Twas thus a widow poor,
Without ſupport or friend,
Beſet the unjuſt judge's door,
And gain'd, at laſt, her end.

5 For her he little car'd,
As little for the laws;
Nor God, nor man, did he regard,
Yet he eſpous'd her cauſe.

6 She urg'd him day and night,
Would no denial take;
At length he ſaid, "I'll do her right,
For my own quiet's ſake."

7 And ſhall not Jeſus hear
His choſen when they cry?
Yes, tho' he may a while forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

8 His nature, truth, and love,
Engage him on their ſide;
When they are griev'd, his bowels move,
And can they be deny'd?

* Book II. Hymn 60.

9 Then let us earneſt be,
And never faint in pray'r;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cauſe his care.

CVII. *ZACCHEUS.* Chap. xix. 1.—6.

1 ZAccheus climb'd the tree,
And thought himſelf unknown:
But how ſurpris'd was he
When Jeſus call'd him down!
The Lord beheld him, tho' conceal'd,
And by a word his pow'r reveal'd.

2 Wonder and joy at once
Were painted in his face;
"Does he my name pronounce,
And does he know my caſe?
Will Jeſus deign with me to dine?
Lord, I, with all I have, am thine."

3 Thus where the goſpel's preach'd,
And ſinners come to hear,
The hearts of ſome are reach'd
Before they are aware:
The word directly ſpeaks to them,
And ſeems to point them out by name.

4 'Tis curioſity
Oft brings them in the way,
Only the man to ſee,
And hear what he can ſay;
But how the ſinner ſtarts to find
The preacher knows his inmoſt mind.

5 His long-forgotten faults
Are brought again in view,
And all his ſecret thoughts
Reveal'd in public too:
Tho' compaſs'd with a croud about,
The ſearching word has found him out.

6 While

6 While thus diſtreſſing pain
And ſorrow fills his heart,
He hears a voice again,
That bids his fears depart.
Then like Zaccheus he is bleſt,
And Jeſus deigns to be his gueſt.

CVIII. *The Believer's Danger, Safety, and Duty.* Chap xxii. 31. 32.

1 "SIMON, beware! (the Saviour ſaid),
Satan, your ſubtle foe,
Already has his meaſures laid
Your ſoul to overthrow.

2 He wants to ſift you all as wheat,
And thinks his vict'ry ſure;
But I his malice will defeat,
My pray'r ſhall faith ſecure."

3 Believers, tremble and rejoice,
Your help and danger view;
This warning has to you a voice,
This promiſe ſpeaks to you.

4 Satan beholds with jealous eye,
Your privilege and joy;
He's always watchful, always nigh,
To tear and to deſtroy.

5 But Jeſus lives to intercede,
That faith may ſtill prevail;
He will ſupport in time of need,
And Satan's art ſhall fail.

6 Yet let us not the warning ſlight,
But watchful ſtill be found;
Tho' faith cannot be ſlain in fight,
It may receive a wound.

7 While Satan watches, dare we ſleep?
We muſt our guard maintain;
But, Lord, do thou the city keep,
Or elſe we watch in vain*.

CIX. *Father, forgive them.* Chap. xxiii. 34.

1 "FATHER, forgive, (the Saviour ſaid),
They know not what they do:"
His heart was mov'd when thus he pray'd
For me, my friends, and you.

2 He ſaw that as the Jews abus'd
And crucify'd his fleſh;
So he, by us, would be refus'd,
And crucify'd afreſh.

3 Thro' love of ſin, we long were prone
To act as Satan bid;
But now with grief and ſhame we own,
We knew not what we did.

4 We knew not the deſert of ſin,
Nor whom we thus defy'd;
Nor where our guilty ſouls had been,
If Jeſus had not dy'd.

5 We knew not what a law we broke,
How holy, juſt, and pure!
Nor what a God we durſt provoke,
But thought ourſelves ſecure.

6 But Jeſus all our guilt foreſaw,
And ſhed his precious blood,
To ſatisfy the holy law,
And make our peace with God.

7 My ſin, dear Saviour, made thee bleed,
Yet didſt thou pray for me!
I knew not what I did, indeed,
When ignorant of thee.

* Pſalm, cxxvii. 1.

CX.

CX. *The Two Malefactors.* Chap. xxiii. 39.—43.

1 SOvereign grace has pow'r alone
To ſubdue a heart of ſtone;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardeſt heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucify'd,
Two tranſgreſſors with him dy'd;
One, with vile blaſpheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jeſus as he hung.

3 Thus he ſpent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death;
Periſh'd, as too many do,
With the Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his caſe;
Faith receiv'd to own the Lord,
Whom the ſcribes and prieſts abhorr'd.

5 "Lord, (he pray'd), remember me,
When in glory thou ſhalt be:"—
"Soon with me, (the Lord replies),
Thou ſhalt reſt in paradiſe."

6 This was wond'rous grace indeed,
Grace vouchſaf'd in time of need!
Sinners, truſt in Jeſu's name,
You ſhall find him ſtill the ſame.

7 But beware of unbelief,
Think upon the harden'd thief;
If the goſpel you diſdain,
Chriſt, to you, will die in vain.

JOHN.

CXI. *The Woman of Samaria.* Chap. iv. 28.

1 JESUS, to what didſt thou ſubmit
To ſave thy dear-bought flock from hell!
Like a poor trav'ller, ſee him ſit,
Athirſt and weary, by the well.

2 The

2 The woman, who for water came,
(What great events on ſmall depend),
Then learnt the glory of his name,
The well of life, the ſinners friend!

3 Taught from her birth to hate the Jews,
And fill'd with party-pride; at firſt
Her zeal induc'd her to refuſe
Water, to quench the Saviour's thirſt.

4 But ſoon ſhe knew the gift of God,
And Jeſus, whom ſhe ſcorn'd before,
Unaſk'd, that drink on her beſtow'd
Which whoſo taſtes ſhall thirſt no more.

5 His words her prejudice remov'd,
Her ſin ſhe felt, relief ſhe found;
She ſaw and heard, believ'd and lov'd,
And ran to tell her neighbours round.

6 O come, this wondrous man behold!
The promis'd Saviour! this is he,
Whom ancient prophecies foretold,
Born, from our guilt to ſet us free.

7 Like her, in ignorance content,
I worſhipp'd long I knew not what;
Like her, on other things intent,
I found him when I ſought him not.

8 He told me all that e'er I did,
And told me all was pardon'd too;
And now like her, as he has bid,
I live to point him out to you.

CXII. *The Pool of Bethesda* *. Chap. v. 2.—4.

1 BESIDE the goſpel pool
Appointed for the poor,
From year to year my helpleſs ſoul
Has waited for a cure.

* Book III. Hymn 7.

2 How

2 How often have I ſeen
The healing waters move;
And others, round me, ſtepping in,
Their efficacy prove?

3 But my complaints remain;
I feel the very ſame;
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,
As when at firſt I came.

4 O would the Lord appear
My malady to heal;
He knows how long I've languiſh'd here,
And what diſtreſs I feel.

5 How often have I thought
Why ſhould I longer lie?
Surely the mercy I have ſought
Is not for ſuch as I.

6 But whither can I go?
There is no other pool
Where ſtreams of ſov'reign virtue flow
To make a ſinner whole.

7 Here then, from day to day,
I'll wait, and hope, and try;
Can Jeſus hear a ſinner pray,
Yet ſuffer him to die?

8 No: he is full of grace;
He never will permit
A ſoul that fain would ſee his face,
To periſh at his feet.

CXIII. *Another.*

1 HERE at Bethesda's pool, the poor,
The wither'd, halt, and blind,
With waiting hearts expect a cure,
And free admittance find.

2 Here

2 Here ſtreams of wond'rous virtue flow,
To heal a ſin-ſick ſoul;
To waſh the filthy white as ſnow,
And make the wounded whole.

3 The dumb break forth in ſongs of praiſe,
The blind their ſight receive;
The cripple runs in wiſdom's ways,
The dead revive and live!

4 Reſtrain'd to no one caſe, or time,
Theſe waters always move;
Sinners in every age and clime
Their vital influence prove.

5 Yet numbers daily near them lie,
Who meet with no relief;
With life in view they pine and die
In hopeleſs unbelief.

6 'Tis ſtrange they ſhould refuſe to bathe,
And yet frequent the pool;
But none can even wiſh for faith,
While love of ſin bears rule.

7 Satan their conſciences has ſeal'd,
And ſtupify'd their thought;
For were they willing to be heal'd,
The cure would ſoon be wrought.

8 Do thou, dear Saviour, interpoſe,
Their ſtubborn wills conſtrain;
Or elſe to them the water flows,
And grace is preach'd in vain.

CXIV. *The Diſciples at Sea* *.
Chap. vi. 16.—21.

1 COnſtrain'd by their Lord to embark,
And venture without him, to ſea;
The ſeaſon tempeſtuous and dark,
How griev'd the diſciples muſt be!

But

* Book II. Hymn 87.

But tho' he remain'd on the ſhore,
He ſpent the night for them in pray'r;
They ſtill were as ſafe as before,
And equally under his care.

2 They ſtrove, tho' in vain, for a while,
The force of the waves to withſtand;
But when they were weary'd with toil,
They ſaw their dear Saviour at hand:
They gladly receiv'd him on board,
His preſence their ſpirits reviv'd,
The ſea became calm at his word,
And ſoon at their port they arriv'd.

3 We, like the diſciples, are toſs'd
By ſtorms on a perilous deep;
But cannot be poſſibly loſt,
For Jeſus has charge of the ſhip:
Tho' billows and winds are enrag'd,
And threaten to make us their ſport;
This pilot his word has engag'd
To bring us, in ſafety, to port.

4 If ſometimes we ſtruggle alone,
And he is withdrawn from our view;
It makes us more willing to own
We nothing without him can do:
Then Satan our hopes would aſſail,
But Jeſus is ſtill within call;
And when our poor efforts quite fail,
He comes in good time and does all.

5 Yet, Lord, we are ready to ſhrink,
Unleſs we thy preſence perceive;
O ſave us, (we cry), or we ſink,
We would, but we cannot, believe:
The night has been long and ſevere,
The winds and the ſeas are ſtill high,
Dear Saviour, this moment appear,
And ſay to our ſouls, "It is I*!"

* Book III. Hymn 18.

CXV. *Will ye alſo go away?* Chap. vi. 67.—69.

1 WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour ſay,
"Wilt thou forſake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with ſuch a heart as mine,
Unleſs thou hold me faſt,
I feel I muſt, I ſhall decline,
And prove like them at laſt.

3 Yet thou alone haſt pow'r, I know,
To ſave a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I ſhould turn from thee?

4 Beyond a doubt I reſt aſſur'd
Thou art the Chriſt of God,
Who haſt eternal life ſecur'd
By promiſe and by blood.

5 The help of men and angels join'd,
Could never reach my caſe;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundleſs grace.

6 No voice but thine can give me reſt,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bleſs'd,
And ſatisfy my heart.

7 What anguiſh has that queſtion ſtirr'd,
If I will alſo go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly anſwer, No.

CXVI. *The Reſurrection, and the Life.* Chap. xi. 25.

1 "I Am (ſaith Chriſt) your glorious head,
(May we attention give),
The reſurrection of the dead,
The life of all that live.

2 By

2 By faith in me the ſoul receives
New life, tho' dead before;
And he that in my name believes,
Shall live, to die no more.

3 The ſinner, ſleeping in his grave,
Shall at my voice awake;
And when I once begin to ſave,
My work I ne'er forſake."

4 Fulfil thy promiſe, gracious Lord,
On us aſſembled here;
Put forth thy Spirit with the Word,
And cauſe the dead to hear.

5 Preſerve the pow'r of faith alive
In thoſe who love thy name;
For ſin and Satan daily ſtrive
To quench the ſacred flame.

6 Thy pow'r and mercy firſt prevail'd,
From death to ſet us free;
And often ſince our life had fail'd,
If not renew'd by thee.

7 To thee we look, to thee we bow,
To thee for help we call;
Our life and reſurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

CXVII. *Weeping MARY.* Chap. xx. 11.—16.

1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb
Haſted at the early dawn;
Spice ſhe brought, and ſweet perfume;
But the Lord ſhe lov'd was gone.
For a while ſhe weeping ſtood,
Struck with ſorrow and ſurpriſe,
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood,
For her heart ſupply'd her eyes.

2 Jeſus,

2 Jeſus, who is always near,
Tho' too often unperceiv'd,
Came, his drooping child to chear,
Kindly aſking, Why ſhe griev'd?
Tho' at firſt ſhe knew him not,
When he call'd her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For ſhe found he was the ſame.

3 Grief and ſighing quickly fled,
When ſhe heard his welcome voice:
Juſt before ſhe thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkneſs into day!
You who weep for Jeſu's ſake,
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When ſhe thought her all was loſt,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempeſt-toſs'd:
On his word your burden caſt,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may laſt,
But the morning brings the joy.

CXVIII. C. *Loveſt thou Me?* Chap. xxi. 16.

1 HARK, my ſoul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word
Jeſus ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee;
"Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me?

2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, ſet thee right,
Turn'd thy darkneſs into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Ceaſe towards the child ſhe bare?

Yes,

Yes, ſhe may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, ſtrong as death.

5 Thou ſhalt ſee my glory ſoon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne ſhalt be,
Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me!"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh for grace to love thee more!

CXIX. *Another.*

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his name!

3 Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Pray'r a taſk and burden prove,
Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,
Can I deem myſelf a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, Is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his ſaints to meet,
Chuſe the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find, at times, the promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful caſe!
Thou who art thy people's ſun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

ACTS.

CXX. *The Death of* STEPHEN. Chap. vii. 54.—60.

1 AS ſome tall rock amidſt the waves
The fury of the tempeſt braves,
While the fierce billows, toſſing high,
Break at its foot, and, murm'ring, die:

2 Thus they who in the Lord confide,
Tho' foes aſſault on ev'ry ſide,
Cannot be mov'd or overthrown,
For Jeſus makes their cauſe his own.

3 So faithful Stephen, undiſmay'd,
The malice of the Jews ſurvey'd;
The holy joy which fill'd his breaſt,
A luſtre on his face impreſs'd.

4 "Be-

4 "Behold! (he ſaid), the world of light
Is open'd to my ſtrengthen'd ſight;
My glorious Lord appears in view,
That Jeſus whom ye lately ſlew."

5 With ſuch a friend and witneſs near,
No form of death could make him fear;
Calm, amidſt ſhow'rs of ſtones, he kneels,
And only for his murd'rers feels.

6 May we, by faith, perceive thee thus,
Dear Saviour, ever near to us!
This ſight our peace through life ſhall keep,
And death be fear'd no more than ſleep.

CXXI. *The Rebel's Surrender to Grace. Lord, What wilt thou have me to do?* Chap. ix. 6.

1 LORD, thou haſt won, at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,
Surrenders all to thee;
Againſt thy terrors long I ſtrove,
But who can ſtand againſt thy love?
Love conquers even me.

2 All that a wretch could do, I try'd,
Thy patience ſcorn'd, thy pow'r defy'd,
And trampled on thy laws;
Scarcely thy martyrs at the ſtake
Could ſtand more ſtedfaſt for thy ſake,
Than I in Satan's cauſe.

3 But ſince thou haſt thy love reveal'd,
And ſhewn my ſoul a pardon ſeal'd,
I can reſiſt no more:
Could'ſt thou for ſuch a ſinner bleed?
Can'ſt thou for ſuch a rebel plead?
I wonder and adore!

4 If thou hadſt bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flaſh, to blaſt my ſoul,

I ſtill had ſtubborn been:
But mercy has my heart ſubdu'd,
A bleeding Saviour I have view'd,
And now I hate my ſin.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come, take poſſeſſion of thine own,
For thou haſt ſet me free;
Releas'd from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers waiting ſtand,
To be employ'd by thee.

6 My will conform'd to thine would move;
On thee my hope, deſire, and love,
In fix'd attention join;
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,
Have Satan's ſervants been too long,
But now they ſhall be thine.

7 And can I be the very ſame
Who lately durſt blaſpheme thy name,
And on thy goſpel tread?
Surely each one who hears my caſe,
Will praiſe thee, and confeſs thy grace
Invincible indeed!

CXXII. *PETER releaſed from Priſon.* Chap. xii. 5.—8.

1 FErvent perſevering pray'rs
Are faith's aſſur'd reſource;
Brazen gates and iron bars
In vain withſtand their force:
Peter, when in priſon caſt,
Tho' by ſoldiers kept with care,
Tho' the doors were bolted faſt,
Was ſoon releas'd by pray'r.

2 While he ſlept, an angel came,
And ſpread a light around,
Touch'd, and call'd him by his name,
And rais'd him from the ground.

All

All his chains and fetters burſt,
Ev'ry door wide open flew;
Peter thought he dream'd at firſt,
But found the viſion true.

3 Thus the Lord can make a way
To bring his ſaints relief;
'Tis their part to wait and pray,
In ſpite of unbelief;
He can break thro' walls of ſtone,
Sink the mountain to a plain;
They to whom his name is known
Can never pray in vain.

4 Thus, in chains of guilt and ſin,
Poor ſinners ſleeping lie:
No alarm is felt within,
Altho' condemn'd to die;
Till, deſcending from above,
(Mercy ſmiling in his eyes),
Jeſus, with a voice of love,
Awakes, and bids them riſe.

5 Glad the ſummons they obey,
And liberty deſire;
Strait their fetters melt away,
Like wax before the fire:
By the word of him who dy'd,
Guilty pris'ners to releaſe,
Ev'ry door flies open wide,
And they depart in peace.

CXXIII. *The Trembling Gaoler.* Chap. xvi. 29. 31.

1 A Believer, free from care,
May in chains or dungeons ſing,
If the Lord be with him there,
And be happier than a king:
Paul and Silas thus confin'd,
Tho' their backs were torn by whips,
Yet, poſſeſſing peace of mind,
Sung his praiſe with joyful lips.

2 Suddenly the priſon ſhook,
Open flew the iron doors;
And the gaoler, terror-ſtruck,
Now his captives' help implores:
Trembling at their feet he fell,
"Tell me, Sirs, what muſt I do
To be ſav'd from guilt and hell?
None can tell me this but you."—

3 "Look to Jeſus, (they reply'd),
If on him thou canſt believe,
By the death which he has dy'd,
Thou ſalvation ſhalt receive."
While the living word he heard,
Faith ſprung up within his heart,
And, releas'd from all he fear'd,
In their joy his ſoul had part.

4 Sinners, Chriſt is ſtill the ſame,
O that you could likewiſe fear!
Then the mention of his name
Would be muſic to your ear:
Jeſus reſcues Satan's ſlaves,
His dear wounds ſtill plead, "Forgive!"
Jeſus to the utmoſt ſaves;
Sinners, look to him and live.

CXXIV *The Exorciſts.* Chap. xix. 13.—16.

1 WHEN the Apoſtle wonders wrought,
And heal'd the ſick in Jeſu's name,
The ſons of Sceva vainly thought
That they had power to do the ſame.

2 On one poſſeſs'd they try'd their art,
And naming Jeſus preach'd by Paul,
They charg'd the ſpirit to depart,
Expecting he'd obey their call.

3 The ſpirit anſwer'd, with a mock,
"Jeſus I know, and Paul I know;
I muſt have gone if Paul had ſpoke;
But who are ye that bid me go?"

4 With

4 With fury then the man he fill'd,
Who on the poor pretenders flew;
Naked and wounded, almoſt kill'd,
They fled in all the people's view.

5 Jeſus! that name pronounc'd by faith,
Is full of wonder-working pow'r;
It conquers Satan, ſin, and death,
And cheers in trouble's darkeſt hour.

6 But they who are not born again,
Know nothing of it but the ſound;
They do but take his name in vain,
When moſt their zeal and pains abound.

7 Satan their vain attempts derides,
Whether they talk, or pray, or preach;
Long as the love of ſin abides,
His pow'r is ſafe beyond their reach.

8 But you, believers, may rejoice,
Satan well knows your mighty friend;
He trembles at your Saviour's voice,
And owns he cannot gain his end.

CXXV. *PAUL's Voyage.* Chap. xxvii.

1 IF Paul in Cæſar's court muſt ſtand,
He need not fear the ſea;
Secur'd from harm on ev'ry hand
By the divine decree.

2 Altho' the ſhip in which he ſail'd
By dreadful ſtorms was toſs'd;
The promiſe over all prevail'd,
And not a life was loſt.

3 Jeſus! the God whom Paul ador'd,
Who ſaves in time of need;
Was then confeſs'd, by all on board,
A preſent help indeed!

4 Tho' neither ſun nor ſtars were ſeen,
Paul knew the Lord was near;
And faith preſerv'd his ſoul ſerene,
When others ſhook for fear.

5 Believers thus are toſs'd about,
On life's tempeſtuous main;
But grace aſſures, beyond a doubt,
They ſhall their port attain.

6 They muſt, they ſhall appear one day,
Befor their Saviour's throne;
The ſtorms they meet with by the way,
But make his power known.

7 Their paſſage lies acroſs the brink
Of many a threat'ning wave;
The world expects to ſee them ſink,
But Jeſus lives to ſave.

8 Lord, tho' we are but feeble worms,
Yet ſince thy word is paſt,
We'll venture thro' a thouſand ſtorms,
To ſee thy face at laſt.

ROMANS.

CXXVI. *The Good that I would, I do not.* Chap. vii. 19.

1 I Would, but cannot ſing,
Guilt has untun'd my voice;
The ſerpent ſin's envenom'd ſting
Has poiſon'd all my joys.

2 I know the Lord is nigh,
And would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my ſoul away.

3 I would, but can't repent,
Tho' I endeavour oft;
This ſtony heart can ne'er relent
Till Jeſus make it ſoft.

4 I would, but cannot love,
Tho' woo'd by love divine;
No arguments have pow'r to move
A ſoul ſo baſe as mine.

5 I would, but cannot reſt
In God's moſt holy will;
I know what he appoints is beſt,
Yet murmur at it ſtill.

6 Oh could I but believe!
Then all would eaſy be;
I would, but cannot,—Lord, relieve;
My help muſt come from thee!

7 But if indeed I *would*,
Tho' I can nothing do;
Yet the deſire is ſomething good,
For which my praiſe is due.

8 By nature prone to ill,
Till thine appointed hour,
I was as deſtitute of will,
As now I am of pow'r.

9 Wilt thou not crown at length
The work thou haſt begun?
And with a will, afford me ſtrength,
In all thy ways to run.

CXXVII. *Salvation drawing nearer.* Chap. xiii.

1 DArkneſs overſpreads us here,
But the night wears faſt away;
Jacob's ſtar will ſoon appear,
Leading on eternal day!

Now 'tis time to rouſe from ſleep,
Trim our lamps, and ſtand prepar'd;
For our Lord ſtrict watch to keep,
Leſt he find us off our guard.

2 Let his people courage take,
Bear with a ſubmiſſive mind
All they ſuffer for his ſake,
Rich amends they ſoon will find:
He will wipe away their tears,
Near himſelf appoint their lot;
All their ſorrows, pains, and fears,
Quickly then will be forgot.

3 Tho' already ſav'd by grace,
From the hour we firſt believ'd;
Yet while ſin and war have place,
We have but a part receiv'd;
Still we for ſalvation wait,
Ev'ry hour it nearer comes!
Death will break the priſon-gate,
And admit us to our homes.

4 Sinners, what can you expect,
You who now the Saviour dare;
Break his laws, his grace reject,
You muſt ſtand before his bar!
Tremble, leſt he ſay, depart!
Oh the horrors of that ſound!
Lord, make ev'ry careleſs heart
Seek thee while thou may'ſt be found.

I. CORINTHIANS.

CXXVIII. *That Rock was Chriſt.* Chap. x. 4.

1 WHEN Iſrael's tribes were parch'd with thirſt,
Forth from the Rock the waters burſt;
And all their future journey thro'
Yielded them drink, and goſpel too!

2 In

2 In Moſes' rod a type they ſaw
Of his ſevere and fiery law;
The ſmitten rock prefigur'd him
From whoſe pierc'd ſide all bleſſings ſtream.

3 But ah! the types were all too faint,
His ſorrows or his worth to paint:
Slight was the ſtroke of Moſes' rod,
But he endur'd the wrath of God.

4 Their outward rock could feel no pain,
But ours was wounded, torn, and ſlain;
The rock gave but a wat'ry flood,
But Jeſus pour'd forth ſtreams of blood.

5 The earth is like their wilderneſs,
A land of drought and ſore diſtreſs;
Without one ſtream from pole to pole,
To ſatisfy a thirſty ſoul.

6 But let the Saviour's praiſe reſound;
In him refreſhing ſtreams are found;
Which pardon, ſtrength, and comfort give,
And thirſty ſinners drink and live.

II. CORINTHIANS.

CXXIX. *My Grace is ſufficient for thee.* Chap. xii. 9.

1 OPPRESS'D with unbelief and ſin,
Fightings without, and fears within;
While earth and hell, with force combin'd,
Aſſault and terrify my mind:

2 What ſtrength have I againſt ſuch foes,
Such hoſts and legions to oppoſe?
Alas! I tremble, faint, and fall;
Lord, ſave me, or I give up all.

3 Thus ſorely preſt, I ſought the Lord,
To give me ſome ſweet cheering word;

Again I ſought, and yet again;
I waited long, but not in vain.

4 Oh! 'twas a cheering word indeed!
Exactly ſuited to my need;
"Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakneſs my great pow'r diſplays."

5 Now I deſpond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I fear'd before;
Tho' weak, I'm ſtrong; tho' troubled, bleſt;
For Chriſt's own pow'r ſhall on me reſt.

6 My grace would ſoon exhauſted be,
But his is boundleſs as the ſea;
Then let me boaſt, with holy Paul,
That I am nothing, Chriſt is all.

GALATIANS.

CXXX. *The Inward Warfare.* Chap. v. 17.

1 STRANGE and myſterious is my life,
What oppoſites I feel within!
A ſtable peace, a conſtant ſtrife;
The rule of grace, the pow'r of ſin:
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my Head.

2 I prize the privilege of pray'r,
But oh! what backwardneſs to pray?
Tho' on the Lord I caſt my care,
I feel its burden every day;
I ſeek *his* will in all I do,
Yet find my own is working too.

3 I call the promiſes my own,
And prize them more than mines of gold;
Yet tho' their ſweetneſs I have known,
They leave me unimpreſs'd and cold:

One

One hour upon the truth I feed,
The next I know not what I read.

4 I love the holy day of reſt,
When Jeſus meets his gather'd ſaints;
Sweet day, of all the week the beſt!
For its return my ſpirit pants:
Yet often, thro' my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.

5 While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes ſhall loſe their aim;
And therefore dare their pow'r defy,
Aſſur'd of conqueſt thro' his name:
But ſoon my confidence is ſlain,
And all my fears return again.

6 Thus diff'rent pow'rs within me ſtrive,
And grace and ſin by turns prevail;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And vict'ry hangs in doubtful ſcale:
But Jeſus has his promiſe paſt,
That grace ſhall overcome at laſt.

PHILIPPIANS.

CXXXI. C. *Contentment* *. Chap. iv. 11.

1 FIERCE paſſions diſcompoſe the mind,
As tempeſts vex the ſea;
But calm content and peace we find,
When, Lord, we turn to thee.

2 In vain by reaſon and by rule,
We try to bend the will;
For none but in the Saviour's ſchool
Can learn the heav'nly ſkill.

* Book III. Hymn 55.

3 Since at his feet my ſoul has ſat,
His gracious words to hear;
Contented with my preſent ſtate,
I caſt on him my care.

4 "Art thou a ſinner, ſoul? (he ſaid),
Then how canſt thou complain?
How light thy troubles here, if weigh'd,
With everlaſting pain!

5 If thou of murmuring would'ſt be cur'd,
Compare thy griefs with mine;
Think what my love for thee endur'd,
And thou wilt not repine.

6 'Tis I appoint thy daily lot,
And I do all things well:
Thou ſoon ſhalt leave this wretched ſpot,
And riſe with me to dwell.

7 In life my grace ſhall ſtrength ſupply,
Proportion'd to thy day;
At death thou ſtill ſhalt find me nigh,
To wipe thy tears away."

8 Thus I who once my wretched days,
In vain repinings ſpent;
Taught in my Saviour's ſchool of grace,
Have learn'd to be content.

HEBREWS.

CXXXII. C. *Old-Teſtament Goſpel.* Chap. iv. 2.

1 ISRAEL, in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the goſpel too:
The types and figures were a glaſs,
In which they ſaw the Saviour's face.

2 The

2 The paſchal ſacrifice,
And blood-beſprinkled door *,
Seen with enlight'ned eyes,
And once apply'd with pow'r,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

3 The Lamb, the Dove, ſet forth
His perfect innocence †,
Whoſe blood of matchleſs worth,
Should be the ſoul's defence;
For he who can for ſin atone,
Muſt have no failings of his own.

4 The ſcape-goat on his head ‡
The people's treſpaſs bore,
And to the deſert led,
Was to be ſeen no more:
In him our Surety ſeem'd to ſay,
"Behold I bear your ſins away."

5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free ‖;
The type, well underſtood,
Expreſs'd the ſinner's plea;
Deſcrib'd a guilty ſoul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death diſcharg'd.

6 Jeſus, I love to trace
Throughout the ſacred page,
The footſteps of thy grace,
The ſame in ev'ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchſaf'd to me!

* Exodus, xii. 13. † Lev. xii. 6.
‡ Lev. xvi. 21. ‖ Lev. xiv. 51.—53.

CXXXIII. *The Word quick and powerful.* Chap. iv. 12. 13.

1 THE word of Chriſt, our Lord,
With whom we have to do,
Is ſharper than a two-edg'd ſword,
To pierce the ſinner thro'!

2 Swift as the lightnings blaze
When awful thunders roll,
It fills the conſcience with amaze,
And penetrates the ſoul.

3 No heart can be conceal'd
From his all-piercing eyes;
Each thought and purpoſe ſtands reveal'd,
Naked, without diſguiſe.

4 He ſees his people's fears,
He notes their mournful cry;
He counts their ſighs and falling tears,
And helps them from on high.

5 Tho' feeble is their good,
It has its kind regard;
Yea, all they would do, if they could *,
Shall find a ſure reward.

6 He ſees the wicked too,
And will repay them ſoon,
For all the evil deeds they do,
And all they would have done †.

7 Since all our ſecret ways
Are mark'd and known by thee,
Afford us, Lord, thy light of grace,
That we ourſelves may ſee.

CXXXIV. *Looking unto JESUS.* Chap. xii. 2.

1 BY various maxims, forms, and rules,
That paſs for wiſdom in the ſchools,
I ſtrove my paſſion to reſtrain;
But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

* 1 Kings, viii. 18. † Matth. v. 28.

2 But

2 But ſince the Saviour I have known
My rules are all reduc'd to one,
To keep my Lord, by faith, in view;
This ſtrength ſupplies, and motives too.

3 I ſee him lead a ſuff'ring life,
Patient amidſt reproach and ſtrife;
And from his pattern courage take,
To bear, and ſuffer for his ſake.

4 Upon the croſs I ſee him bleed,
And by the ſight from guilt am freed;
This ſight deſtroys the life of ſin,
And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to Jeſus as he roſe,
Confirms my faith, diſarms my foes;
Satan I ſhame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I ſee him make my cauſe his own;
Then all my anxious cares ſubſide,
For Jeſus lives, and will provide.

7 I ſee him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqu'ror's crown;
If preſs'd with griefs and cares before,
My ſoul revives, nor aſks for more.

8 By faith I ſee the hour at hand,
When in his preſence I ſhall ſtand;
Then it will be my endleſs bliſs,
To ſee him where, and as he is.

CXXXV. *Love-Tokens.* Chap. xii. 5.—11.

1 AFflictions do not come alone,
A voice attends the rod;
By both he to his ſaints is known,
A Father and a God!

2 "Let

2 "Let not my children ſlight the ſtroke
I for chaſtiſement ſend;
Nor faint beneath my kind rebuke,
For ſtill I am their friend.

3 The wicked I perhaps may leave
Awhile and not reprove;
But all the children I receive,
I ſcourge becauſe I love.

4 If therefore you were left without
This needful diſcipline,
You might with cauſe admit a doubt
If you, indeed, were mine.

5 Shall earthly parents then expect
Their children to ſubmit?
And will not you, when I correct,
Be humbled at my feet?

6 To pleaſe themſelves they oft chaſtiſe,
And put their ſons to pain;
But you are precious in my eyes,
And ſhall not ſmart in vain.

7 I ſee your hearts at preſent fill'd
With grief and deep diſtreſs;
But ſoon theſe bitter ſeeds ſhall yield
The fruits of righteouſneſs."

8 Break thro' the clouds, dear Lord, and ſhine!
Let us perceive thee nigh!
And to each mourning child of thine
Theſe gracious words apply.

REVELATION.

CXXXVI. *EPHESUS.* Chap. ii. 1. 7.

1 THUS ſaith the Lord to Epheſus,
And thus he ſpeaks to ſome of us;
"Amidſt my churches, lo, I ſtand,
And hold the paſtors in my hand.

2 Thy

2 Thy works to me are fully known,
Thy patience, and thy toil, I own;
Thy views of goſpel-truth are clear,
Nor canſt thou other doctrine bear.

3 Yet I muſt blame while I approve;
Where is thy firſt, thy fervent love?
Doſt thou forget my love to thee,
That thine is grown ſo faint to me?

4 Recall to mind the happy days
When thou waſt fill'd with joy and praiſe;
Repent, thy former works renew,
Then I'll reſtore thy comforts too.

5 Return at once, when I reprove,
Leſt I thy candleſtick remove;
And thou, too late, thy loſs lament,
I warn before I ſtrike,—Repent."

6 Hearken to what the Spirit ſaith,
To him that overcomes by faith,
"The fruit of life's unfading tree,
In paradiſe his food ſhall be."

CXXXVII. *Smyrna.* Chap. ii. 11.

1 THE meſſage firſt to Smyrna ſent,
A meſſage full of grace,
To all the Saviour's flock is meant,
In every age and place.

2 Thus to his church, his choſen bride,
Saith the great Firſt and Laſt,
Who ever lives, tho' once he died,
"Hold thy profeſſion faſt.

3 Thy works and ſorrow well I know,
Perform'd and borne for me;
Poor tho' thou art, deſpis'd and low,
Yet who is rich like thee?

4 I know thy foes, and what they ſay,
How long they have blaſphem'd;
The ſynagogue of Satan, they,
Tho' they would Jews be deem'd.

5 Tho' Satan for a ſeaſon rage,
And priſons be your lot,
I am your friend, and I engage
You ſhall not be forgot.

6 Be faithful unto death, nor fear
A few ſhort days of ſtrife;
Behold! the prize you ſoon ſhall wear,
A crown of endleſs life!"

7 Hear what the Holy Spirit ſaith
Of all who overcome;
"They ſhall eſcape the ſecond death,
The ſinner's awful doom!"

CXXXVIII. C. *Sardis.* Chap. iii. 1.—6.

1 "WRite to Sardis, (ſaith the Lord),
And write what he declares,
He whoſe ſpirit, and whoſe word,
Upholds the ſeven ſtars:
"All thy works and ways I ſearch,
Find thy zeal and love decay'd;
Thou art call'd a living church,
But thou art cold and dead.

2 Watch, remember, ſeek, and ſtrive,
Exert thy former pains:
Let thy timely care revive,
And ſtrengthen what remains:
Cleanſe thine heart, thy works amend,
Former times to mind recall,
Leſt my ſudden ſtroke deſcend,
And ſmite thee once for all.

3. Yet

3 Yet I number now in thee
A few that are upright;
Theſe my Father's face ſhall ſee,
And walk with me in white:
When in judgment I appear,
They for mine ſhall be confeſt;
Let my faithful ſervants hear,
And woe be to the reſt."

CXXXIX. *Philadelphia.* Chap. iii. 7.—13.

1 THUS ſaith the holy One and true,
To his beloved faithful few,
" Of heav'n and hell I hold the keys,
To ſhut, or open, as I pleaſe.

2 I know thy works, and I approve;
Tho' ſmall thy ſtrength, ſincere thy love;
Go on, my word and name to own,
For none ſhall rob thee of thy crown.

3 Before thee ſee my mercy's door
Stands open wide to ſhut no more;
Fear not temptation's fiery day,
For I will be thy ſtrength and ſtay.

4 Thou haſt my promiſe, hold it faſt,
The trying hour will ſoon be paſt;
Rejoice, for, lo! I quickly come,
To take thee to my heavenly home.

5 A pillar there, no more to move,
Inſcrib'd with all my names of love;
A monument of mighty grace,
Thou ſhalt for ever have a place."

6 Such is the conqueror's reward,
Prepar'd and promis'd by the Lord!
Let him that hath the ear of faith
Attend to what the Spirit ſaith.

CXL. *Lao-*

CXL. *Laodicea.* Chap. iii. 14.—20.

1 HEAR what the Lord, the great Amen,
The true and faithful witneſs ſays!
He form'd the vaſt creation's plan,
And ſearches all our hearts and ways.

2 To ſome he ſpeaks as once of old,
"I know thee, thy profeſſion's vain;
Since thou art neither hot nor cold,
I'll ſpit thee from me with diſdain.

3 Thou boaſted 'I am wiſe and rich,
Increas'd in goods, and nothing need;'
And doſt not know thou art a wretch,
Naked, and poor, and blind, and dead.

4 Yet while I thus rebuke, I love,
My meſſage is in mercy ſent;
That thou may'ſt my compaſſion prove,
I can forgive if thou repent.

5 Would'ſt thou be truly rich and wiſe!
Come, buy my gold in fire well try'd,
My ointment to anoint thine eyes,
My robe thy nakedneſs to hide.

6 See at thy door I ſtand and knock!
Poor ſinner, ſhall I wait in vain!
Quickly thy ſtubborn heart unlock,
That I may enter with my train.

7 Thou canſt not entertain a king,
Unworthy thou of ſuch a gueſt!
But I my own proviſions bring,
To make thy ſoul a heav'nly feaſt."

CXLI. *The Little Book**. Chap x.

1 WHEN the belov'd diſciple took
The angel's little open book,
Which by the Lord's command he eat,
It taſted bitter after ſweet.

2 Thus when the goſpel is embrac'd,
At firſt 'tis ſweeter to the taſte
Than honey, or the honey-comb,
But there's a bitterneſs to come.

3 What ſweetneſs does the promiſe yield,
When by the Spirit's power ſeal'd?
The longing ſoul is fill'd with good,
Nor feels a wiſh for other food.

4 By theſe inviting taſtes allur'd,
We paſs to what muſt be endur'd;
For ſoon we find it is decreed,
That bitter muſt to ſweet ſucceed.

5 When ſin revives and ſhews its pow'r,
When Satan threatens to devour,
When God afflicts, and men revile,
We draw our ſteps with pain and toil.

6 When thus deſerted, tempeſt-toſt,
The ſenſe of former ſweetneſs loſt,
We tremble leſt we were deceiv'd
In thinking that we once believ'd.

7 The Lord firſt makes the ſweetneſs known,
To win and fix us for his own;
And tho' we now ſome bitter meet,
We hope for everlaſting ſweet.

* Book III. Hymn 27.

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THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

OLNEY HYMNS, &c.

BOOK II.

On Occaſional Subjects.

I. SEASONS. | III. PROVIDENCES.
II. ORDINANCES. | IV. CREATION.

I. SEASONS.

NEW-YEARS HYMNS.

I. *Time how Swift.*

1 WHILE with ceaſeleſs courſe the ſun
Haſted thro' the former year,
Many ſouls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Fix'd in an eternal ſtate,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little—none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the ſkies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid ſtream;
Upwards, Lord, our ſpirits raiſe,
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies paſt receive,
Pardon of our ſins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view:
Bleſs thy word to young and old,
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's ſhort tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

II. *Time how Short.*

1 TIME, with an unwearied hand,
Puſhes round the ſeaſons paſt;
And in life's frail glaſs the ſand
Sinks apace, not long to laſt:
Many as well as you or I,
Who laſt year aſſembled thus,
In their ſilent graves now lie,
Graves will open ſoon for us!

2 Daily ſin, and care, and ſtrife,
While the Lord prolongs our breath,
Make it but a dying life,
Or a kind of living death:
Wretched they and moſt forlorn,
Who no better portion know;
Better ne'er to have been born,
Than to have our all below.

3 When conſtrain'd to go alone,
Leaving all you love behind,
Ent'ring on a world unknown,
What will then ſupport your mind?
When the Lord his ſummons ſends *,
Earthly comforts loſe their pow'r;
Honour, riches, kindred, friends,
Cannot cheer a dying hour.

* Iſaiah, x. 3.

4 Happy

4 Happy ſouls who fear the Lord!
Time is not too ſwift for you;
When your Saviour gives the word,
Glad you'll bid the world adieu:
Then he'll wipe away your tears,
Near himſelf appoint your place;
Swifter fly, ye rolling years,
Lord, we long to ſee thy face.

III. *Uncertainty of Life.*

1 SEE! another year is gone!
Quickly have the ſeaſons paſs'd!
This we enter now upon
May to many prove their laſt:
Mercy hitherto has ſpar'd,
But have mercies been improv'd?
Let us aſk, Am I prepar'd
Should I be this year remov'd?

2 Some we now no longer ſee,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seem'd as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun:
Some, but who God only knows,
Who are here aſſembled now,
Ere the preſent year ſhall cloſe,
To the ſtroke of death muſt bow.

3 Life a field of battle is,
Thouſands fall within our view;
And the next death-bolt that flies,
May be ſent to me or you:
While we preach, and while we hear,
Help us, Lord, each one to think,
Vaſt eternity is near,
I am ſtanding on the brink.

4 If from guilt and ſin ſet free,
By the knowledge of thy grace;
Welcome, then, the call will be
To depart and ſee thy face:

To thy ſaints, while here below,
With new years, new mercies come;
But the happieſt year they know
Is their laſt, which leads them home.

IV. *A New-Year's Thought and Prayer.*

1 TIME, by moments, ſteals away,
First the hour, and then the day;
Small the daily loſs appears,
Yet it ſoon amounts to years:
Thus another year is flown,
Now it is no more our own,
If it brought or promis'd good,
Than the years before the flood.

2 But (may none of us forget)
It has left us much in debt;
Favours from the Lord receiv'd,
Sins that have his Spirit griev'd,
Mark'd by an unerring hand,
In his book recorded ſtand;
Who can tell the vaſt amount,
Plac'd to each of our account?

3 Happy the believing ſoul!
Chriſt for you has paid the whole;
While you own the debt is large,
You may plead a full diſcharge:
But, poor careleſs ſinner, ſay,
What can you to juſtice pay?
Tremble, leſt when life is paſt,
Into priſon you be caſt!

4 Will you ſtill increaſe the ſcore?
Still be careleſs as before?
Oh, forbid it, gracious Lord,
Touch their ſpirits by thy word!
Now, in mercy, to them ſhow
What a mighty debt they owe!
All their unbelief ſubdue;
Let *them* find forgiveneſs too.

5 Spar'd

5 Spar'd to ſee another year,
Let thy bleſſing meet us here;
Come, thy dying work revive,
Bid thy drooping garden thrive:
Sun of righteouſneſs, ariſe!
Warm our hearts, and bleſs our eyes;
Let our pray'r thy bowels move,
Make this year a time of love.

V. *Death and War.* 1778.

1 HARK! how Time's wide-ſounding bell
Strikes on each attentive ear!
Tolling loud the ſolemn knell
Of the late departed year:
Years, like mortals, wear away,
Have their birth and dying day,
Youthful ſpring, and wintry age,
Then to others quit the ſtage.

2 Sad experience may relate
What a year the laſt has been!
Crops of ſorrow have been great,
From the fruitful ſeeds of ſin:
Oh! what numbers gay and blithe,
Fell by death's unſparing ſcythe?
While they thought the world their own,
Suddenly he mow'd them down.

3 See how War, with dreadful ſtride,
Marches at the Lord's command,
Spreading deſolation wide,
Thro' a once much-favour'd land:
War, with heart and arms of ſteel,
Preys on thouſands at a meal;
Daily drinking human gore,
Still he thirſts and calls for more.

4 If the God whom we provoke,
Hither ſhould his way direct;
What a ſin-avenging ſtroke
May a land like this expect!

They who now ſecurely ſleep,
Quickly then would wake and weep;
And too late would learn to fear,
When they ſaw the danger near.
5 You are ſafe who know his love,
He will all his truth perform;
To your ſouls a refuge prove
From the rage of every ſtorm:
But we tremble for the youth;
Teach them, Lord, thy ſaving truth;
Join them to thy faithful few,
Be to them a refuge too.

VI. *Earthly Proſpects deceitful.*

1 OFT in vain the voice of Truth
Solemnly and loudly warns;
Thoughtleſs, unexperienc'd youth,
Tho' it hears, the warning ſcorns:
Youth in Fancy's glaſs ſurveys
Life prolong'd to diſtant years,
While the vaſt imagin'd ſpace
Fill'd with ſweets and joys appears.
2 Awful diſappointment, ſoon
Overclouds the proſpect gay;
Some their ſun goes down at noon,
Torn by Death's ſtrong hand away:
Where are then their pleaſing ſchemes?
Where the joys they hope to find?
Gone for ever, like their dreams,
Leaving not a trace behind.
3 Others, who are ſpar'd a while,
Live to weep o'er Fancy's cheat;
Find diſtreſs, and pain, and toil,
Bitter things inſtead of ſweet:
Sin has ſpread a curſe around,
Poiſon'd all things here below;
On this baſe polluted ground
Peace and joy can never grow.

4 Grace

4 Grace alone can cure our ills,
Sweeten life with all its cares;
Regulate our ſtubborn wills,
Save us from ſurrounding ſnares;
Tho' you oft have heard in vain,
Former years in folly ſpent;
Grace invites you yet again,
Once more calls you to repent.

5 Call'd again, at length, beware,
Hear the Saviour's voice and live;
Leſt he in his wrath ſhould ſwear,
He no more will warning give:
Pray that you may hear and feel,
Ere the day of grace be paſt;
Leſt your hearts grow hard as ſteel,
Or this year ſhould prove your laſt.

Hymns before Annual Sermons to Young People, on New-Years Evenings.

VII. *Prayer for a Bleſſing.*

1 NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy preſence feel,
And ſoften hearts of ſtone!

2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own,
Is vanity and ſhame.

3 From all the guilt of former ſin
May mercy ſet us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That ſaints may love thee more;
And ſinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.

5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worſhip here,
And praiſe thee in our room.

VIII. C. *Another.*

1 BEſtow, dear Lord, upon our youth
The gift of ſaving grace;
And let the ſeed of ſacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where-e'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But faireſt in the youngeſt ſhews,
And yields the ſweeteſt fruit.

3 Ye careleſs ones, O hear betimes
The voice of ſov'reign love!
Your youth is ſtain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

4 True, you are young, but there's a ſtone
Within the youngeſt breaſt,
Or half the crimes which you have done,
Would rob you of your reſt.

5 For you the public pray'r is made,
Oh! join the public pray'r!
For you the ſecret tear is ſhed,
O ſhed yourſelves a tear!

6 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's pow'r to teach;
You cannot be too young to love
That Jeſus whom we preach.

IX. *Another.*

1 Now may fervent pray'r ariſe,
Wing'd with faith, and pierce the ſkies;
Fervent pray'r ſhall bring us down
Gracious anſwers from the throne.

2 Bleſs, O Lord, the op'ning year
To each ſoul aſſembled here;
Clothe thy word with pow'r divine,
Make us willing to be thine.

3 Shepherd of thy blood-bought ſheep!
Teach the ſtony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to ſee,
See themſelves, and look on thee!

4 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of ſacred truth;
While the goſpel-call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

5 Shew them what their ways have been,
Shew them the deſert of ſin;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This ſhall melt a heart of ſteel.

6 Where thou haſt thy work begun,
Give new ſtrength the race to run;
Scatter darkneſs, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

7 Bleſs us all, both old and young;
Call forth praiſe from ev'ry tongue;
Let the whole aſſembly prove
All thy pow'r, and all thy love.

X. *Caſting the Goſpel Net.*

1 WHEN Peter, thro' the tedious night *,
Had often caſt his net in vain;

* Luke, v. 4.

Soon as the Lord appear'd in ſight,
He gladly let it down again.

2 Once more the goſpel-net we caſt,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
We learn from diſappointments paſt,
To reſt our hope on thee alone.

3 Upheld by thy ſupporting hand,
We enter on another year;
And now we meet at thy command,
To ſeek thy gracious preſence here.

4 May this be a much-favour'd hour,
To ſouls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with ſov'reign pow'r,
To break the rocks, and raiſe the dead!

5 Have mercy on our num'rous youth,
Who, young in years, are old in ſin;
And by thy Spirit, and thy truth,
Shew them the ſtate their ſouls are in.

6 Then, by a Saviour's dying love,
To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
And be their Sun, and Strength, and Shield.

7 To mourners ſpeak a chearing word,
On ſeeking ſouls vouchſafe to ſhine;
Let poor backſliders be reſtor'd,
And all thy ſaints in praiſes join.

8 O hear our prayer, and give us hope,
That when thy voice ſhall call us home,
Thou ſtill wilt raiſe a people up,
To love and praiſe thee in our room.

XI. C. *Pleading for and with Youth.*

1 SIN has undone our wretched race,
But Jeſus has reſtor'd,
And brought the ſinner face to face
With his forgiving Lord.

2 This

2 This we repeat, from year to year,
And preſs upon our youth;
Lord, give them an attentive ear,
Lord, ſave them by thy truth.

3 Bleſſings upon the riſing race!
Make this an happy hour,
According to thy richeſt grace,
And thine almighty pow'r.

4 We feel for your unhappy ſtate,
(May you regard it too)
And would awhile ourſelves forget
To pour out pray'r for you.

5 We ſee, tho' you perceive it not,
Th' approaching, awful doom;
O tremble at the ſolemn thought,
And flee the wrath to come!

6 Dear Saviour, let this new-born year
Spread an alarm abroad;
And cry, in ev'ry careleſs ear,
"Prepare to meet thy God!"

XII. C. *Prayer for Children.*

1 GRacious Lord, our children ſee,
By thy mercy we are free;
But ſhall theſe, alas! remain,
Subjects ſtill of Satan's reign;
Iſrael's young ones, when of old
Pharaoh threat'ned to with-hold *;
Then thy meſſenger ſaid, "No;
Let the children alſo go."

2 When the angel of the Lord,
Drawing forth his dreadful ſword,
Slew, with an avenging hand,
All the firſt-born of the land †;

* Exod. x. 9. † Exod. xii. 13.

Then thy peoples doors he paſs'd,
Where the bloody ſign was plac'd;
Hear us, now, upon our knees,
Plead the blood of Chriſt for theſe!

3 Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his ſight:
Spread thy pinions, King of kings!
Hide them ſafe beneath thy wings;
Leſt the rav'nous bird of prey
Stoop, and bear the brood away.

XIII. *The Shunamite* *.

1 THE Shunamite, oppreſs'd with grief,
When ſhe had loſt the ſon ſhe lov'd,
Went to Eliſha for relief,
Nor vain her application prov'd.

2 He ſent his ſervant on before,
To lay a ſtaff upon his head;
This *he* could do, but do no more;
He left him, as he found him, dead.

3 But when the Lord's almighty pow'r
Wrought with the prophet's pray'r and faith,
The mother ſaw a joyful hour,
She ſaw her child reſtor'd from death.

4 Thus, like the weeping Shunamite,
For many dead in ſin we grieve;
Now, Lord, diſplay thine arm of might,
Cauſe them to hear thy voice and live.

5 Thy preachers bear the ſtaff in vain,
Tho' at thine own command we go;
Lord, we have try'd and try'd again,
We find them dead, and leave them ſo.

* 2 Kings, iv. 31.

6 Come

6 Come then thyſelf—to ev'ry heart
The glory of thy name make known;
The means are our appointed part,
The pow'r and grace are thine alone.

XIV. *ELIJAH's Prayer* *.

1 DOES it not grief and wonder move,
To think of Iſrael's ſhameful fall?
Who needed miracles to prove
Whether the Lord was God or Baal!

2 Methinks I ſee Elijah ſtand,
His features glow with love and zeal;
In faith and pray'r he lifts his hand,
And makes to Heav'n his great appeal.

3 "O God! if I thy ſervant am,
If 'tis thy meſſage fills my heart,
Now glorify thy holy name,
And ſhow this people who thou art!"

4 He ſpake, and lo! a ſudden flame
Conſum'd the wood, the duſt, the ſtone;
The people ſtruck, at once proclaim
"The Lord is God, the Lord alone."

5 Like him, we mourn an awful day,
When more for Baal than God appear;
Like him, believers, let us pray,
And may the God of Iſrael hear!

6 Lord, if thy ſervant ſpeak thy truth,
If he indeed is ſent by thee;
Confirm the word to all our youth,
And let them thy ſalvation ſee.

7 Now may thy Spirit's holy fire
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,
Conſume each hurtful vain deſire,
And make them know thou art the Lord.

* 1 Kings xviii.

XV. *Preaching to the Dry Bones*.*

1 PReachers may from Ezekiel's caſe,
Draw hope in this declining day;
A proof, like this, of ſov'reign grace
Should chaſe our unbelief away.

2 When ſent to preach to mould'ring bones,
Who could have thought he would ſucceed?
But well he knew the Lord from ſtones
Could raiſe up Abra'm's choſen ſeed.

3 Can theſe be made a num'rous hoſt,
And ſuch dry bones new life receive?
The prophet anſwer'd, "Lord, thou know'ſt
They ſhall, if thou commandment give."

4 Like him around I caſt my eye,
And oh! what heaps of bones appear;
Like him, by Jeſus ſent, I'll try,
For he can cauſe the dead to hear.

5 Hear, ye dry bones, the Saviour's word!
He, who when dying gaſp'd, "Forgive,"
That gracious ſinner-loving Lord,
Says, "Look to me, dry bones, and live."

6 Thou heav'nly wind awake and blow,
In anſwer to the pray'r of faith;
Now thine almighty influence ſhow,
And fill dry bones with living breath.

7 O make them hear, and feel, and ſhake,
And, at thy call, obedient move;
The bonds of death and Satan break,
And bone to bone unite in love.

XVI. *The Rod of MOSES.*

1 WHEN Moſes wav'd his myſtic rod
What wonders follow'd while he ſpoke?
Firm as a wall the waters ſtood †,
Or guſh'd in rivers from the rock ‡!

* Ezek. xxxvii. † Exod. xiv. 22. ‡ Numb. xx. 11.

2 At

2 At his command the thunders roll'd,
Lightning and hail his voice obey'd *,
And Pharaoh trembled to behold
His land in deſolation laid.

3 But what could Moſes' rod have done
Had he not been divinely ſent?
The pow'r was from the Lord alone,
And Moſes but the inſtrument.

4 O Lord, regard thy peoples prayers!
Aſſiſt a worm to preach aright;
And ſince thy goſpel-rod he bears,
Diſplay thy wonders in our ſight.

5 Proclaim the thunders of thy law,
Like lightning let thine arrows fly,
That careleſs ſinners, ſtruck with awe,
For refuge may to Jeſus cry!

6 Make ſtreams of godly ſorrow flow,
From rocky hearts, unus'd to feel;
And let the poor in ſpirit know
That thou art near, their griefs to heal.

7 But chiefly, we would now look up
To aſk a bleſſing for our youth,
The riſing generations hope,
That they may know and love thy truth.

8 Ariſe, O Lord, afford a ſign,
Now ſhall our pray'rs ſucceſs obtain;
Since both the means and pow'r are thine,
How can the rod be rais'd in vain!

XVII. *God ſpeaking from Mount Zion.*

1 THE God who once to Iſrael ſpoke
From Sinai's top, in fire and ſmoke,
In gentler ſtrains of goſpel grace
Invites us now to ſeek his face.

* Exodus, ix. 23.

2 He wears no terrors on his brow,
He ſpeaks, in love, from Zion now;
It is the voice of Jeſus' blood
Calling poor wand'rers home to God.

3 The holy Moſes quak'd and fear'd
When Sinai's thund'ring *law* he heard;
But reigning grace, with accents mild,
Speaks to the ſinner as a child.

4 Hark! how from Calvary it ſounds,
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds!
"Pardon and grace, I freely give,
Poor ſinner, look to me, and live."

5 What other arguments can move
The heart that ſlights a Saviour's love!
Yet till almighty pow'r conſtrain,
This matchleſs love is preach'd in vain.

6 O Saviour, let that pow'r be felt,
And cauſe each ſtony heart to melt!
Deeply impreſs upon our youth,
The light and force of goſpel-truth.

7 With this new year may they begin
To live to thee, and die to ſin;
To enter by the narrow way
Which leads to everlaſting day.

8 How will they elſe thy preſence bear
When as a Judge thou ſhalt appear!
When ſlighted love to wrath ſhall turn,
And the whole earth like Sinai burn!

XVIII. *A Prayer for Power on the Means of Grace.*

1 O Thou, at whoſe almighty word
The glorious light from darkneſs ſprung!
Thy quick'ning influence afford,
And clothe with pow'r the preacher's tongue.

2 Tho'

2 Tho' 'tis thy truth he hopes to ſpeak,
He cannot give the hearing ear;
'Tis thine, the ſtubborn heart to break,
And make the careleſs ſinner fear.

3 As when, of old, the water flow'd
Forth from the rock at thy command*;
Moſes in vain had wav'd his rod,
Without thy wonder-working hand.

4 As when the walls of Jericho†,
Down to the earth at once were caſt;
It was thy pow'r that brought them low,
And not the trumpet's feeble blaſt.

5 Thus we would in the means be found,
And thus on thee alone depend;
To make the goſpel's joyful ſound
Effectual, to the promis'd end.

6 Now, while we hear thy word of grace,
Let ſelf and pride before it fall;
And rocky hearts diſſolve apace,
In ſtreams of ſorrow at thy call.

7 On all our youth aſſembled here
The unction of thy Spirit pour;
Nor let them loſe another year,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt ſtrive and call no more.

XIX. *ELIJAH's Mantle.* 2 Kings ii. 11.—14.

1 ELISHA, ſtruck with grief and awe,
Cry'd, "Ah! where now is Iſrael's ſtay?"
When he his honour'd maſter ſaw
Borne by a fiery carr away.

2 But while he look'd a laſt adieu,
His mantle, as it fell, he caught;
The Spirit reſted on him too,
And equal miracles he wrought.

* Numbers, xx. 11. † Joſhua, vi. 20.

3 "Where is Elijah's God?" he cry'd,
And with the mantle ſmote the flood;
His word controll'd the ſwelling tide,
Th' obedient waters upright ſtood.

4 The wonder-working goſpel, thus
From hand to hand has been convey'd;
We have the mantle ſtill with us,
But where, O where the Spirit's aid.

5 When Peter firſt his mantle wav'd *,
How ſoon it melted hearts of ſteel!
Sinners, by thouſands, then were ſav'd,
But now how few its virtues feel?

6 Where is Elijah's God, the Lord,
Thine Iſrael's hope, and joy, and boaſt!
Reveal thine arm, confirm thy word,
Give us another Pentecoſt!

7 Aſſiſt thy meſſenger to ſpeak,
And while he aims to liſp thy truth,
The bonds of ſin and Satan break,
And pour thy bleſſing on our youth.

8 For them we now approach thy throne,
Teach them to know and love thy name;
Then ſhall thy thankful people own
Elijah's God is ſtill the ſame.

HYMNS after Sermons to Young People, on New-Years Evenings, ſuited to the Subjects.

XX. *DAVID's Charge to SOLOMON.*
1 Chron. xxviii. 9.

1 O David's Son, and David's Lord!
From age to age thou art the ſame;
Thy gracious preſence now afford,
And teach our youth to know thy name.

* Acts, ii.

2 Thy

2 Thy people, Lord, tho' oft diſtreſt,
Upheld by thee thus far are come;
And now we long to ſee thy reſt,
And wait thy word to call us home.

3 Like David, when this life ſhall end,
We truſt in thee, ſure peace to find;
Like him to thee we now commend
The children we muſt leave behind.

4 Ere long, we hope to be where care,
And ſin, and ſorrow never come;
But oh! accept our humble pray'r,
That theſe may praiſe thee in our room.

5 Shew them how vile they are by ſin,
And waſh them in thy cleanſing blood;
Oh, make them willing to be thine,
And be to them a cov'nant God.

6 Long may thy light and truth remain,
To bleſs this place when we are gone;
And numbers here be born again,
To dwell for ever near thy throne.

XXI. *The Lord's Call to his Children.*
2 Cor. vi. 17. 18.

1 LET us adore the grace that ſeeks
To draw our hearts above!
Attend, 'tis God the Saviour ſpeaks,
And ev'ry word is love.

2 Tho', fill'd with awe, before his throne
Each angel veils his face;
He claims a people for his own
Amongſt our ſinful race.

3 Careleſs, awhile, they live in ſin,
Enſlav'd to Satan's power;
But they obey the call divine,
In his appointed hour.

4. " Come

4 Come forth, (he ſays), no more purſue
The paths that lead to death;
Look up, a bleeding Saviour view,
Look, and be ſav'd by faith.

5 My ſons and daughters you ſhall be
Thro' the atoning blood;
And you ſhall claim, and find in me,
A Father, and a God."

6 Lord, ſpeak theſe words to ev'ry heart,
By thine all-powerful voice;
That we may now from ſin depart,
And make thy love our choice.

7 If now we learn to ſeek thy face
By Chriſt the living way,
We'll praiſe thee for this hour of grace,
Thro' an eternal day.

XXII. *The Prayer of JABEZ.*
1 Chron. iv. 9. 10.

1 JESUS, who bought us with his blood,
And makes our ſouls his care,
Was known of old as Iſrael's God,
And anſwer'd Jabez' prayer.

2 Jabez! a child of grief! the name
Befits poor ſinners well;
For Jeſus bore the croſs and ſhame,
To ſave our ſouls from hell.

3 Teach us, O Lord, like him to plead
For mercies from above:
O come, and bleſs our ſouls indeed,
With light, and joy, and love.

4 The goſpel's promis'd land is wide,
We fain would enter in;
But we are preſs'd on ev'ry ſide
With unbelief and ſin.

5 Ariſe,

5 Ariſe, O Lord, enlarge our coaſt,
Let us poſſeſs the whole,
That Satan may no longer boaſt,
He can thy work controul.

6 Oh! may thy hand be with us ſtill,
Our guide and guardian be,
To keep us ſafe from ev'ry ill,
Till death ſhall ſet us free.

7 Help us on thee to caſt our care,
And on thy word to reſt;
That Iſrael's God, who heareth pray'r,
Will grant us our requeſt.

XXIII. *Waiting at Wiſdom's Gates.*
Prov. viii 34. 35.

1 ENſnar'd too long my heart has been
In Folly's hurtful ways;
Oh! may I now, at length, begin
To hear what Wiſdom ſays!

2 'Tis Jeſus, from the mercy-ſeat,
Invites me to his reſt;
He calls poor ſinners to his feet,
To make them truly bleſt.

3 Approach, my ſoul, to Wiſdom's gates,
While it is call'd to-day;
No one who watches there, and waits,
Shall e'er be turn'd away.

4 He will not let me ſeek in vain,
For all who truſt his word
Shall everlaſting life obtain,
And favour from the Lord.

5 Lord, I have hated thee too long,
And dar'd thee to thy face;
I've done my ſoul exceeding wrong
In ſlighting all thy grace.

6 Now I would break my league with death,
And live to thee alone;
Oh! let thy Spirit's ſeal of faith
Secure me for thine own.

7 Let all the ſaints aſſembled here,
Yea, let all heav'n rejoice,
That I begin with this new year
To make the Lord my choice.

XXIV. *Aſking the Way to Zion.* Jer. l. 5.

1 ZION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
The Saviour there has his abode,
And ſinners ſee his face!

2 Firm, againſt ev'ry adverſe ſhock,
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
'Tis built upon the living Rock,
And wall'd around with love.

3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
And ſtreams of grace and knowledge flow,
The ſoul to ſatisfy.

4 Come, ſet your faces Zion-ward,
The ſacred road inquire;
And let a union to the Lord
Be henceforth your deſire.

5 The goſpel ſhines to give you light,
No longer, then, delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jeſus is the way.

6 O Lord, regard thy peoples pray'r,
Thy promiſe now fulfil;
And young and old by grace prepare,
To dwell on Zion's hill.

XXV. *We*

XXV. *We were* PHARAOH's *Bondmen.* Deut. vi. 20.—23.

1 BEneath the tyrant Satan's yoke,
Our ſouls were long oppreſt;
Till grace our galling fetters broke,
And gave the weary reſt.

2 Jeſus, in that important hour,
His mighty arm made known;
He ranſom'd us by price and pow'r,
And claim'd us for his own.

3 Now, freed from bondage, ſin, and death,
We walk in Wiſdom's ways;
And wiſh to ſpend our ev'ry breath
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

4 Ere long, we hope with him to dwell
In yonder world above;
And now we only live to tell
The riches of his love.

5 O might we, e'er we hence remove,
Prevail upon our youth
To ſeek, that they may likewiſe prove
His mercy and his truth.

6 Like Simeon, we ſhall gladly go*,
When Jeſus calls us home;
If they are left a ſeed below,
To ſerve him in our room.

7 Lord, hear our pray'r, indulge our hope,
On theſe thy Spirit pour,
That they may take our ſtory up,
When we can ſpeak no more.

XXVI. *Travelling in Birth for Souls.* Gal. iv. 19.

1 WHAT contradictions meet
In miniſters employ!
It is a bitter ſweet,
A ſorrow full of joy:

* Luke, ii. 29.

No

No other poſt affords a place
For equal honour or diſgrace!

2 Who can deſcribe the pain
Which faithful preachers feel,
Conſtrain'd to ſpeak in vain,
To hearts as hard as ſteel!
Or who can tell the pleaſures felt,
When ſtubborn hearts begin to melt!

3 The Saviour's dying love,
The ſoul's amazing worth,
Their utmoſt efforts move,
And draw their bowels forth:
They pray and ſtrive, their reſt departs,
Till Chriſt be form'd in ſinners hearts.

4 If ſome ſmall hope appear,
They ſtill are not content;
But, with a jealous fear,
They watch for the event:
Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd,
Then how their inmoſt ſouls are grieved!

5 But when their pains ſucceed,
And from the tender blade
The rip'ning ears proceed,
Their toils are overpaid:
No harveſt-joy can equal theirs,
To find the fruit of all their cares.

6 On what has now been ſown,
Thy bleſſing, Lord, beſtow;
The pow'r is thine alone,
To make it ſpring and grow:
Do thou the gracious harveſt raiſe,
And thou alone ſhalt have the praiſe.

XXVII.

XXVII. *We are Ambaſſadors for Chriſt.*
2 Cor. v. 20.

1 THY meſſage by the preacher ſeal,
And let thy pow'r be known,
That ev'ry ſinner here may feel
The word is not his own.

2 Amongſt the foremoſt of the throng,
Who dare thee to thy face,
He in rebellion ſtood too long,
And fought againſt thy grace.

3 But grace prevail'd, he mercy found,
And now by thee is ſent,
To tell his fellow-rebels round,
And call them to repent.

4 In Jeſus, God is reconcil'd,
The worſt may be forgiv'n;
Come, and he'll own you as a child,
And make you heirs of heav'n.

5 Oh may the word of goſpel-truth
Your chief deſires engage!
And Jeſus be your guide in youth,
Your joy in hoary age.

6 Perhaps the year that's now begun
May prove to ſome their laſt;
The ſands of life may ſoon be run,
The day of grace be paſt.

7 Think, if you ſlight this embaſſy,
And will not warning take,
When Jeſus in the clouds you ſee,
What anſwer will you make.

XXVIII. *PAUL's farewell Charge.*
Acts, xx. 26. 27.

1 WHEN Paul was parted from his friends
It was a weeping day;
But Jeſus made them all amends,
And wip'd their tears away.

2 Ere long they met again with joy,
(Secure no more to part),
Where praiſes ev'ry tongue employ,
And pleaſure fills each heart.

3 Thus all the preachers of his grace
Their children ſoon ſhall meet;
Together ſee their Saviour's face,
And worſhip at his feet.

4 But they who heard the word in vain,
Tho' oft and plainly warn'd,
Will tremble, when they meet again
The miniſters they ſcorn'd.

5 On your own heads your blood will fall,
If any periſh here;
The preachers who have told you *all*,
Shall ſtand approv'd and clear.

6 Yet, Lord, to ſave themſelves alone,
Is not their utmoſt view;
Oh! hear their pray'r, thy meſſage own,
And ſave their hearers too.

XXIX. *How ſhall I put thee among the Children?* Jer. iii. 19.

1 ALAS! by nature how deprav'd,
How prone to ev'ry ill!
Our lives to Satan how enſlav'd,
How obſtinate our will!

2 And can ſuch ſinners be reſtor'd,
Such rebels reconcil'd!
Can grace itſelf the means afford
To make a foe a child!

3 Yes, grace has found the wond'rous means
Which ſhall effectual prove,
To cleanſe us from our countleſs ſins,
And teach our hearts to love.

4 Jeſus

4 Jeſus for ſinners undertakes,
And dy'd that we may live;
His blood a full atonement makes,
And cries aloud, "Forgive."

5 Yet one thing more muſt grace provide,
To bring us home to God,
Or we ſhall ſlight the Lord, who dy'd,
And trample on his blood.

6 The Holy Spirit muſt reveal
The Saviour's work and worth;
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.

7 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd, and ſav'd, by grace;
Rebels, in God's own houſe obtain
A ſon's and daughter's place.

XXX. *Winter* *.

1 SEE, how rude winter's icy hand
Has ſtripp'd the trees, and ſeal'd the ground!
But ſpring ſhall ſoon his rage withſtand,
And ſpread new beauties all around.

2 My ſoul a ſharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitleſs I remain;
When will the gentle ſpring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

3 Jeſus, my glorious Sun, ariſe!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
Oh! huſh theſe ſtorms, and clear my ſkies,
And let me feel thy vital love!

4 Dear Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Muſt it be winter all the year?

* Book III. Hymn 31.

5 Be ſtill, my ſoul, and wait his hour,
With humble pray'r, and patient faith;
Till he reveals his gracious pow'r,
Repoſe on what his promiſe ſaith.

6 He, by whoſe all-commanding word *
Seaſons their changing courſe maintain,
In ev'ry change a pledge affords,
That none ſhall ſeek his face in vain.

XXXI. *Waiting for Spring.*

1 THO' cloudy ſkies, and northern blaſts,
Retard the gentle ſpring awhile;
The ſun will conqu'ror prove at laſt,
And nature wear a vernal ſmile.

2 The promiſe which, from age to age,
Has brought the changing ſeaſons round,
Again ſhall calm the winter's rage,
Perfume the air, and paint the ground.

3 The virtue of that firſt command,
I know ſtill does and will prevail,
That while the earth itſelf ſhall ſtand,
The ſpring and ſummer ſhall not fail.

4 Such changes are for us decreed;
Believers have their winters too;
But ſpring ſhall certainly ſucceed,
And all their former life renew.

5 Winter and ſpring have each their uſe,
And each, in turn, his people know;
One kills the weeds their hearts produce,
The other makes their graces grow.

6 Tho' like dead trees awhile they ſeem,
Yet having life within their root,
The welcome ſpring's reviving beam
Draws forth their bloſſoms, leaves, and fruit.

* Geneſis, viii. 22.

7 But

7 But if the tree indeed be dead,
It feels no change, tho' ſpring return;
Its leafleſs, naked, barren head,
Proclaims it only fit to burn.

8 Dear Lord, afford our ſouls a ſpring,
Thou know'ſt our winter has been long;
Shine forth, and warm our hearts to ſing,
And thy rich grace ſhall be our ſong.

XXXII. *Spring.*

1 BLEAK winter is ſubdu'd at length,
And forc'd to yield the day;
The ſun has waſted all his ſtrength,
And driven him away.

2 And now long wiſh'd-for ſpring is come,
How alter'd is the ſcene!
The trees and ſhrubs are dreſt in bloom,
The earth array'd in green.

3 Where-e'er we tread, beneath our feet
The cluſtering flowers ſpring;
The artleſs birds, in concert ſweet,
Invite our hearts to ſing.

4 But, ah! in vain I ſtrive to join,
Oppreſs'd with ſin and doubt;
I feel 'tis winter ſtill within,
Tho' all is ſpring without.

5 Oh! would my Saviour from on high
Break thro' theſe clouds and ſhine!
No creature then more bleſt than I,
No ſong more loud than mine.

6 Till then—no ſoftly-warbling thruſh,
Nor cowſlip's ſweet perfume,
Nor beauties of each painted buſh,
Can diſſipate my gloom.

7 To Adam, ſoon as he tranſgreſs'd,
Thus Eden bloom'd in vain;
Not paradiſe could give him reſt,
Or ſoothe his heart-felt pain.

8 Yet here an emblem I perceive
Of what the Lord can do;
Dear Saviour, help me to believe,
That I may flouriſh too.

9 Thy word can ſoon my hopes revive,
Can overcome my foes,
And make my languid graces thrive,
And bloſſom like the roſe.

XXXIII. *Another.*

1 PLeaſing ſpring again is here!
Trees and fields in bloom appear!
Hark! the birds, with artleſs lays,
Warble their Creator's praiſe!
Where, in winter, all was ſnow,
Now the flow'rs in cluſters grow;
And the corn, in green array,
Promiſes a harveſt-day.

2 What a change has taken place!
Emblem of the ſpring of grace;
How the ſoul, in winter, mourns
Till the Lord, the Sun, returns;
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again;
Then the ſtone is turn'd to fleſh,
And each grace ſprings forth afreſh.

3 Lord, afford a ſpring to me!
Let me feel like what I ſee;
Ah! my winter has been long,
Chill'd my hopes, and ſtopp'd my ſong!

Winter

Winter threat'ned to deſtroy
Faith and love, and ev'ry joy;
If thy life was in the root,
Still I could not yield thee fruit.

4 Speak, and by thy gracious voice
Make my drooping ſoul rejoice;
O beloved Saviour, haſte,
Tell me, all the ſtorms are paſt:
On thy garden deign to ſmile,
Raiſe the plants, enrich the ſoil;
Soon thy preſence will reſtore
Life to what ſeem'd dead before.

5 Lord, I long to be at home,
Where theſe changes never come!
Where the ſaints no winter fear,
Where 'tis ſpring throughout the year:
How unlike this ſtate below!
There the flow'rs unwith'ring blow;
There no chilling blaſts annoy;
All is love, and bloom, and joy.

XXXIV. *Summer Storms* *.

1 THO' the morn may be ſerene,
Not a threat'ning cloud be ſeen,
Who can undertake to ſay,
'Twill be pleaſant all the day?
Tempeſts ſuddenly may riſe,
Darkneſs overſpread the ſkies,
Lightnings flaſh, and thunders roar,
Ere a ſhort-liv'd day be o'er.

2 Often thus the child of grace
Enters on his Chriſtian race;
Guilt and fear are overborne,
'Tis with him a ſummer's morn;

* Book III. Hymn 68.

While his new-felt joys abound,
All things ſeem to ſmile around;
And he hopes it will be fair,
All the day, and all the year.

3 Should we warn him of a change,
He would think the caution ſtrange;
He no change or trouble fears,
Till the gath'ring ſtorm appears *;
Till dark clouds his ſun conceal,
Till temptation's pow'r he feel;
Then he trembles, and looks pale,
All his hopes and courage fail.

4 But the wonder-working Lord
Soothes the tempeſt by his word;
Stills the thunder, ſtops the rain,
And his ſun breaks forth again:
Soon the cloud again returns,
Now he joys, and now he mourns;
Oft his ſky is overcaſt,
Ere the day of life be paſt.

5 Try'd believers too can ſay,
In the courſe of one ſhort day,
Tho' the morning has been fair,
Prov'd a golden hour of pray'r,
Sin, and Satan, long ere night,
Have their comforts put to flight;
Ah! what heart-felt peace and joy
Unexpected ſtorms deſtroy.

6 Deareſt Saviour, call us ſoon
To thine high eternal noon;
Never there ſhall tempeſt riſe,
To conceal thee from our eyes:
Satan ſhall no more deceive,
We no more thy Spirit grieve;
But thro' cloudleſs endleſs days,
Sound, to golden harps, thy praiſe.

* Book I. Hymn 44.

XXXV. *Hay-time.*

1 THE graſs, and flow'rs, which clothe the field,
And look ſo green and gay,
Touch'd by the ſcythe, defenceleſs yield,
And fall, and fade away.

2 Fit emblem of our mortal ſtate!
Thus in the ſcripture glaſs,
The young, the ſtrong, the wiſe, the great,
May ſee themſelves but graſs *.

3 Ah! truſt not to your fleeting breath,
Nor call your time your own;
Around you ſee the ſcythe of death
Is mowing thouſands down.

4 And you, who hitherto are ſpar'd,
Muſt ſhortly yield your lives;
Your wiſdom is, to be prepar'd
Before the ſtroke arrives.

5 The graſs, when dead, revives no more;
You die to live again;
But oh! if death ſhould prove the door
To everlaſting pain.

6 Lord, help us to obey thy call,
That, from our ſins ſet free,
When like the graſs our bodies fall,
Our ſouls may ſpring to thee.

XXXVI. *Harveſt.*

1 SEE! the corn again in ear!
How the fields and valleys ſmile!
Harveſt now is drawing near,
To repay the farmer's toil:

* Iſaiah, xl. 7.

Gracious Lord, ſecure the crop,
Satisfy the poor with food;
In thy mercy is our hope,
We have ſinn'd, but thou art good.

2 While I view the plenteous grain
As it ripens on the ſtalk,
May I not inſtruction gain
Helpful to my daily walk?
All this plenty of the field
Was produc'd from foreign ſeeds;
For the earth itſelf would yield
Only crops of uſeleſs weeds.

6 Tho', when newly ſown, it lay
Hid awhile beneath the ground,
(Some might think it thrown away),
Now a large increaſe is found:
Tho' conceal'd, it was not loſt;
Tho' it dy'd, it lives again;
Eaſtern ſtorms, and nipping froſts,
Have oppos'd its growth in vain.

4 Let the praiſe be all the Lord's,
As the benefit is ours!
He, in ſeaſon, ſtill affords
Kindly heat, and gentle ſhow'rs:
By his care the produce thrives,
Waving o'er the furrow'd lands;
And when harveſt-time arrives,
Ready for the reaper ſtands.

5 Thus in barren hearts he ſows
Precious ſeeds of heav'nly joy *;
Sin and hell in vain oppoſe,
None can grace's crop deſtroy:
Threat'ned oft, yet ſtill it blooms,
After many changes paſt,
Death, the reaper, when he comes,
Finds it fully ripe at laſt.

* Hoſea, xiv. 7.; Mark, iv. 26.—29.

CHRIST-

CHRISTMAS.

XXXVII. *Praiſe for the Incarnation.*

1 Sweeter ſounds than muſic knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name;
All her hopes my ſpirit owes
To his birth, and croſs, and ſhame.

2 When he came, the angels ſung,
"Glory be to God on high;"
Lord, unlooſe my ſtamm'ring tongue,
Who ſhould louder ſing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and ſuffer in my room,
And can'ſt thou, my tongue, be ſtill?

4 No, I muſt my praiſes bring,
Tho' they worthleſs are and weak;
For ſhould I refuſe to ſing,
Sure the very ſtones would ſpeak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Huſband, Friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

XXXVIII. C. *JEHOVAH-JESUS.*

1 MY ſong ſhall bleſs the Lord of all,
My praiſe ſhall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great, ſupreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of ſenſe;
Eternal ages ſaw him ſhine,
He ſhines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the ſky,
As when the ſix days work he made
Fill'd all the morning-ſtars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his deareſt claim;
That gracious ſound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I ſee:
My boſom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worſhip him who dy'd for me.

6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's ſure, and muſt be mine.

XXXIX. *Man honoured above Angels.*

1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' ſongs;
Yea, ſinners may addreſs their King
In ſongs that angels cannot ſing.

2 They praiſe the Lamb who once was ſlain;
But we can add a higher ſtrain *;
Not only ſay, "He ſuffer'd thus,
But that he ſuffer'd all for *us*."

3 When angels by tranſgreſſion fell,
Juſtice conſign'd them all to hell;
But mercy form'd a wond'rous plan,
To ſave and honour fallen man.

4 Jeſus, who paſs'd the angels by †,
Aſſum'd our fleſh to bleed and die;
And ſtill he makes it his abode;
As man he fills the throne of God.

* Rev. v. † Heb. ii. 16.

5 Our

5 Our next of kin, our Brother now,
Is he to whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praiſe his name,
But *we* the neareſt int'reſt claim.

6 But ah! how faint our praiſes riſe!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the ſkies,
That we, who ſhare his richeſt love,
So cold and unconcern'd ſhould prove.

7 Oh, glorious hour, it comes with ſpeed!
When we, from ſin and darkneſs freed,
Shall ſee the God who dy'd for man,
And praiſe him more than angels can *.

XL. *Saturday Evening.*

1 SAfely thro' another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bleſſing ſeek,
On th' approaching Sabbath-day:
Day of all the week the beſt,
Emblem of eternal reſt.

2 Mercies multiply'd each hour
Thro' the week our praiſe demand;
Guarded by Almighty pow'r,
Fed and guided by his hand:
Tho' ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of ſin.

3 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Shew thy reconciled face,
Shine away our ſin and ſhame:
From our worldly care ſet free,
May we reſt this night with thee.

4 When the morn ſhall bid us riſe,
May we feel thy preſence near!
May thy glory meet our eyes
When we in thy houſe appear!

* Book III. Hymn 88.

There

There afford us, Lord, a taſte
Of our everlaſting feaſt.

5 May thy goſpel's joyful ſound
Conquer ſinners, comfort ſaints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above!

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

XLI. *EBENEZER**.

1 THE Lord, our ſalvation and light,
The guide and the ſtrength of our days,
Has brought us together to-night,
A new Ebenezer to raiſe:
The year we have now paſſed thro',
His goodneſs with bleſſings has crown'd;
Each morning his mercies were new;
Then let our thankſgivings abound.

2 Encompaſs'd with dangers and ſnares,
Temptations, and fears, and complaints,
His ear he inclin'd to our pray'rs,
His hand open'd wide to our wants:
We never beſought him in vain;
When burden'd with ſorrow or ſin,
He help'd us again and again,
Or where before now had we been?

3 His goſpel, throughout the long year,
From Sabbath to Sabbath he gave;
How oft has he met with us here,
And ſhewn himſelf mighty to ſave?
His candleſtick has been remov'd
From churches once privileg'd thus;
But tho' we unworthy have prov'd,
It ſtill is continu'd to us.

* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

4 For

4 For ſo many mercies receiv'd,
Alas! what returns have we made?
His Spirit we often have griev'd,
And evil for good have repaid:
How well it becomes us to cry,
"Oh! who is a God like to thee?
Who paſſeſt iniquities by,
And plungeſt them deep in the ſea!"

5 To Jeſus, who ſits on the throne,
Our beſt hallelujahs we bring;
To thee it is owing alone
That we are permitted to ſing:
Aſſiſt us, we pray, to lament
The ſins of the year that is paſt;
And grant that the next may be ſpent
Far more to thy praiſe than the laſt.

XLII. *Another.*

1 LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thankſgivings raiſe;
'Tis duty, mingled with delight,
To ſing the Saviour's praiſe.

2 To him we owe our breath,
He took us from the womb,
Which elſe had ſhut us up in death,
And prov'd an early tomb.

3 When on the breaſt we hung,
Our help was in the Lord;
'Twas he firſt taught our infant tongue
To form the liſping word.

4 When in our blood we lay,
He would not let us die,
Becauſe his love had fix'd a day
To bring ſalvation nigh.

5 In childhood and in youth,
His eye was on us ſtill;
Though ſtrangers to his love and truth,
And prone to croſs his will.

6 And ſince his name we knew,
How gracious has he been!
What dangers has he led us thro',
What mercies have we ſeen!

7 Now thro' another year,
Supported by his care;
We raiſe our Ebenezer here,
"The Lord has help'd thus far."

8 Our lot in future years
Unable to foreſee,
He kindly, to prevent our fears,
Says, "Leave it all to me."

9 Yea, Lord, we wiſh to caſt
Our cares upon thy breaſt!
Help us to praiſe thee for the paſt,
And truſt thee for the reſt.

II. ORDINANCES.

XLIII. *On opening a Place for Social Prayer.*

1 O Lord, our languid ſouls inſpire,
For here, we truſt, thou art!
Send down a coal of heavenly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear,
Thy preſence now diſplay;
As thou haſt giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.

3 Shew us ſome token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raiſe;
And pour thy bleſſings from above,
That we may render praiſe.

4 Within

4 Within theſe walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conſcience eaſe,
The wounded ſpirit heal.

5 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind beſtow;
And ſhine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!

6 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith preſent our pray'rs;
And, in the preſence of our Lord,
Unboſom all our cares.

7 And may the goſpel's joyful ſound,
Enforc'd by mighty grace,
Awaken many ſinners round,
To come and fill the place.

XLIV. C. *Another.*

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-ſeat;
Where'er they ſeek thee, thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabiteſt the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy choſen few!
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The ſweetneſs of thy ſaving name.

4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To ſtrengthen faith, and ſweeten care;
To teach our faint deſires to riſe,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes,

5 Behold,

5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We ſtretch the curtain and the cord *;
Come thou, and fill this wider ſpace,
And bleſs us with a large increaſe.

6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor ſhort thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thouſand hearts thine own!

XLV. *The Lord's Day.*

1 HOW welcome to the ſaints, when preſs'd
With ſix days noiſe, and care, and toil,
Is the returning day of reſt,
Which hides them from the world awhile?

2 Now, from the throng withdrawn away,
They ſeem to breathe a diff'rent air;
Compos'd and ſoft'ned by the day,
All things another aſpect wear.

3 How happy if their lot is caſt
Where ſtatedly the goſpel ſounds!
The word is honey to their taſte,
Renews their ſtrength, and heals their wounds!

4 Tho' pinch'd with poverty at home,
With ſharp afflictions daily fed,
It makes amends, if they can come
To God's own houſe for heav'nly bread!

5 With joy they haſten to the place
Where they their Saviour oft have met;
And while they feaſt upon his grace,
Their burdens and their griefs forget.

6 This favour'd lot, my friends, is ours,
May we the privilege improve,
And find theſe conſecrated hours
Sweet earneſts of the joys above!

* Iſaiah, liv. 2.

7 We

7 We thank thee for thy day, O Lord:
Here we thy promis'd preſence ſeek;
Open thine hand, with bleſſings ſtor'd,
And give us manna for the week.

XLVI. *Goſpel-Privileges.*

1 O Happy they who know the Lord,
With whom he deigns to dwell!
He feeds and cheers them by his word,
His arm ſupports them well.

2 To them, in each diſtreſſing hour,
His throne of grace is near;
And when they plead his love and pow'r,
He ſtands engag'd to hear.

3 He help'd his ſaints in ancient days,
Who truſted in his name;
And we can witneſs to his praiſe,
His love is ſtill the ſame.

4 Wand'ring in ſin, our ſouls he found,
And bid us ſeek his face;
Gave us to hear the goſpel-ſound,
And taſte the goſpel-grace.

5 Oft in his houſe his glory ſhines,
Before our wond'ring eyes;
We wiſh not then for golden mines,
Or ought beneath the ſkies.

6 His preſence ſweetens all our cares,
And makes our burdens light;
A word from him diſpels our fears,
And gilds the gloom of night.

7 Lord, we expect to ſuffer here,
Nor would we dare repine
But give us ſtill to find thee near,
And own us ſtill for thine.

8 Let us enjoy and highly prize
These tokens of thy love,
Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise,
To worship thee above.

XLVII. *Another.*

1 HAPPY are they to whom the Lord
His gracious name makes known!
And by his Spirit, and his word,
Adopts them for his own!

2 He calls them to his mercy-seat,
And hears their humble pray'r;
And when within his house they meet,
They find his presence near.

3 The force of their united cries
No pow'r can long withstand;
For Jesus helps them from the skies,
By his almighty hand.

4 Then mountains sink at once to plains,
And light from darkness springs;
Each seeming loss improves their gains,
Each trouble comfort brings.

5 Tho' men despise them, or revile,
They count the trial small;
Whoever frowns, if Jesus smile,
It makes amends for all.

6 Tho' meanly clad, and coarsely fed,
And, like their Saviour, poor;
They would not change their gospel-bread
For all the worldling's store.

7 When chear'd with faith's sublimer joys,
They mount on eagle's wings;
They can disdain, as children's toys,
The pride and pomp of kings.

8 Dear Lord, assist our souls to pay
The debt of praise we owe,
That we enjoy a gospel-day,
And heav'n begun below.

XLVIII.

XLVIII. *Praiſe for the Continuance of the Goſpel**.

1 ONCE, while we aim'd at Zion's ſongs,
A ſudden mourning check'd our tongues!
Then we were call'd to ſow in tears
The ſeeds of joy for future years.

2 Oft as that memorable hour
The changing year brings round again,
We meet to praiſe the love and pow'r
Which heard our cries, and eas'd our pain.

3 Come, ye who trembled for the ark,
Unite in praiſe for anſwer'd pray'r!
Did not the Lord our ſorrows mark?
Did not our ſighing reach his ear?

4 Then ſmaller griefs were laid aſide,
And all our cares ſumm'd up in one;
"Let us but have thy word, we cry'd,
In other things, thy will be done."

5 Since he has granted our requeſt,
And we ſtill hear the goſpel voice;
Altho' by many trials preſt,
In this we can and will rejoice.

6 Tho' to our lot temptations fall,
Tho' pain and want, and cares annoy;
The precious goſpel ſweetens all,
And yields us med'cine, food, and joy.

XLIX. *A Famine of the Word.*

1 GLadneſs was ſpread thro' Iſrael's hoſt
When firſt they manna view'd;
They labour'd who ſhould gather moſt,
And thought it pleaſant food.

* Wherever a ſeparation is threatened between a miniſter and people who dearly love each other, this hymn may be as ſeaſonable as it was once in Olney.

2 But

2 But when they had it long enjoy'd,
From day to day the ſame,
Their hearts were by the plenty cloy'd,
Altho' from heav'n it came.

3 Thus goſpel-bread at firſt is priz'd,
And makes a people glad;
But afterwards too much deſpis'd,
When eaſy to be had:

4 But ſhould the Lord, diſpleas'd, with-hold
The bread his mercy ſends;
To have our houſes fill'd with gold
Would make but poor amends.

5 How tedious would the week appear,
How dull the Sabbath prove,
Could we no longer meet to hear
The precious truths we love?

6 How would believing parents bear,
To leave their heedleſs youth
Expos'd to every fatal ſnare,
Without the light of truth!

7 The goſpel, and a praying few,
Our bulwark long have prov'd;
But Olney ſure the day will rue
When theſe ſhall be remov'd.

8 Then ſin, in this once favour'd town,
Will triumph unreſtrain'd;
And wrath and vengeance haſten down,
No more by pray'r detain'd:

9 Preſerve us from this judgment, Lord,
For Jeſus' ſake we plead;
A famine of the goſpel word
Would be a ſtroke indeed!

L. *Prayer for Miniſters.*

1 CHIEF Shepherd of thy choſen ſheep,
From death and ſin ſet free;
May ev'ry under ſhepherd keep
His eye intent on thee!

2 With

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare
To execute thy will;
Compaſſion, patience, love and care,
And faithfulneſs and ſkill.

3 Enflame their minds with holy zeal
Their flocks to feed and teach;
And let them live, and let them feel
The ſacred truths they preach.

4 Oh, never let the ſheep complain
That toys, which fools amuſe,
Ambition, pleaſure, praiſe or gain,
Debaſe the ſhepherd's views.

5 He that for theſe forbears to feed
The ſouls whom Jeſus loves,
Whate'er he may proteſs, or plead,
An idol ſhepherd proves *.

6 The ſword of God ſhall break his arm,
A blaſt ſhall blind his eye;
His word ſhall have no pow'r to warm,
His gifts ſhall all grow dry.

7 O Lord, avert this heavy woe,
Let all thy ſhepherds ſay!
And grace, and ſtrength, on each beſtow,
To labour while 'tis day.

LI. *Prayer for a Revival.*

1 SAVIOUR, viſit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to deſolation,
Unleſs thou return again:
Keep no longer at a diſtance,
Shine upon us from on high;
Leſt, for want of thine aſſiſtance,
Ev'ry plant ſhould droop and die.

* Zechariah, x. 17.

2 Surely,

2 Surely, once thy garden flouriſh'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our ſpirits nouriſh'd,
Happy ſeaſons we have ſeen!
But a drought has ſince ſucceeded,
And a ſad decline we ſee;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed;
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are thoſe we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old profeſſors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples to our youth!
Some, in whom we once delighted,
We ſhall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a ſingle leaf they ſhow.

4 Younger plants—the ſight how pleaſant,
Cover'd thick with bloſſoms ſtood;
But they cauſe us grief at preſent,
Froſts have nipp'd them in the bud!
Deareſt Saviour, haſten hither,
Thou canſt make them bloom again;
Oh, permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

5 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in pray'rs;
Let each one eſteem'd thy ſervant
Shun the world's bewitching ſnares;
Break the tempter's fatal pow'r,
Turn the ſtony heart to fleſh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afreſh.

LII. *Hoping for a Revival.*

1 MY harp untun'd, and laid aſide,
(To cheerful hours the harp belongs)
My cruel foes, inſulting cry'd,
"Come, ſing us one of Zion's ſongs."

2 Alas!

2 Alas! when ſinners, blindly bold,
At Zion ſcoff, and Zion's King;
When zeal declines and love grows cold,
Is this a day for me to ſing?

3 Time was, whene'er the ſaints I met,
With joy and praiſe my boſom glow'd;
But now, like Eli, ſad I ſit,
And tremble for the ark of God.

4 While thus to grief my ſoul gave way,
To ſee the work of God decline;
Methought I heard my Saviour ſay,
"Diſmiſs thy fears, the ark is mine.

5 Tho' for a time I hide my face,
Rely upon my love and pow'r;
Still wreſtle at a throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

6 Take down thy long neglected harp,
I've ſeen thy tears, and heard thy pray'r;
The winter ſeaſon has been ſharp,
But ſpring ſhall all its waſtes repair."

7 Lord, I obey; my hopes revive;
Come join with me, ye ſaints, and ſing;
Our foes in vain againſt us ſtrive,
For God will help and healing bring.

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

LIII. C. *Welcome to the Table.*

1 THIS is the feaſt of heav'nly wine,
And God invites to ſup;
The juices of the living vine
Were preſs'd, to fill the cup.

2 Oh bleſs the Saviour, ye that eat,
With royal dainties fed;
Not heav'n affords a coſtlier treat,
For Jeſus is the bread.

3 The vile, the loſt, he calls to them,
Ye trembling ſouls, appear!
The righteous in their own eſteem
Have no acceptance here.

4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuſe
The banquet ſpread for you;
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
Then I may venture too.

5 If guilt and ſin afford a plea,
And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
And I ſhall ſee his face.

LIV. *Chriſt crucified.*

1 WHEN on the croſs my Lord I ſee,
Bleeding to death for wretched me,
Satan and ſin no more can move,
For I am all transform'd to love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart;
In ev'ry groan I bear a part;
I view his wounds with ſtreaming eyes;
But ſee! he bows his head, and dies!

3 Come, ſinners, view the Lamb of God,
Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood!
Behold his ſide, and venture near,
The well of endleſs life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet ſtill my thirſt remains;
Only the fountain-head above
Can ſatisfy the thirſt of love.

5 Oh that I thus could always feel!
Lord, more and more thy love reveal!
Then my glad tongue ſhall loud proclaim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy

6 Thy name diſpels my guilt and fear,
Revives my heart, and charms my ear;
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,
And Satan trembles at the ſound.

LV. C. *Jeſus haſting to ſuffer.*

1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breaſt,
When, haſting to Jeruſalem,
He march'd before the reſt!

2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His ev'ry thought engroſs;
He longs to be baptiz'd with blood *,
He pants to reach the croſs.

3 With all his ſuff'rings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the taſk his ſpirit flew,
'Twas love that urg'd him on.

4 Lord, we return thee what we can!
Our hearts ſhall ſound abroad,
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the riſing God!

5 And while thy bleeding glories here
Engage our wond'ring eyes,
We learn our lighter croſs to bear,
And haſten to the ſkies.

LVI. *It is good to be here.*

1 LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away!
While I ſee him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me!

2 That dear blood, for ſinners ſpilt,
Shews my ſin in all its guilt:
Ah! my ſoul, he bore thy load;
Thou haſt ſlain the Lamb of God.

* Luke, xii. 50.

3 Hark! his dying word, "Forgive,
Father, let the ſinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ranſom freely pay."

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon ſeal'd,
All my ſoft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell, world, thy gold is droſs,
Now I ſee the bleeding croſs;
Jeſus dy'd to ſet me free
From the law, and ſin, and thee!

6 He has dearly bought my ſoul;
Lord, accept, and claim the whole!
To thy will I all reſign,
Now, no more my own, but thine.

LVII. *Looking at the Croſs.*

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by ſhame or fear,
Till a new object ſtruck my ſight,
And ſtopp'd my wild career.

2 I ſaw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his croſs I ſtood.

3 Sure never till my lateſt breath
Can I forget that look;
It ſeem'd to charge me with his death,
Tho' not a word he ſpoke.

4 My conſcience felt, and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in deſpair;
I ſaw my ſins his blood had ſpilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas!

5 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where ſhall my trembling ſoul be hid?
For I the Lord have ſlain.

6 A ſecond look he gave, which ſaid,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ranſom paid,
I die, that thou may'ſt live."

7 Thus, while his death my ſin diſplays
In all its blackeſt hue,
(Such is the myſtery of grace),
It ſeals my pardon too.

8 With pleaſing grief and mournful joy
My ſpirit now is fill'd,
That I ſhould ſuch a life deſtroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

LVIII. *Supplies in the Wilderneſs.*

1 WHEN Iſrael, by divine command,
The pathleſs deſert trod,
They found, tho' 'twas a barren land,
A ſure reſource in God.

2 A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,
And ſcreen'd them from the heat;
From the hard rocks the water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.

3 Like them, we have a reſt in view,
Secure from adverſe pow'rs;
Like them, we paſs a deſert too,
But Iſrael's God is ours.

4 Yes, in this barren wilderneſs
He is to us the ſame,
By his appointed means of grace,
As once he was to them.

5 His word a light before us ſpreads,
By which our path we ſee;
His love a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preſerves us free.

6 Jeſus, the bread of life, is giv'n
To be our daily food;
We drink a wond'rous ſtream from heav'n,
'Tis water, wine, and blood.

7 Lord, 'tis enough, I aſk no more,
Theſe bleſſings are divine;
I envy not the worldling's ſtore,
If Chriſt and heav'n are mine.

LIX. *Communion with the Saints in Glory.*

1 REfreſhed by the bread and wine,
the pledges of our Saviour's love;
Now let our hearts and voices join
In ſongs of praiſe with thoſe above.

2 Do they ſing, "Worthy is the Lamb?"
Altho' we cannot reach their ſtrains,
Yet we, through grace, can ſing the ſame,
For us he dy'd, for us he reigns.

3 If they behold him face to face,
While we a glimpſe can only ſee;
Yet equal debtors to his grace,
As ſafe and as belov'd are we.

4 They had, like us, a ſuff'ring time,
Our cares, and fears, and griefs they knew;
But they have conquer'd all thro' him,
And we ere long ſhall conquer too.

5 Tho' all the ſongs of ſaints in light
Are far beneath his matchleſs worth,
His grace is ſuch, he will not ſlight
The poor attempts of worms on earth.

ON

ON PRAYER.

LX. C. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet
In coming to a mercy-ſeat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r,
But wiſhes to be often there.

2 Pray'r makes the dark'ned cloud withdraw,
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob ſaw,
Gives exerciſe to faith and love,
Brings ev'ry bleſſing from above.

3 Reſtraining pray'r, we ceaſe to fight;
Pray'r makes the Chriſtian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he ſees
The weakeſt ſaint upon his knees.

4 While Moſes ſtood with arms ſpread wide,
Succeſs was found on Iſrael's ſide *;
But when thro' wearineſs they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the ſad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly ſpent,
To Heav'n in ſupplication ſent,
Your chearful ſong would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

LXI. *Power of Prayer.*

1 IN themſelves, as weak as worms,
How can poor believers ſtand,
When temptations, foes, and ſtorms,
Preſs them cloſe on ev'ry hand?

* Exodus, xvii. 11.

2 Weak, indeed, they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace;
And the God who anſwers pray'r
Helps them when they ſeek his face.

3 Tho' the Lord awhile delay,
Succour they at length obtain;
He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wreſtling pray'r can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepeſt ſtraits;
Pray'r can force a paſſage thro'
Iron bars and brazen gates.

5 Hezekiah on his knees
Proud Aſſyria's hoſt ſubdu'd;
And when ſmitten with diſeaſe,
Had his life by pray'r renew'd.

6 Peter, tho' confin'd and chain'd,
Pray'r prevail'd and brought him out;
When Elijah pray'd, it rain'd,
After three long years of drought.

7 We can likewiſe witneſs bear,
That the Lord is ſtill the ſame;
Tho' we fear'd he would not hear,
Suddenly deliverance came.

8 For the wonders he has wrought,
Let us now our praiſes give;
And by ſweet experience taught,
Call upon him while we live.

ON THE SCRIPTURE.

LXII. C. *The Light and Glory of the Word.*

1 THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to ſight;
Precepts and promiſes afford
A ſanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the ſacred page,
Majeſtic like the ſun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it ſtill ſupplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations riſe,
They riſe but never ſet.

4 Let everlaſting thanks be thine,
For ſuch a bright diſplay,
As makes a world of darkneſs ſhine
With beams of heav'nly day.

5 My ſoul rejoices to purſue
The ſteps of him I love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

LXIII. *The Word more precious than Gold.*

1 PRecious Bible! what a treaſure
Does the word of God afford?
All I want for life or pleaſure,
Food and Med'cine, Shield and Sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a ſtranger,
Here my hungry ſoul enjoys;
Of exceſs there is no danger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Chriſt I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed!

3 When my faith is faint and ſickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing Med'cines here I find:
To the promiſes I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of conſolation
Is to me a mighty SHIELD:
While the ſcripture-truths are ſure,
From his malice I'm ſecure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's ſword;
Then with eaſe I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a SWORD for conqueſt made,
Keen the edge, and ſtrong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miſer,
Doating on his golden ſtore?
Sure I am, or ſhould be wiſer,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor:
Jeſus gives me in his word, [SWORD.
FOOD and MED'CINE, SHIELD and

III. PROVIDENCES.

LXIV. *On the Commencement of Hoſtilities in America.*

1 THE gath'ring clouds, with aſpect dark,
A riſing ſtorm preſage;
Oh! to be hid within the ark,
And ſhelter'd from its rage!

2 See the commiſſion'd angel frown *!
That vial in his hand,
Fill'd with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land!

3 Ye ſaints, unite in wreſtling pray'r,
If yet there may be hope;
Who knows but mercy yet may ſpare,
And bid the angel ſtop †?

* Rev. xvi. 1. † 1 Sam. xxiv. 16.

4 Already

4 Already is the plague begun *,
And fir'd with hoſtile rage,
Brethren, by blood and int'reſt one,
With brethren now engage.

5 Peace ſpreads her wings, prepar'd for flight,
And war, with flaming ſword,
And haſty ſtrides, draws nigh, to fight
The battles of the Lord.

6 The firſt alarm, alas, how few,
While diſtant, ſeem to hear!
But they will hear, and tremble too,
When God ſhall ſend it near.

7 So thunder o'er the diſtant hills
Gives but a murm'ring ſound;
But as the tempeſt ſpreads, it fills,
And ſhakes the welkin † round.

8 May we, at leaſt, with one conſent,
Fall low before the throne;
With tears the nation's ſins lament,
The church's, and our own.

9 The humble ſouls who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows;
His mark ſecures them in the day
When vengeance ſtrikes his foes.

FAST-DAY HYMNS.

LXV. *Confeſſion and Prayer.* Dec. 13, 1776.

1 OH may the pow'r which melts the rock
Be felt by all aſſembled here!
Or elſe our ſervice will but mock
The God whom we profeſs to fear!

* Numb. xvi. 46. † Firmament, or Atmoſphere.

2 Lord, while thy judgments ſhake the land,
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee!
We own thy juſt uplifted hand,
Which thouſands cannot, will not ſee.

3 How long haſt thou beſtow'd thy care
On this indulg'd ungrateful ſpot;
While other nations, far and near,
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.

4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
The glorious goſpel brightly ſhone;
And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our cauſe his own.

5 But ah! both heav'n and earth have heard
Our vile requital of his love!
We, whom like children he has rear'd,
Rebels againſt his goodneſs prove *.

6 His grace deſpis'd, his pow'r defy'd,
And legions of the blackeſt crimes,
Profaneneſs, riot, luſt, and pride,
Are ſigns that mark the preſent times.

7 The Lord diſpleas'd, has rais'd his rod;
Ah, where are now the faithful few
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Iſrael ought to do †?

8 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confeſs, and pray;
The nation and thy churches ſpare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

LXVI. *MOSES and AMALEK* ‡.

February 27. 1778.

1 WHILE Joſhua led the armed bands
Of Iſrael forth to war;
Moſes apart with lifted hands
Engag'd in humble pray'r.

* Iſa. i. 2. † 1 Chron. xii. 32. ‡ Exod. xvii. 9.

2 The

2 The armed bands had quickly fail'd,
And periſh'd in the fight,
If Moſes' pray'r had not prevail'd
To put the foes to flight.

3 When Moſes' hands thro' weakneſs dropp'd,
The warriors fainted too;
Iſrael's ſucceſs at once was ſtopp'd,
And Am'lek bolder grew.

4 A people, always prone to boaſt,
Were taught by this ſuſpence,
That not a num'rous armed hoſt,
But God was their defence.

5 We now of fleets and armies vaunt,
And ſhips and men prepare;
But men like Moſes moſt we want,
To ſave the ſtate by pray'r.

6 Yet, Lord, we hope thou haſt prepar'd
A hidden few to-day,
(The nation's ſecret ſtrength and guard),
To weep, and mourn, and pray.

7 O hear their pray'rs, and grant us aid,
Bid war and diſcord ceaſe;
Heal the ſad breach which ſin has made,
And bleſs us all with peace.

LXVII. *The Hiding Place.* Feb. 10. 1779.

1 SEE the gloomy gath'ring cloud,
Hanging o'er a ſinful land!
Sure the Lord proclaims aloud,
Times of trouble are at hand:
Happy they who love his name!
They ſhall always find him near;
Tho' the earth were wrapp'd in flame,
They have no juſt cauſe for fear.

2 Har

2 Hark, his voice, in accents mild,
(Oh, how comforting and ſweet!)
Speaks to every humble child,
Pointing out a ſure retreat!
Come, and in my chambers hide *,
To my ſaints of old well known;
There you ſafely may abide,
Till the ſtorm be overblown.

3 You have only to repoſe
On my wiſdom, love, and care;
When my wrath conſumes my foes,
Mercy ſhall my children ſpare;
While *they* periſh in the flood,
You that bear my holy mark †,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
Shall be ſafe within the ark.

4 Sinners, ſee the ark prepar'd!
Haſte to enter while there's room;
Tho' the Lord his arm has bar'd,
Mercy ſtill retards your doom:
Seek him while there yet is hope,
Ere the day of grace be paſt,
Leſt in wrath he give you up,
And this call ſhould prove your laſt.

LXVIII. *On the Earthquake*, Sept. 8. 1775.

1 ALtho' on maſſy pillars built,
The earth has lately ſhook;
It trembles under Britain's guilt,
Before its Maker's look.

2 Swift as the ſhock amazement ſpreads,
And ſinners tremble too;
What flight can ſcreen their guilty heads,
If earth itſelf purſue?

* Iſaiah, xxvi. 20. † Ezekiel, ix. 4.

3 But

3 But mercy ſpar'd us while it warn'd,
The ſhock is felt no more;
And mercy, now, alas! is ſcorn'd
By ſinners, as before.

4 But if theſe warnings prove in vain,
Say, ſinner, can'ſt thou tell,
How ſoon the earth may quake again,
And open wide to hell.

5 Repent before the Judge draws nigh;
Or elſe when he comes down,
Thou wilt in vain for earthquakes cry,
To hide thee from his frown *.

6 But happy they who love the Lord,
And his ſalvation know;
The hope that's founded on his word,
No change can overthrow.

7 Should the deep-rooted hills be hurl'd,
And plung'd beneath the ſeas,
And ſtrong convulſions ſhake the world,
Your hearts may reſt in peace.

8 Jeſus, your Shepherd, Lord, and Chief,
Shall ſhelter you from ill;
And not a worm or ſhaking leaf
Can move, but at his will.

LXIX. *On the Fire at Olney.* Sept. 22. 1777.

1 WEaried by day with toil and cares,
How welcome is the peaceful night?
Sweet ſleep our waſted ſtrength repairs,
And fits us for returning light.

2 Yet when our eyes in ſleep are clos'd,
Our reſt may break ere well begun;
To dangers ev'ry hour expos'd
We neither can foreſee nor ſhun.

* Rev. vi. 16.

3 'Tis

3 'Tis of the Lord that we can ſleep
A ſingle night without alarms;
His eye alone our lives can keep
Secure amidſt a thouſand harms.

4 For months and years of ſafety paſt
Ungrateful we, alas! have been;
Tho' patient long, he ſpoke at laſt,
And bid the fire rebuke our ſin.

5 The ſhout of fire! a dreadful cry,
Impreſt each heart with deep diſmay;
While the fierce blaze and red'ning ſky
Made midnight wear the face of day.

6 The throng and terror who can ſpeak?
The various ſounds that fill'd the air!
The infant's wail, the mother's ſhriek,
The voice of blaſphemy and pray'r!

7 But pray'r prevail'd, and ſav'd the town;
The few who lov'd the Saviour's name
Were heard, and mercy haſted down,
To change the wind, and ſtop the flame.

8 Oh, may that night be ne'er forgot!
Lord, ſtill encreaſe thy praying few!
Were Olney left without a Lot,
Ruin like Sodom's would enſue.

LXX. *A Welcome to Chriſtian Friends.*

1 KIndred in Chriſt, for his dear ſake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake,
The joys which only he can give!

2 To you and us by grace 'tis giv'n
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And ſhortly we ſhall meet in heav'n,
Our hope, our way, our end, the ſame.

3 May

3 May he, by whoſe kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications ſweet,
And cauſe our hearts to burn with love!

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Chriſtians ſee each other thus;
We only wiſh to ſpeak of him,
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and ſaid,
And ſuffer'd for us here below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments paſs away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And haſten on the glorious day,
When we ſhall meet to part no more.

LXXI. *At Parting.*

1 AS the ſun's enliv'ning eye
Shines on ev'ry place the ſame;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the ſouls that love his name.

2 When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way;
He is ever with them all,
Thoſe who go, and thoſe who ſtay.

3 From his holy mercy-ſeat
Nothing can their ſouls confine;
Still in ſpirit they may meet,
And in ſweet communion join.

4 For a ſeaſon call'd to part,
Let us then ourſelves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-preſent Friend.

5 Jeſus, hear our humble pray'r!
Tender Shepherd of thy ſheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our ſouls in ſafety keep.

6 In thy ſtrength may we be ſtrong,
Sweeten ev'ry croſs and pain;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

7 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Ebenezers ſhall be rear'd;
And our ſouls ſhall praiſe the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

LXXII. *On the Death of a Believer.*

1 IN vain my fancy ſtrives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that ſurround the ſaints,
When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle ſigh their fetters breaks;
We ſcarce can ſay, "They're gone!"
Before the willing ſpirit takes
Her manſion near the throne.

3 Faith ſtrives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight:
No eye can pierce within the vail
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely bleſt;
Have done with ſin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour reſt.

5 On

5 On harps of gold they praiſe his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us follow'rs be of them,
That we may praiſe him too.

6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their mem'ry dear;
And, Lord, do thou the pray'rs fulfil,
They offer'd for us here!

7 While they have gain'd, we loſers are,
We miſs them day by day;
But thou can'ſt ev'ry breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

8 We pray, as in Eliſha's caſe,
When great Elijah went,
May double portions of thy grace,
To us who ſtay, be ſent.

LXXIII. C. *On the Death of a Miniſter.*

1 HIS maſter taken from his head,
Eliſha ſaw him go;
And, in deſponding accents ſaid,
"Ah, what muſt Iſrael do!"

2 But he forgot the Lord who lifts
The beggar to the throne;
Nor knew that all Elijah's gifts
Will ſoon be made his own.

3 What! when a Paul has run his courſe,
Or when Apollos dies,
Is Iſrael left without reſource?
And have we no ſupplies?

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
We have a boundleſs ſtore,
And ſhall be fed with what he gives,
Who lives for evermore.

LXXIV. *The tolling Bell.*

1 OFT as the bell, with ſolemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a ſoul,
Let each one aſk himſelf, "Am I
Prepar'd, ſhould I be call'd to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preſerves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,
And plung'd into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I muſt go;
Muſt hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlaſting ſtate.

4 But could I bear to hear him ſay,
"Depart, accurſed, far away!
With Satan, in the loweſt hell,
Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

5 Lord Jeſus! help me now to flee,
And ſeek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my ſin, and let me live.

6 Then, when the ſolemn bell I hear,
If ſav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought diſtreſſing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

7 Rather, my ſpirit would rejoice,
And long, and wiſh, to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth reſign,
Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

LXXV. *Hope beyond the Grave.*

1 MY ſoul, this curious houſe of clay,
Thy preſent frail abode,
Muſt quickly fall to worms a prey,
And thou return to God.

2 Can'ſt

2 Can'ſt thou, by faith, ſurvey with joy
The change before it come?
And ſay, "Let death this houſe deſtroy,
I have a heav'nly home!"

3 The Saviour, whom I then ſhall ſee
With new admiring eyes,
Already has prepar'd for me,
A manſion in the ſkies*.

4 I feel this mud-wall'd cottage ſhake,
And long to ſee it fall;
That I my willing flight may take
To him who is my all.

5 Burden'd and groaning then no more,
My reſcu'd ſoul ſhall ſing,
As up the ſhining path I ſoar,
"Death, thou haſt loſt thy ſting."

6 Dear Saviour, help us now to ſeek,
And know thy grace's pow'r;
That we may all this language ſpeak,
Before the dying hour.

LXXVI. *There the Weary are at Reſt.*

1 COurage, my ſoul! behold the prize
The Saviour's love provides;
Eternal life beyond the ſkies
For all whom here he guides.

2 The wicked ceaſe from troubling there,
The weary are at reſt†;
Sorrow, and ſin, and pain, and care,
No more approach the bleſt.

3 A wicked world, and wicked heart,
With Satan now are join'd;
Each acts a too ſucceſsful part
In haraſſing my mind.

* 2 Cor. v. 1. † Job, iii. 17.

4 In

4 In conflict with this threefold troop,
How weary, Lord, am I!
Did not thy promiſe bear me up,
My ſoul muſt faint and die.

5 But fighting in my Saviour's ſtrength,
Tho' mighty are my foes,
I ſhall a conqu'ror be at length
O'er all that can oppoſe.

6 Then why, my ſoul, complain or fear?
The crown of glory ſee!
The more I toil and ſuffer here,
The ſweeter reſt will be.

LXXVII. *The Day of Judgment.*

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful ſound,
Louder than a thouſand thunders,
Shakes the vaſt creation round!
How the ſummons will the ſinners heart
confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majeſty divine!
You who long for his appearing,
Then ſhall ſay, This God is mine! [thine!
Gracious Saviour, own me in that day for

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Riſe to life from earth and ſea:
All the pow'rs of nature ſhaken
By his looks prepare to flee: thee!
Careleſs ſinner, what will then become of

4 Horrors paſt imagination
Will ſurpriſe your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accurſed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan and his angels have thy
part!"

5 Satan,

5 Satan, who now tries to pleaſe you,
Leſt you timely warning take,
When that word is paſt, will ſeize you,
Plunge you in the burning lake:
Think, poor ſinner, thy eternal all's at ſtake.

6 But to thoſe who have confeſſed,
Lov'd and ſerv'd the Lord below,
He will ſay, "Come near, ye bleſſed,
See the kingdom I beſtow:
You for ever ſhall my love and glory know."

7 Under ſorrows and reproaches,
May this thought your courage raiſe!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs ſhall then be chang'd to praiſe: [blaze.
We ſhall triumph when the world is in a

LXXVIII. *The Day of the Lord* *.

1 GOD with one piercing glance looks thro'
Creation's wide-extended frame;
The paſt and future in his view,
And days and ages are the ſame †.

2 Sinners who dare provoke his face,
Who on his patience long preſume,
And trifle out his day of grace,
Will find he has a day of doom.

3 As pangs the lab'ring woman feels,
Or as the thief, in midnight-ſleep;
So comes that day, for which the wheels
Of time their ceaſeleſs motion keep!

4 Hark! from the ſky, the trump proclaims
Jeſus the Judge approaching nigh!
See, the creation wrapt in flames,
Firſt kindled by his vengeful eye!

* Book III. Hymn 4. † 2 Pet. iii. 8.—10.

5 When

5 When thus the mountains melt like wax;
When earth, and air, and ſea, ſhall burn;
When all the frame of nature breaks,
Poor ſinner, whither wilt thou turn?

6 The puny works which feeble men
Now boaſt, or covet, or admire;
Their pomp, and arts, and treaſures, then
Shall periſh in one common fire.

7 Lord, fix our hearts and hopes above!
Since all below to ruin tends;
Here may we truſt, obey, and love,
And there be found amongſt thy friends.

LXXIX. *The great Tribunal* *.

1 JOHN, in viſion, ſaw the day
When the Judge will haſten down:
Heav'n and earth ſhall flee away
From the terror of his frown:
Dead and living, ſmall and great,
Raiſed from the earth and ſea,
At his bar ſhall hear their fate,
What will then become of me?

2 Can I bear his awful looks?
Shall I ſtand in judgment then,
When I ſee the open'd books,
Written by the Almighty's pen?
If he to remembrance bring,
And expoſe to public view,
Ev'ry work and ſecret thing,
Ah, my ſoul, what canſt thou do?

3 When the liſt ſhall be produc'd
Of the talents I enjoy'd;
Means and mercies, how abus'd!
Time and ſtrength, how miſemploy'd!

* Rev. xx. 11. 12.

Conſcience,

Conſcience then, compell'd to read,
Muſt allow the charge is true;
Say, my ſoul, what canſt thou plead
In that hour, what wilt thou do?

4 But the book of life I ſee,
May my name be written there!
Then from guilt and danger free,
Glad I'll meet him in the air:
That's the book I hope to plead,
'Tis the goſpel open'd wide;
Lord, I am a wretch indeed!
I have ſinn'd, but thou haſt dy'd *

5 Now my ſoul knows what to do;
Thus I ſhall with boldneſs ſtand,
Number'd with the faithful few,
Own'd and ſav'd, at thy right hand:
If thou help a feeble worm
To believe thy promiſe now,
Juſtice will at laſt confirm
What thy mercy wrought below.

IV. CREATION.

LXXX. *The Old and New Creation.*

1 THAT was a wonder-working word
Which could the vaſt creation raiſe!
Angels, attendant on their Lord †,
Admir'd the plan, and ſung his praiſe.

2 From what a dark and ſhapeleſs maſs,
All nature ſprang at his command!
Let there be light, and light there was,
And ſun, and ſtars, and ſea, and land.

3 With equal ſpeed the earth and ſeas
Their mighty Maker's voice obey'd;
He ſpake, and ſtrait the plants and trees,
And birds, and beaſts, and man were made.

* Rom. viii. 34. † Job, xxxviii. 7.

4 But man, the lord and crown of all,
By sin his honour soon defac'd;
His heart (how alter'd since the fall!)
Is dark, deform'd, and void, and waste.

5 The new creation of the soul
Does now no less his pow'r display *,
Than when he form'd the mighty whole,
And kindled darkness into day.

6 Tho' self-destroy'd, O Lord, we are,
Yet let us feel what thou canst do;
Thy word the ruin can repair,
And all our hearts create anew.

LXXXI. *The Book of Creation.* C. M

1 THE book of Nature open lies,
With much instruction stor'd;
But till the Lord anoints our eyes,
We cannot read a word.

2 Philosophers have por'd in vain,
And guess'd from age to age;
For Reason's eye could ne'er attain
To understand a page.

3 Tho' to each star they give a name,
Its size and motions teach;
The truths which all the stars proclaim,
Their wisdom cannot reach.

4 With skill to measure earth and sea,
And weigh the subtle air;
They cannot, Lord, discover thee,
Tho' present ev'ry where.

5 The knowledge of the saints excels
The wisdom of the schools;
To them his secrets God reveals,
Tho' men account them fools.

* 2 Cor. iv, 6.

6 To

6 To them the ſun and ſtars on high,
The flow'rs that paint the field *,
And all the artleſs birds that fly,
Divine inſtruction yield.

7 The creatures on their ſenſes preſs,
As witneſſes to prove
Their Saviour's pow'r and faithfulneſs,
His providence and love,

8 Thus may we ſtudy Nature's book,
To make us wiſe indeed!
And pity thoſe who only look
At what they cannot read †.

LXXXII. *The Rainbow.*

1 WHEN the ſun, with chearful beams,
Smiles upon a low'ring ſky,
Soon its aſpect ſoft'ned ſeems,
And a rainbow meets the eye:
While the ſky remains ſerene,
This bright arch is never ſeen.

2 Thus the Lord's ſupporting pow'r
Brighteſt to his ſaints appears,
When Affliction's threat'ning hour
Fills their ſky with clouds and fears:
He can wonders then perform,
Paint a rainbow on the ſtorm ‡.

3 All their graces doubly ſhine,
When their troubles preſs them ſore;
And the promiſes divine
Give them joys unknown before:
As the colours of the bow
To the cloud their brightneſs owe.

4 Favour'd John a rainbow ſaw ‖,
Circling round the throne above;
Hence the ſaints a pledge may draw
Of unchanging cov'nant love:

* Matth. vi. 26.—28. † Rom. i. 20. ‡ Gen. ix. 14.
‖ Rev. iv. 3.

Clouds awhile may intervene,
But the bow will ſtill be ſeen.

LXXXIII. *Thunder.*

1 WHEN a black o'erſpreading cloud
Has dark'ned all the air,
And peals of thunder, roaring loud,
Proclaim the tempeſt near;

2 Then guilt and fear, the fruits of ſin,
The ſinner oft purſue;
A louder ſtorm is heard within,
And conſcience thunders too.

3 The law a fiery language ſpeaks,
His danger he perceives;
Like Satan, who his ruin ſeeks,
He trembles and believes.

4 But when the ſky ſerene appears,
And thunders roll no more,
He ſoon forgets his vows and fears,
Juſt as he did before.

5 But whither ſhall the ſinner flee,
When Nature's mighty frame,
The pond'rous earth, and air, and ſea*,
Shall all diſſolve in flame?

6 Amazing day! it comes apace!
The Judge is haſting down!
Will ſinners bear to ſee his face,
Or ſtand before his frown?

7 Lord, let thy mercy find a way
To touch each ſtubborn heart;
That they may never hear thee ſay,
"Ye curſed ones, depart."

8 Believers you may well rejoice!
The thunders loudeſt ſtrains
Should be to you a welcome voice,
That tells you, "JESUS REIGNS!"

* 2 Peter iii. 10.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV. *Lightning in the Night.*

1 A Glance from heav'n, with ſweet effect,
Sometimes my penſive ſpirit cheers;
But ere I can my thoughts collect,
As ſuddenly it diſappears.

2 So lightning in the gloom of night
Affords a momentary day;
Diſcloſing objects full in ſight,
Which ſoon as ſeen are ſnatch'd away.

3 Ah! what avail theſe pleaſing ſcenes!
They do but aggravate my pain;
While darkneſs quickly intervenes,
And ſwallows up my joys again.

4 But ſhall I murmur at relief?
Tho' ſhort, it was a precious view,
Sent to controul my unbelief,
And prove that what I read is true.

5 The lightning's flaſh did not create
The op'ning proſpect it reveal'd;
But only ſhew'd the real ſtate
Of what the darkneſs had conceal'd.

6 Juſt ſo, we by a glimpſe diſcern
The glorious things within the vail;
That, when in darkneſs, we may learn
To live by faith, till light prevail.

7 The Lord's great day will ſoon advance,
Diſperſing all the ſhades of night;
Then we no more ſhall need a glance,
But ſee by an eternal light.

LXXXV. *On the Eclipſe of the Moon, July 30. 1776.*

1 THE moon in ſilver glory ſhone,
And not a cloud in ſight,
When ſuddenly a ſhade begun
To intercept her light.

2 How faſt acroſs her orb it ſpread,
How faſt her light withdrew!
A circle, ting'd with languid red,
Was all appear'd in view.

3 While many, with unmeaning eye,
Gaze on thy works in vain,
Aſſiſt me, Lord, that I may try
Inſtruction to obtain.

4 Fain would my thankful heart and lips
Unite in praiſe to thee,
And meditate on thy eclipſe,
In ſad Gethſemane.

5 Thy people's guilt, a heavy load,
(When ſtanding in their room),
Depriv'd thee of the light of God,
And fill'd thy ſoul with gloom.

6 How punctually eclipſes move,
Obedient to thy will!
Thus ſhall thy faithfulneſs and love
Thy promiſes fulfil.

7 Dark, like the moon without the ſun,
I mourn thine abſence, Lord!
For light or comfort I have none
But what thy beams afford.

8 But, lo! the hour draws near apace,
When changes ſhall be o'er;
Then I ſhall ſee thee face to face,
And be eclips'd no more.

LXXXVI. *Moon-light.*

1 THE moon has but a borrow'd light,
A faint and feeble ray;
She owes her beauty to the night,
And hides herſelf by day.

2 No chearing warmth her beam conveys,
Tho' pleaſing to behold;
We might upon her brightneſs gaze
Till we were ſtarv'd with cold.

3 Juſt ſuch is all the light to man
Which reaſon can impart;
It cannot ſhew one object plain,
Nor warm the frozen heart.

4 Thus moon-light views of truth divine
To many fatal prove;
For what avail in gifts to ſhine *,
Without a ſpark of love!

5 The goſpel, like the ſun at noon,
Affords a glorious light;
Then fallen reaſon's boaſted moon
Appears no longer bright.

6 And grace not light alone beſtows,
But adds a quick'ning pow'r;
The deſert bloſſoms like the roſe †,
And ſin prevails no more.

LXXXVII. *The Sea* ‡.

1 IF for a time the air be calm,
Serene and ſmooth the ſea appears,
And ſhews no danger to alarm
The unexperienc'd landſman's fears;

2 But if the tempeſt once ariſe,
The faithleſs water ſwells and raves;
Its billows, foaming to the ſkies,
Diſcloſe a thouſand threat'ning graves.

3 My untry'd heart thus ſeem'd to me
(So little of myſelf I knew)
Smooth as the calm unruffled ſea,
But, ah! it prov'd as treach'rous too!

* 1 Cor. xiii. 1. † Iſaiah, xxxv. 1.
‡ Book I. Hymn 115.

4 The peace of which I had a taſte
When Jeſus firſt his love reveal'd,
I fondly hop'd would always laſt,
Because my foes were then conceal'd.

5 But when I felt the tempter's pow'r
Rouſe my corruptions from their ſleep,
I trembled at the ſtormy hour,
And ſaw the horrors of the deep.

6 Now on preſumption's billows borne,
My ſpirit ſeem'd the Lord to dare;
Now, quick as thought, a ſudden turn
Plung'd me in gulphs of black deſpair.

7 Lord, ſave me, or I ſink, I pray'd;
He heard, and bid the tempeſt ceaſe;
The angry waves his word obey'd,
And all my fears were huſh'd to peace.

8 The peace is his, and not my own,
My heart (no better than before)
Is ſtill to dreadful changes prone,
Then let me never truſt it more.

LXXXVIII. *The Flood.*

1 THO' ſmall the drops of falling rain,
If one be ſingly view'd;
Collected, they o'erſpread the plain,
And form a mighty flood.

2 The houſe it meets with in its courſe
Should not be built on clay,
Leſt, with a wild reſiſtleſs force,
It ſweep the whole away.

3 Tho' for awhile it ſeem'd ſecure,
It will not bear the ſhock,
Unleſs it has foundations ſure,
And ſtands upon a rock.

4 Thus ſinners think their evil deeds,
Like drops of rain, are ſmall;
But if the pow'r of thought exceeds,
To count the ſum of all.

5 One ſin can raiſe, tho' ſmall it ſeems,
A flood to drown the ſoul;
What then, when countleſs million ſtreams
Shall join to ſwell the whole.

6 Yet, while they think the weather fair,
If warn'd, they ſmile or frown;
But they will tremble and deſpair,
When the fierce flood comes down.

7 Oh! then on Jeſus ground your hope,
That ſtone in Zion laid *;
Leſt your poor building quickly drop,
With ruin, on your head.

LXXXIX. *The Thaw.*

1 THE ice and ſnow we lately ſaw,
Which cover'd all the ground,
Are melted ſoon before the thaw,
And can no more be found.

2 Could all the art of man ſuffice
To move away the ſnow,
To clear the rivers from the ice,
Or make the waters flow?

3 No, 'tis the work of God alone;
An emblem of the pow'r
By which he melts the heart of ſtone
In his appointed hour.

4 All outward means, till he appears,
Will ineffectual prove;
Tho' much the ſinner ſees and hears,
He cannot learn to love.

* Matth. vii. 24.; 1 Peter, ii. 6.

5 But let the ſtouteſt ſinner feel
The ſoft'ning warmth of grace,
Tho' hard as ice, or rocks, or ſteel,
His heart diſſolves apace.

6 Seeing the blood which Jeſus ſpilt,
To ſave his ſoul from woe,
His hatred, unbelief, and guilt,
All melt away like ſnow.

7 Jeſus, we in thy name entreat,
Reveal thy gracious arm;
And grant thy Spirit's kindly heat,
Our frozen hearts to warm.

XC. *The Loadſtone.*

1 AS needles point towards the pole,
When touch'd by the magnetic ſtone;
So faith in Jeſus gives the ſoul
A tendency before unknown.

2 Till then, by blinded paſſions led,
In ſearch of fancy'd good we range;
The paths of diſappointment tread,
To nothing fix'd, but love of change.

3 But when the Holy Ghoſt imparts
A knowledge of the Saviour's love,
Our wand'ring, weary, reſtleſs hearts,
Are fix'd at once, no more to move.

4 Now a new principle takes place,
Which guides and animates the will;
This love, another name for grace,
Conſtrains to good, and bars from ill.

5 By love's pure light we ſoon perceive
Our nobleſt bliſs and proper end;
And gladly ev'ry idol leave,
To love and ſerve our Lord and Friend.

6 Thus

6 Thus borne along by faith and hope,
We feel the Saviour's words are true;
"And I, if I be lifted up *,
Will draw the ſinner upward too."

XCI. *The Spider and Bee.*

1 ON the ſame flow'r we often ſee
The lothſome ſpider and the bee;
But what they get by working there
Is diff'rent as their natures are.

2 The bee a ſweet reward obtains,
And honey well repays his pains;
Home to the hive he bears the ſtore,
And then returns in queſt of more.

3 But no ſweet flow'rs that grace the field
Can honey to the ſpider yield;
A cobweb all that he can ſpin,
And poiſon all he ſtores within.

4 Thus in that ſacred field, the Word,
With flow'rs of God's own planting ſtor'd,
Like bees his children feed and thrive,
And bring home honey to the hive.

5 There, ſpider like, the wicked come,
And ſeem to taſte the ſweet perfume;
But the vile venom of their hearts
To poiſon all their food converts.

6 From the ſame truths believers prize,
They weave vain refuges of lies;
And from the promiſe licence draw,
To trifle with the holy law.

7 Lord, ſhall thy word of life and love
The means of death to numbers prove!
Unleſs thy grace our hearts renew †,
We ſink to hell, with heav'n in view.

* John, xii. 32. † Book III. Hymn 71.

XCII. *The Bee ſaved from the Spider.*

1 THE ſubtle ſpider often weaves
His unſuſpected ſnares
Among the balmy flow'rs and leaves,
To which the bee repairs.

2 When in his web he ſees one hang,
With a malicious joy,
He darts upon it with his fang,
To poiſon and deſtroy.

3 How welcome then ſome pitying friend,
To ſave the threaten'd bee!
The ſpider's treach'rous web to rend,
And ſet the captive free!

4 My ſoul has been in ſuch a caſe:
When firſt I knew the Lord,
I haſted to the means of grace,
Where ſweets I knew were ſtor'd.

5 Little I thought of danger near,
That ſoon my joys would ebb;
But ah! I met a ſpider there,
Who caught me in his web.

6 Then Satan rais'd his pois'nous ſting,
And aim'd his blows at me;
While I, poor helpleſs trembling thing,
Could neither fight nor flee.

7 But oh! the Saviour's pitying eye
Reliev'd me from deſpair;
He ſaw me at the point to die
And broke the fatal ſnare.

8 My caſe his heedleſs ſaints ſhould warn,
Or cheer them if afraid;
May you from me your danger learn,
And where to look for aid.

XCIII. *The Tamed Lion.*

1 A Lion, tho' by nature wild,
The art of man can tame;
He ſtands before his keeper, mild,
And gentle as a lamb.

2 He watches, with ſubmiſſive eye,
The hand that gives him food,
As if he meant to teſtify
A ſenſe of gratitude.

3 But man himſelf, who thus ſubdues
The fierceſt beaſts of prey,
A nature more unfeeling ſhews,
And far more fierce than they.

4 Tho' by the Lord preſerv'd and fed,
He proves rebellious ſtill;
And while he eats his Maker's bread,
Reſiſts his holy will.

5 Alike in vain, of grace that ſaves,
Or threat'ning law, he hears:
The ſavage ſcorns, blaſphemes, and raves,
But neither loves nor fears.

6 O Saviour! how thy wond'rous pow'r
By angels is proclaim'd!
When in thine own appointed hour,
They ſee this lion tam'd.

7 The love thy bleeding croſs diſplays,
The hardeſt heart ſubdues;
Here furious lions while they gaze,
Their rage and fierceneſs loſe *.

8 Yet we are but renew'd in part,
The lion ſtill remains;
Lord, drive him wholly from my heart,
Or keep him faſt in chains.

* Iſaiah, xi. 6.

XCIV.

XCIV. *Sheep.*

1 THE Saviour calls his people ſheep,
And bids them on his love rely;
For he alone their ſouls can keep,
And he alone their wants ſupply.

2 The bull can fight, the hare can flee,
The ant, in ſummer, food prepare;
But helpleſs ſheep, and ſuch are we,
Depend upon the Shepherd's care.

3 Jehovah is our Shepherd's name *,
Then what have we, tho' weak, to fear?
Our ſin and folly we proclaim,
If we deſpond while he is near.

4 When Satan threatens to devour,
When troubles preſs on ev'ry ſide,
Think of our Shepherd's care and pow'r,
He can defend, he will provide.

5 See the rich paſtures of his grace,
Where, in full ſtreams, ſalvation flows!
There he appoints our reſting place,
And we may feed, ſecure from foes.

6 There, 'midſt the flock, the Shepherd dwells,
The ſheep around in ſafety lie;
The wolf, in vain, with malice ſwells,
For he protects them with his eye †.

7 Dear Lord, if I am one of thine,
From anxious thoughts I would be free;
To truſt, and love, and praiſe, is mine,
The care of all belongs to thee.

XCV. *The Garden.*

1 A Garden contemplation ſuits,
And may inſtruction yield,
Sweeter than all the flow'rs and fruits
With which the ſpot is fill'd.

* Pſalm, xxiii 1. † Micah, v. 4.

2 Eden

2 Eden was Adam's dwelling place,
While bleſt with innocence;
But ſin o'erwhelm'd him with diſgrace,
And drove the rebel thence.

3 Oft as the garden-walk we tread,
We ſhould bemoan his fall;
The treſpaſs of our legal head
In ruin plung'd us all.

4 The garden of Gethſemane
The ſecond Adam law,
Oppreſs'd with woe, to ſet us free
From the avenging law.

5 How ſtupid we, who can forget,
With gardens in our ſight,
His agonies and bloody ſweat,
In that tremendous night!

6 His church as a fair garden ſtands,
Which walls of love incloſe;
Each tree is planted by his hands *,
And by his bleſſing grows.

7 Believing hearts are gardens too,
For grace has ſown its ſeeds,
Where once, by nature, nothing grew
But thorns and worthleſs weeds.

8 Such themes to thoſe who Jeſus love,
May conſtant joys afford,
And make a barren deſert prove
The garden of the Lord.

XCVI. *For a Garden Seat or Summer-Houſe.*

1 A Shelter from the rain or wind †,
A ſhade from ſcorching heat,
A reſting place you here may find,
To eaſe your weary feet.

* Iſaiah, lxi. 3. † Iſaiah, xxxii. 2.

2 Enter,

2 Enter, but with a ſerious thought
Conſider who is near!
This is a conſecrated ſpot,
The Lord is preſent here!

3 A queſtion of the utmoſt weight,
While reading, meets your eye;
May conſcience witneſs to your ſtate,
And give a true reply!

4 Is Jeſus to your heart reveal'd,
As full of truth and grace?
And is his name your hope and ſhield,
Your reſt and hiding-place?

5 If ſo, for all events prepar'd,
Whatever ſtorms may riſe,
He, whom you love, will ſafely guard,
And guide you to the ſkies.

6 No burning ſun, or ſtorm, or rain,
Will there your peace annoy;
No ſin, temptation, grief, or pain,
Intrude to damp your joy.

7 But if his name you have not known,
Oh, ſeek him while you may!
Leſt you ſhould meet his awful frown,
In that approaching day.

8 When the avenging Judge you ſee,
With terrors on his brow,
Where can you hide, or whither flee,
If you reject him now?

XCVII. *The Creatures in the Lord's Hands.*

1 THE water ſtood like walls of braſs,
To let the ſons of Iſrael paſs *;
And from the rock in rivers burſt †,
At Moſes' prayer, to quench their thirſt.

* Exod. xiv. 22. † Numb. xx. 11.

2 The

1 The fire reſtrain'd by God's commands,
Could only burn his people's bands*,
Too faint, when he was with them there,
To ſinge their garments or their hair.

At Daniel's feet the lions lay †
Like harmleſs lambs, nor touch'd their prey;
And ravens, which on carrion fed,
Procur'd Elijah fleſh and bread.

4 Thus creatures only can fulfil
Their great Creator's holy will;
And when his ſervants need their aid,
His purpoſes muſt be obey'd.

5 So if his bleſſing he refuſe,
Their pow'r to help they quickly loſe;
Sure as on creatures we depend,
Our hopes in diſappointment end.

6 Then let us truſt the Lord alone,
And creature-confidence diſown,
Nor if they threaten need we fear;
They cannot hurt if he be near.

7 If inſtruments of pain they prove,
Still they are guided by his love;
As lancets by the ſurgeon's ſkill,
Which wound to cure, and not to kill.

XCVIII. *On Dreaming.*

1 WHEN ſlumber ſeals our weary eyes,
The buſy fancy wakeful keeps;
The ſcenes which then before us riſe,
Prove, ſomething in us never ſleeps.

2 As in another world we ſeem,
A new creation of our own;
All appears real, tho' a dream,
And all familiar, tho' unknown.

* Daniel, iii. 27. † Daniel, vi. 23.

3 Sometimes

3 Sometimes the mind beholds again
The paſt day's buſ'neſs in review;
Reſumes the pleaſure or the pain,
And ſometimes all we meet is new.

4 What ſchemes we form, what pains we take!
We fight, we run, we fly, we fall;
But all is ended when we wake,
We ſcarcely then a trace recall.

5 But tho' our dreams are often wild;
Like clouds before the driving ſtorm;
Yet ſome important may be ſty'd,
Sent to admoniſh or inform.

6 What mighty agents have acceſs,
What friends from heav'n, or foes from hell,
Our minds to comfort or diſtreſs,
When we are ſleeping, who can tell?

7 One thing, at leaſt, and 'tis enough,
We learn from this ſurpriſing fact;
Our dreams afford ſufficient proof,
The ſoul, without the fleſh, can act.

8 This life, which mortals ſo eſteem,
That many chooſe it for their all,
They will confeſs, was but a dream*;
When waken'd by death's awful call.

XCIX. *The World.*

1 SEE, the world for youth prepares,
Harlot-like, her gaudy ſnares!
Pleaſures round her ſeem to wait,
But 'tis all a painted cheat.

2 Raſh and unſuſpecting youth
Thinks to find thee always ſmooth,
Always kind, till better taught,
By experience dearly bought.

* Iſaiah, xxix. 8.

3 So

3 So the calm, but faithleſs ſea
(Lively emblem, world, of thee)
Tempts the ſhepherd from the ſhore,
Foreign regions to explore.

4 While no wrinkled wave is ſeen,
While the ſky remains ſerene,
Fill'd with hopes, and golden ſchemes,
Of a ſtorm he little dreams.

5 But ere long the tempeſt raves,
Then he trembles at the waves;
Wiſhes then he had been wiſe,
But too late—he ſinks and dies.

6 Hapleſs thus, are they, vain world,
Soon on rocks of ruin hurl'd,
Who admiring thee, untry'd,
Court thy pleaſure, wealth, or pride.

7 Such a ſhipwreck had been mine,
Had not Jeſus (Name Divine!)
Sav'd me with a mighty hand,
And reſtor'd my ſoul to land.

8 Now, with gratitude I raiſe
Ebenezers to his praiſe;
Now my raſh purſuits are o'er,
I can truſt thee, world, no more.

C. *The Enchantment diſſolved.*

1 BLinded in youth by Satan's arts,
The world to our unpractis'd hearts
A flatt'ring proſpect ſhows;
Our fancy forms a thouſand ſchemes
Of gay delights, and golden dreams,
And undiſturb'd repoſe.

2 So in the deſert's dreary waſte,
By magic pow'r produc'd in haſte,

As

(As ancient fables ſay)
Caſtles, and groves, and muſic ſweet,
The ſenſes of the trav'ller meet,
And ſtop him in his way.

3 But while he liſtens with ſurpriſe,
The charm diſſolves, the viſion dies,
'Twas but enchanted ground:
Thus if the Lord our ſpirit touch,
The world, which promis'd us ſo much,
A wilderneſs is found.

4 At firſt we ſtart, and feel diſtreſs'd,
Convinc'd we never can have reſt
In ſuch a wretched place;
But he whoſe mercy breaks the charm,
Reveals his own almighty arm,
And bids us ſeek his face.

5 Then we begin to live indeed,
When from our ſin and bondage freed
By this beloved Friend;
We follow him from day to day,
Aſſur'd of grace thro' all the way,
And glory at the end.

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OLNEY HYMNS, &c.

BOOK III.

On the Riſe, Progreſs, Changes, and Comforts of the Spiritual Life.

(Under the following Heads.)

I. Solemn Addreſſes to Sinners.
II. Seeking, Pleading, Hoping.
III. Conflict.
IV. Comfort.
V. Dedication and Surrender.
VI. Cautions.
VII. Praiſe.
VIII. Short Hymns.
Before Sermon.
After Sermon.
Gloria Patri.

I. Solemn Addreſſes to Sinners.

HYMN I.

Expoſtulation.

1 NO words can declare,
No fancy can paint,
What rage and deſpair,
What hopeleſs complaint,
Fill Satan's dark dwelling,
The priſon beneath;
What weeping and yelling,
And gnaſhing of teeth!

2 Yet ſinners will chooſe
This dreadful abode;
Each madly purſues
The dangerous road;

Tho'

Tho' God give them warning,
They onward will go,
They anſwer with ſcorning,
And ruſh upon woe.

3 How ſad to behold
The rich and the poor,
The young and the old,
All blindly ſecure!
All poſting to ruin,
Refuſing to ſtop;
Ah! think what you're doing,
While yet there is hope!

4 How weak is your hand,
To fight with the Lord!
How can you withſtand
The edge of his ſword?
What hope of eſcaping
For thoſe who oppoſe,
When hell is wide gaping
To ſwallow his foes!

5 How oft have you dar'd
The Lord to his face!
Yet ſtill you are ſpar'd
To hear of his grace;
Oh pray for repentance
And life-giving faith,
Before the juſt ſentence
Conſign you to death.

6 It is not too late
To Jeſus to flee,
His mercy is great,
His pardon is free!
His blood has ſuch virtue
For all that believe,
That nothing can hurt you,
If him you receive.

II. *Alarm.*

1 STOP, poor ſinner! ſtop and think
Before you farther go!
Will you ſport upon the brink
Of everlaſting woe?
Once again, I charge you, ſtop!
For, unleſs you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake!

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppoſe?
Fear you not that iron rod
With which he breaks his foes?
Can you ſtand in that dread day,
When he judgment ſhall proclaim,
And the earth ſhall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with deſpair:
All your ſins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimſon dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Tho' your heart be made of ſteel,
Your forehead lin'd with braſs,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you paſs:
Sinners then in vain will call,
(Tho' they now deſpiſe his grace),
Rocks and mountains on us fall *,
And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope
You may his mercy know;
Tho' his arm is lifted up,
He ſtill forbears the blow:

* Rev. vi. 16.

'Twas for ſinners Jeſus dy'd,
Sinners he invites to come;
None who come ſhall be deny'd,
He ſays, "There ſtill is room*."

III. *We were once as you are.*

1 SHall men pretend to pleaſure
Who never knew the Lord?
Can all the worldling's treaſure
True peace of mind afford?
They ſhall obtain this jewel
In what their hearts deſire,
When they by adding fuel
Can quench the flame of fire.

2 Till you can bid the ocean,
When furious tempeſts roar †,
Forget its wonted motion,
And rage and ſwell no more:
In vain your expectation
To find content in ſin;
Or freedom from vexation,
While paſſions reign within.

3 Come turn your thoughts to Jeſus,
If you would good poſſeſs;
'Tis he alone that frees us
From guilt and from diſtreſs:
When he by faith is preſent,
The ſinners troubles ceaſe;
His ways are truly pleaſant ‡,
And all his paths are peace.

4 Our time in ſin we waſted,
And fed upon the wind;
Until his love we taſted,
No comfort could we find:
But now we ſtand to witneſs
His pow'r and grace to you;
May you perceive its fitneſs,
And call upon him too!

* Luke, xiv. 22. † Iſaiah, lvii. 20. 21. ‡ Prov. iii. 17.

5 Our

5 Our pleaſure and our duty,
Tho' oppoſite before,
Since we have ſeen his beauty,
Are join'd to part no more:
It is our higheſt pleaſure,
No leſs than duty's call,
To love him beyond meaſure,
And ſerve him with our all.

IV. *Prepare to meet GOD.*

1 SInner, art thou ſtill ſecure?
Wilt thou ſtill refuſe to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?
See, his mighty arm is bar'd!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment ſtand prepar'd,
Thou muſt either break or bow.

2 At his preſence nature ſhakes,
Earth affrighted haſtes to flee,
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?
Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your ſhame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Then the rich, the great, the wiſe,
Trembling, guilty, ſelf-condemn'd,
Muſt behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blaſphem'd:
Where are now their haughty looks?
Oh their horror and deſpair!
When they ſee the open'd books,
And their dreadful ſentence hear!

4 Lord, prepare us by thy grace!
Soon we muſt reſign our breath;
And our ſouls be call'd, to paſs
Thro' the iron gate of death:

Let us now our day improve,
Liſten to the goſpel-voice;
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

5 Oh! when fleſh and heart ſhall fail
Let thy love our ſpirits cheer,
Strength'ned thus we ſhall prevail
Over Satan, ſin, and fear:
Truſting in thy precious name,
May we thus our journey end;
Then our foes ſhall looſe their aim,
And the Judge will be our friend.

V. *Invitation.*

1 SInners, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is paſſing by;
He has ſeen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry.
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to ſave thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come
And tell him all thy caſe?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face:
Wilt thou fear Emmanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who to ſave thy ſoul from hell,
Has ſhed his precious blood?

3 Think, how on the croſs he hung,
Pierc'd with a thouſand wounds!
Hark, from each as with a tongue
The voice of pardon ſounds!
See, from all his burſting veins,
Blood, of wond'rous virtue, flow!
Shed to waſh away thy ſtains,
And ranſom thee from woe.

4 Tho'

4 Tho' his majeſty be great,
His mercy is no leſs;
Tho' he thy trangreſſions hate,
He feels for thy diſtreſs:
By himſelf the Lord has ſworn,
He delights not in thy death *;
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'ſt live by faith.

5 Raiſe thy downcaſt eyes and ſee
What throngs his throne ſurround!
Theſe, tho' ſinners once like thee,
Have full ſalvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief!
While he ſays, "There yet is room;"
Tho' of ſinners thou art chief,
Since Jeſus calls thee, come.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 75. 91.
Book II. Hymn 1. 2. 3. 4. 6. 35. 77. 78. 83.

II. Seeking, Pleading, and Hoping.

VI. *The Burdened Sinner.*

1 AH! what can I do,
Or where be ſecure!
If Juſtice purſue
What heart can endure!
The heart breaks aſunder,
Tho' hard as a ſtone,
When God ſpeaks in thunder,
And makes himſelf known.

* Ezekiel, xxxiii. 11.

2 With terror I read
My ſins heavy ſcore,
The number exceed
The ſands on the ſhore;
Guilt makes me unable
To ſtand or to flee;
So Cain murder'd Abel,
And trembled like me.

3 Each ſin, like his blood,
With a terrible cry,
Calls loudly on God
To ſtrike from on high:
Nor can my repentance
Extorted by fear,
Reverſe the juſt ſentence,
'Tis juſt, tho' ſevere.

4 The caſe is too plain,
I have my own choice;
Again, and again,
I ſlighted his voice;
His warnings neglected,
His patience abus'd,
His goſpel rejected,
His mercy refus'd,

5 And muſt I then go,
For ever to dwell
In torments and woe
With devils in hell!
Oh where is the Saviour
I ſcorn'd in times paſt?
His word in my favour
Would ſave me at laſt.

6 Lord Jeſus, on thee
I venture to call,
Oh look upon me
The vileſt of all!

For

For whom didſt thou languiſh,
And bleed on the tree?
Oh pity my anguiſh,
And ſay, "'Twas for thee."

7 A caſe ſuch as mine
Will honour thy pow'r;
All hell will repine,
All heav'n will adore;
If in condemnation
Strict juſtice takes place,
It ſhines in ſalvation
More glorious thro' grace.

VII. *Behold, I am vile!*

1 O Lord, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
How can I dare to venture nigh
With ſuch a load of ſin?

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in ev'ry part,
What evils do I ſee!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And liſp thy holy name,
My thoughts are hurry'd ſoon away,
I know not where I am.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkneſs fills my mind,
I only read a ſealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy goſpel oft I hear,
But hear it ſtill in vain;
Without deſire, or love, or fear,
I like a ſtone remain.

6 Myſelf can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine;
How hateful then muſt it appear
To thoſe pure eyes of thine?

7 And muſt I then indeed
Sink in deſpair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didſt bleed
For ſuch a wretch as I.

8 That blood which thou haſt ſpilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanſe the vileſt ſinner's guilt,
And ſoften hearts of ſtone.

9 Low at thy feet I bow,
Oh pity and forgive;
Here will I lie, and wait till thou
Shalt bid me riſe and live.

VIII. C. *The ſhining Light.*

1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In treſpaſſes and ſins.

2 Ah whither ſhall I fly!
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims deſtruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But ſure a friendly whiſper ſays,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I ſee, or think I ſee,
A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that ſhines for me,
To ſave me from deſpair.

5 Fore-

5 Fore-runner of the ſun *,
It marks the Pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the riſing day.

IX. *Encouragement.*

1 MY ſoul is beſet
With grief and diſmay,
I owe a vaſt debt,
And nothing can pay:
I muſt go to priſon,
Unleſs that dear Lord,
Who dy'd and is riſen,
His pity afford.

2 The death that he dy'd,
The blood that he ſpilt,
To ſinners apply'd,
Diſcharge from all guilt:
This great interceſſor
Can give. if he pleaſe,
The vileſt tranſgreſſor
Immediate releaſe.

3 When nail'd to the tree,
He anſwer'd the pray'r
Of one, who like me,
Was nigh to deſpair †;
He did not upbraid him
With all he had done,
But inſtantly made him
A ſaint and a ſon.

4 The jailor, I read,
A pardon receiv'd ‡:
And how was he freed?
He only believ'd:

* Pſalm, cxxx. 6. † Luke, xxiii. 43. ‡ Acts, xvi. 31.

His caſe mine reſembled,
Like me he was foul,
Like me too he trembled,
But faith made him whole.

5 Tho' Saul in his youth,
To madneſs enrag'd,
Againſt the Lord's truth
And people engag'd;
Yet Jeſus, the Saviour,
Whom long he revil'd *,
Receiv'd him to favour,
And made him a child.

6 A foe to all good,
In wickedneſs ſkill'd,
Manaſſeh, with blood,
Jeruſalem fill'd †;
In evil long harden'd,
The Lord he defy'd;
Yet he too was pardon'd,
When mercy he cry'd.

7 Of ſinners the chief,
And viler than all,
The jailor or thief,
Manaſſeh or Saul:
Since they were forgiv'n
Why ſhould I deſpair,
While Chriſt is in heav'n,
And ſtill anſwers pray'r?

X. *The waiting Soul.*

1 BReathe from the gentle South, O Lord,
And cheer me from the North;
Blow on the treaſures of thy Word,
And call the ſpices forth!

* 1 Tim. i. 16. † 2 Chron. xxxiii. 12. 13.

2 I wiſh, thou know'ſt, to be reſign'd,
And wait with patient hope;
But hope delay'd fatigues the mind,
And drinks the ſpirits up.

3 Help me to reach the diſtant goal,
Confirm my feeble knee,
Pity the ſickneſs of a ſoul
That faints for love of thee.

4 Cold as I feel this heart of mine,
Yet ſince I *feel* it ſo,
It yields ſome hope of life divine
Within, however low.

5 I ſeem forſaken and alone,
I hear the lion roar;
And ev'ry door is ſhut but one,
And that is mercy's door.

6 There, till the dear Deliv'rer come,
I'll wait with humble pray'r;
And when he calls his exile home,
The Lord ſhall find him there.

XI. *The Effort.*

1 CHEER up, my ſoul, there is a mercy-ſeat
Sprinkled with blood, where Jeſus anſwers pray'r;
There humbly caſt thyſelf beneath his feet,
For never needy ſinner periſh'd there.

2 Lord, I am come! thy promiſe is my plea,
Without thy word I durſt not venture nigh;
But thou haſt call'd the burden'd ſoul to thee,
A weary burden'd ſoul, O Lord, am I!

3 Bow'd down beneath a heavy load of ſin,
By Satan's fierce temptations ſorely preſt,
Beſet without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint I come to thee for reſt.

4 Be thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place,
I know no force can tear me from thy ſide;
Unmov'd I then may all accuſers face,
And anſwer ev'ry charge, with "Jeſus dy'd."

5 Yes, thou didſt weep, and bleed, and groan, and die,
Well haſt thou known what fierce temptations mean;
Such was thy love; and now, enthron'd on high,
The ſame compaſſions in thy boſom reign.

6 Lord, give me faith—he hears—what grace is this!
Dry up thy tears, my ſoul, and ceaſe to grieve:
He ſhews me what he did, and who he is,
I muſt, I will, I can, I do believe.

XII. *The Effort—in another Meaſure.*

1 Approach, my ſoul, the mercy-ſeat
Where Jeſus anſwers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can periſh there.

2 Thy promiſe is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou calleſt burden'd ſouls to thee,
And ſuch, O Lord, am I.

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of ſin,
By Satan ſorely preſt;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for reſt.

4 Be thou my ſhield and hiding-place!
That, ſhelter'd near thy ſide,
I may my fierce accuſer face,
And tell him, "Thou haſt dy'd."

5 Oh

5 Oh wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the croſs and ſhame,
That guilty ſinners, ſuch as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempeſt-toſſed ſoul, be ſtill,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis Jeſus ſpeaks,—I muſt, I will,
I can, I do believe.

XIII. C. *Seeking the Beloved.*

1 TO thoſe who know the Lord, I ſpeak,
Is my beloved near?
The bridegroom of my ſoul I ſeek,
Oh! when will he appear!

2 Tho' once a man of grief and ſhame,
Yet now he fills a throne,
And bears the greateſt, ſweeteſt name,
That earth or heav'n have known.

3 Grace flies before, and love attends
His ſteps where-e'er he goes;
Tho' none can ſee him but his friends,
And they were once his foes.

4 He ſpeaks—obedient to his call
Our warm affections move;
Did he but ſhine alike on all,
Then all alike would love.

5 Then love in ev'ry heart would reign,
And war would ceaſe to roar;
And cruel and blood-thirſty men
Would thirſt for blood no more.

6 Such Jeſus is, and ſuch his grace,
Oh may he ſhine on you *!
And tell him, when you ſee his face,
I long to ſee him too.

* Cant. v. 8.

XIV. *Reſt for weary Souls.*

1 DOES the goſpel-word proclaim
Reſt for thoſe who weary be * ?
Then, my ſoul, put in thy claim,
Sure that promiſe ſpeaks to thee:
Marks of grace I cannot ſhow,
All polluted is my beſt;
Yet I weary am I know,
And the weary long for reſt.

2 Burden'd with a load of ſin,
Haraſs'd with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly croſſes from without:
All my little ſtrength is gone,
Sink I muſt without ſupply;
Sure upon the earth is none
Can more weary be than I.

3 In the ark, the weary dove †
Found a welcome reſting-place;
Thus my ſpirit longs to prove
Reſt in Chriſt, the ark of grace.
Tempeſt-toſs'd I long have been,
And the flood increaſes faſt;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the ſtorm be overpaſt.

4 Safely lodg'd within thy breaſt,
What a wond'rous change I find!
Now I know thy promis'd reſt
Can compoſe a troubled mind:
You that weary are like me,
Hearken to the goſpel call;
To the ark for refuge flee,
Jeſus will receive you all!

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 45. 69. 82. 83. 84. 96.
Book II. Hymn 29.

* Matth. xi. 28. † Gen. viii. 9.

III. CON-

III. CONFLICT.

XV. C. *Light ſhining out of Darkneſs.*

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err *,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

XVI. C. *Welcome Croſs.*

1 'TIS my happineſs below
Not to live without the croſs,
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loſs:

* John xiii. 7.

Trials

Trials muſt and will befal;
But with humble faith to ſee
Love inſcrib'd upon them all,
This is happineſs to me.

2 God, in Iſrael, ſows the ſeeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
Theſe ſpring up, and choke the weeds
Which would elſe o'erſpread the ſoil:
Trials make the promiſe ſweet,
Trials give new life to pray'r;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chaſtiſement by the way;
Might I not, with reaſon, fear
I ſhould prove a caſt-away:
Baſtards may eſcape the rod *,
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Muſt not, would not, if he might.

XVII. C. *Afflictions ſanctified by the Word.*

1 O How I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way,
I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of ſhining wealth,
The ſtrength of youth, the bloom of health!
What are all joys compar'd with thoſe
Thine everlaſting word beſtows!

3 Long unafflicted, undiſmay'd,
In pleaſure's path ſecure I ſtray'd;
Thou mad'ſt me feel thy chaſt'ning rod †,
And ſtrait I turn'd unto my God.

* Heb. xii. 8. † Pſal. cxix. 71.

4 What

4 What tho' it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bleſs thine hand that caus'd the ſmart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But ſav'd me from eternal woe.

5 Oh! hadſt thou left me unchaſtis'd,
Thy precept I had ſtill deſpis'd;
And *ſtill* the ſnare in ſecret laid,
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

6 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode;
Where in thy preſence fully bleſt,
Thy choſen ſaints for ever reſt.

XVIII. C. *Temptation.*

1 THE billows ſwell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcaſt my wintry ſky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my ſtrength is ſmall.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the ſtorm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
Controul the waves, ſay, "Peace, be ſtill."

3 Amidſt the roaring of the ſea,
My ſoul ſtill hangs her hope on thee;
Thy conſtant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that ſaves me from deſpair.

4 Dangers of ev'ry ſhape and name
Attend the follow'rs of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful ſhore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Tho' tempeſt toſs'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour thro' the floods I ſeek;
Let neither winds nor ſtormy main
Force back my ſhatter'd bark again.

XIX. C. *Looking upwards in a Storm.*

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall *;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendleſs, and the faint!
Where ſhould I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whoſe open door
Invites the helpleſs and the poor!

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuſe that mourner's plea?
Does not the word ſtill fix'd remain,
That none ſhall ſeek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didſt thou not hear and anſwer pray'r;
But a pray'r-hearing, anſw'ring God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.

5 Fair is the lot that's caſt for me;
I have an Advocate with thee;
They whom the world careſſes moſt,
Have no ſuch privilege to boaſt.

6 Poor tho' I am, deſpis'd, forgot †,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is ſafe, and muſt ſucceed,
For whom the Lord vouchſafes to plead.

XX. C. *The Valley of the Shadow of Death.*

1 MY ſoul is ſad and much diſmay'd;
See, Lord, what legions of my foes,
With fierce Apollyon at their head,
My heavenly pilgrimage oppoſe!

2 See, from the ever-burning lake,
How like a ſmoky cloud they riſe!
With horrid blaſts my ſoul they ſhake,
With ſtorms of blaſphemies and lies.

* Pſal. lxix. 15. † Pſal. xl 17.

3 Their

3 Their fiery arrows reach the mark *,
My throbbing heart with anguiſh tear;
Each lights upon a kindred ſpark,
And finds abundant fuel there.

4 I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord;
Oh! I would drive it from my breaſt,
With thy own ſharp two-edged ſword,
Far as the eaſt is from the weſt.

5 Come then, and chaſe the cruel hoſt,
Heal the deep wounds I have receiv'd!
Nor let the pow'rs of darkneſs boaſt,
That I am foil'd, and thou art griev'd!

XXI. *The Storm huſhed.*

1 'TIS paſt—the dreadful ſtormy night
Is gone, with all its fears!
And now I ſee returning light,
The Lord, my Sun, appears.

2 The tempter, who but lately ſaid,
I ſoon ſhall be his prey,
Has heard my Saviour's voice, and fled
With ſhame and grief away.

3 Ah! Lord, ſince thou didſt hide thy face,
What has my ſoul endur'd?
But now 'tis paſt, I feel thy grace,
And all my wounds are cur'd!

4 Oh wond'rous change! but juſt before
Deſpair beſet me round,
I heard the lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the ſound.

5 Before corruption, guilt, and fear,
My comforts blaſted fell;
And unbelief diſcover'd near
The dreadful depths of hell.

* Eph. vi. 16.

6 But Jeſus pity'd my diſtreſs,
He heard my feeble cry,
Reveal'd his blood and righteouſneſs,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

7 Beneath the banner of his love
I now ſecure remain;
The tempter frets, but dares not move,
To break my peace again.

8 Lord, ſince thou thus haſt broke my bands,
And ſet the captive free,
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all, to thee.

XXII. *Help in the time of Need.*

1 UNleſs the Lord had been my ſtay,
(With trembling joy my ſoul may ſay,)
My cruel foe had gain'd his end:
But he appear'd for my relief,
And Satan ſees, with ſhame and grief,
That I have an Almighty Friend.

2 Oh! 'twas a dark and trying hour,
When haraſs'd by the tempter's pow'r,
I felt my ſtrongeſt hopes decline!
You only who have known his arts,
You only who have felt his darts,
Can pity ſuch a caſe as mine.

3 Loud in my ears a charge he read,
(My conſcience witneſs'd all he ſaid),
My long black liſt of outward ſin;
Then bringing forth my heart to view,
Too well what's hidden there he knew,
He ſhew'd me ten times worſe within.

4 'Tis all too true, my ſoul reply'd,
But I remember Jeſus dy'd.

And

And now he fills a throne of grace;
I'll go as I have done before,
His mercy I may ſtill implore,
I have his promiſe, "Seek my face."

5 But as when ſudden fogs ariſe,
The trees and hills, the ſun and ſkies,
Are all at once conceal'd from view:
So clouds of horror, black as night,
By Satan rais'd, hid from my ſight
The throne of grace and promiſe too.

6 Then, while beſet with guilt and fear,
He try'd to urge me to deſpair,
He try'd, and he almoſt prevail'd;
But Jeſus, by a heav'nly ray,
Drove clouds, and guilt, and fear away,
And all the tempter's malice fail'd.

XXIII. C. *Peace after a Storm.*

1 WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears;
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Strait I upbraid my wand'ring heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
Thus prone to act ſo baſe a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

3 Oh! let me then at length be taught
What I am ſtill ſo ſlow to learn;
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat!
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5 But,

5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will;
Drives doubt and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praiſe receive;
Be ſhame and ſelf-abhorrence mine.

XXIV. C. *Mourning and Longing.*

1 THE Saviour hides his face!
My ſpirit thirſts to prove
Renew'd ſupplies of pard'ning grace,
And never-fading love.

2 The favour'd ſouls who know
What glories ſhine in him,
Pant for his preſence, as the roe
Pants for the living ſtream!

3 What trifles teaſe me now!
They ſwarm like ſummer-flies,
They cleave to ev'ry thing I do,
And ſwim before my eyes.

4 How dull the Sabbath-day,
Without the Sabbath's Lord!
How toilſome then to ſing and pray,
And wait upon the word!

5 Of all the truths I hear,
How few delight my taſte!
I glean a berry here and there,
But mourn the vintage paſt.

6 Yet let me (as I ought)
Still hope to be ſupply'd;
No pleaſure elſe is worth a thought,
Nor ſhall I be deny'd.

7 Tho

7 Tho' I am but a worm,
Unworthy of his care,
The Lord will my deſire perform,
And grant me all my pray'r.

XXV. *Rejoice the Soul of thy Servant.*

1 WHEN my pray'rs are a burden and taſk,
No wonder I little receive;
O Lord, make me willing to aſk,
Since thou art ſo ready to give:
Altho' I am bought with thy blood,
And all thy ſalvation is mine;
At a diſtance from thee my chief good,
I wander, and languiſh, and pine.

2 Of thy goodneſs of old, when I read,
To thoſe who were ſinners like me,
Why may I not wreſtle and plead,
With them a partaker to be?
Thine arm is not ſhort'ned ſince then,
And thoſe who believe in thy name,
Ever find thou art Yea, and Amen,
Thro' all generations the ſame.

3 While my ſpirit within me is preſt
With ſorrow, temptation, and fear,
Like JOHN, I would flee to thy breaſt*,
And pour my complaints in thine ear:
How happy and favour'd was he,
Who could on thy boſom repoſe!
Might this favour be granted to me,
I'd ſmile at the rage of my foes.

4 I have heard of thy wonderful name,
How great and exalted thou art;
But ah! I confeſs to my ſhame,
It faintly impreſſes my heart:

* John, xiii. 25.

The

The beams of thy glory diſplay,
As PETER once ſaw thee appear;
That, tranſported like him, I may ſay,
"It is good for my ſoul to be here *."

5 What a ſorrow and weight didſt thou feel,
When nail'd, for my ſake, to the tree!
My heart ſure is harder than ſteel,
To feel no more ſorrow for thee:
Oh! let me with THOMAS deſcry
The wounds in thy hands and thy ſide,
And have feelings like his, when I cry,
"My God and my Saviour has dy'd †!"

6 But if thou haſt appointed me ſtill
To wreſtle, and ſuffer, and fight;
O make me reſign to thy will,
For all thine appointments are right:
This mercy, at leaſt, I intreat,
That, knowing how vile I have been,
I, with MARY, may wait at thy feet ‡,
And weep o'er the pardon of ſin.

XXVI. C. *Self-acquaintance.*

1 DEAR Lord! accept a ſinful heart,
Which of itſelf complains,
And mourns, with much and frequent ſmart,
The evil it contains.

2 There fiery ſeeds of anger lurk,
Which often hurt my frame;
And wait but for the tempter's work,
To fan them to a flame.

3 Legality holds out a bribe
To purchaſe life from thee;
And Diſcontent would fain preſcribe
How thou ſhalt deal with me.

* Matth. xvii. 6. † John, xx. 28.
‡ Luke, vii. 38.

4 While

4 While Unbelief withſtands thy grace,
And puts the mercy by;
Preſumption with a brow of braſs,
Says, "Give me, or I die."

5 How eager are my thoughts to roam
In queſt of what they love!
But ah! when duty calls them home,
How heavily they move!

6 Oh, cleanſe me in a Saviour's blood,
Transform me by thy pow'r,
And make me thy belov'd abode,
And let me rove no more.

XXVII. *Bitter and Sweet.*

1 KINDLE, Saviour, in my heart
A flame of love divine:
Hear, for mine I truſt thou art,
And ſure I would be thine:
If my ſoul has felt thy grace,
If to me thy name is known;
Why ſhould trifles fill the place
Due to thyſelf alone?

2 'Tis a ſtrange myſterious life
I live from day to day;
Light and darkneſs, peace and ſtrife,
Bear an alternate ſway:
When I think the battle won,
I have to fight it o'er again;
When I ſay I'm overthrown,
Relief I ſoon obtain.

3 Often at the mercy-ſeat,
While calling on thy name,
Swarms of evil thoughts I meet,
Which fill my ſoul with ſhame.
Agitated in my mind,
Like a feather in the air,
Can I thus a bleſſing find?
My ſoul, can this be pray'r?

4 But when Chriſt, my Lord and Friend,
Is pleas'd to ſhow his pow'r;
All at once my troubles end,
And I've a golden hour:
Then I ſee his ſmiling face,
Feel the pledge of joys to come:
Often, Lord, repeat this grace
Till thou ſhalt call me home.

XXVIII. C. *Prayer for Patience.*

1 LORD, who haſt ſuffer'd all for me,
My peace and pardon to procure,
The lighter croſs I bear for thee,
Help me with patience to endure.

2 The ſtorm of loud repining, huſh,
I would in humble ſilence mourn;
Why ſhould th' unburnt, tho' burning buſh,
Be angry as the crackling thorn?

3 Man ſhould not faint at thy rebuke,
Like Joſhua falling on his face *,
When the curs'd thing that Achan took,
Brought Iſrael into juſt diſgrace.

4 Perhaps ſome golden wedge ſuppreſs'd,
Some ſecret ſin offends my God;
Perhaps that Babyloniſh veſt,
Self-righteouſneſs, provokes the rod.

5 Ah! were I buffetted all day,
Mock'd, crown'd with thorns, and ſpit upon;
I yet ſhould have no right to ſay,
My great diſtreſs is mine alone.

6 Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever ſharp like mine;
Nor murmur at the croſs I bear,
But rather weep, rememb'ring thine.

* Joſhua, vii. 10, 11.

XXIX.

XXIX. C. *Submiſſion.*

1 O Lord, my beſt deſire fulfil,
And help me to reſign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleaſure mine.

2 Why ſhould I ſhrink at thy command,
Whoſe love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What moſt I prize to thee;
Who never haſt a good with-held,
Or wilt with-hold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey thro'
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What elſe I want, or think I do,
'Tis better ſtill to want.

5 Wiſdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I reſiſt them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And cruſh'd before the moth!

6 But ah! my inward ſpirit cries,
Still bind me to thy ſway;
Elſe the next cloud that vails my ſkies,
Drives all theſe thoughts away.

XXX. *Why ſhould I complain?*

1 WHEN my Saviour, my Shepherd, is near,
How quickly my ſorrows depart!
New beauties around me appear,
New ſpirits enliven my heart:
His preſence gives peace to my ſoul,
And Satan aſſaults me in vain;
While my Shepherd his pow'r controuls,
I think I no more ſhall complain.

2 But, alas! what a change do I find,
When my Shepherd withdraws from my ſight!
My fears all return to my mind,
My day is ſoon chang'd into night:
Then Satan his efforts renews
To vex and enſnare me again:
All my pleaſing enjoyments I loſe,
And can only lament and complain.

3 By theſe changes I often paſs thro'
I am taught my own weakneſs to know;
I am taught what my Shepherd can do,
And how much to his mercy I owe:
It is he that ſupports me thro' all;
When I faint he revives me again;
He attends to my pray'r when I call,
And bids me no longer complain.

4 Wherefore then ſhould I murmur and grieve?
Since my Shepherd is always the ſame,
And has promis'd he never will leave*
The ſoul that confides in his name:
To relieve me from all that I fear,
He was buffetted, tempted, and ſlain;
And at length he will ſurely appear,
Tho' he leaves me awhile to complain.

5 While I dwell in an enemy's land,
Can I hope to be always in peace?
'Tis enough that my Shepherd's at hand,
And that ſhortly this warfare will ceaſe;
For ere long he will bid me remove†
From this region of ſorrow and pain,
To abide in his preſence above,
And then I no more ſhall complain.

XXXI. *Return, O Lord, how long.*

1 RETURN to bleſs my waiting eyes,
And cheer my mourning heart, O Lord!
Without thee, all beneath the ſkies
No real pleaſure can afford.

* Jer. i. 19. † Rev. ii. 10.

2 When

2 When thy lov'd preſence meets my ſight,
It ſoftens care and ſweetens toil;
The ſun ſhines forth with double light,
The whole creation wears a ſmile.

3 Upon thine arm of love I reſt,
Thy gracious voice forbids my fear;
No ſtorms diſturb my peaceful breaſt,
No foes aſſault when thou art near.

4 But ah! ſince thou haſt been away,
Nothing but trouble have I known;
And Satan marks me for his prey,
Becauſe he ſees me left alone.

5 My ſun is hid, my comforts loſt,
My graces droop, my ſins revive;
Diſtreſs'd, diſmay'd, and tempeſt-toſs'd,
My ſoul is only juſt alive!

6 Lord, hear my cry, and come again!
Put all mine enemies to ſhame;
And let them ſee 'tis not in vain
That I have truſted in thy name.

XXXII. *Caſt down, but not deſtroy'd.*

1 THO' ſore beſet with guilt and fear,
I cannot, dare not, quite deſpair;
If I muſt periſh, would the Lord
Have taught my heart to love his word?
Would he have giv'n me eyes to ſee *
My danger, and my remedy;
Reveal'd his name, and bid me pray,
Had he reſolv'd to ſay me nay?

2 No—tho' caſt down, I am not ſlain;
I fall, but I ſhall riſe again †;
The preſent, Satan, is thy hour,
But Jeſus ſhall controul thy pow'r;

* Judges, xiii. 23. † Micah, vii. 8.

His love will plead for my relief,
He hears my groans, he ſees my grief;
Nor will he ſuffer thee to boaſt,
A ſoul that ſought his help was loſt.

3 'Tis true, I have unfaithful been,
And griev'd his Spirit by my ſin;
Yet ſtill his mercy he'll reveal,
And all my wounds and follies heal:
Abounding ſin, I muſt confeſs *,
But more abounding is his grace;
He once vouchſaf'd for me to bleed,
And now he lives my cauſe to plead.

4 I'll caſt myſelf before his feet,
I ſee him on his mercy-ſeat,
('Tis ſprinkled with atoning blood);
There ſinners find acceſs to God:
Ye burden'd ſouls, approach with me,
And make the Saviour's name your plea;
Jeſus will pardon all who come.
And ſtrike our fierce accuſer dumb.

XXXIII. *The benighted Traveller.*

1 FOREST beaſts, that live by prey,
Seldom ſhew themſelves by day;
But when day-light is withdrawn †,
Then they rove and roar till dawn.

2 Who can tell the trav'ller's fears,
When their horrid yells he hears?
Terror almoſt ſtops his breath,
While each ſtep he looks for death.

3 Thus when Jeſus is in view,
Cheerful I my way purſue;
Walking by my Saviour's light,
Nothing can my ſoul affright.

* Rom. v. 20. † Pſal. civ. 20.

4 But

4 But when he forbears to ſhine,
Soon the trav'ller's caſe is mine;
Loſt, benighted, ſtruck with dread,
What a painful path I tread!

5 Then my ſoul with terror hears
Worſe than lions, wolves, or bears,
Roaring loud in ev'ry part,
Thro' the foreſt of my heart.

6 Wrath, impatience, envy, pride,
Satan and his hoſt beſide,
Preſs around me to devour;
How can I eſcape their pow'r?

7 Gracious Lord, afford me light,
Put theſe beaſts of prey to flight;
Let thy pow'r and love be ſhewn *;
Save me, for I am *thine* own.

XXXIV. *The Priſoner.*

1 WHEN the poor pris'ner thro' a grate
Sees others walk at large,
How does he mourn his lonely ſtate,
And long for a diſcharge!

2 Thus I, confin'd in unbelief,
My loſs of freedom mourn;
And ſpend my hours in fruitleſs grief,
Until my Lord return.

3 The beam of day, which pierces thro'
The gloom in which I dwell,
Only diſcloſes to my view
The horrors of my cell.

4 Ah! how my penſive ſpirit faints,
To think of former days!
When I could triumph with the ſaints,
And join their ſongs of praiſe!

* Pſalm cxix. 94.

5 But now my joys are all cut off,
In priſon I am caſt;
And Satan, with a cruel ſcoff *,
Says, "Where's your God at laſt?"

6 Dear Saviour, for thy mercy's ſake,
My ſtrong, my only plea,
Theſe gates and bars in pieces break †,
And ſet the pris'ner free!

7 Surely my ſoul ſhall ſing to thee,
For liberty reſtor'd;
And all thy ſaints admire to ſee
The mercies of the Lord.

XXXV. *Perplexity relieved.*

1 UNcertain how the way to find
Which to ſalvation led,
I liſt'ned long, with anxious mind,
To hear what others ſaid.

2 When ſome of joys and comforts told,
I fear'd that I was wrong;
For I was ſtupid, dead, and cold,
Had neither joy nor ſong.

3 The Lord my lab'ring heart reliev'd,
And made my burden light;
Then for a moment I believ'd,
Suppoſing all was right.

4 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,
Of anguiſh and diſmay,
Thro' what diſtreſſes they had walk'd,
Before they found the way.

5 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,
For I had liv'd at eaſe;
I wiſh'd for all my fears again,
To make me more like theſe.

* Pſalm cxv. 2. † Pſalm cxlii. 7.

6 I had my wiſh; the Lord diſclos'd
The evils of my heart,
And left my naked ſoul expos'd
To Satan's fiery dart.

7 Alas! "I now muſt give it up,"
I cry'd in deep deſpair;
How could I dream of drawing hope,
From what I cannot bear!

8 Again my Saviour brought me aid,
And when he ſet me free,
"Truſt ſimply on my word, he ſaid,
And leave the reſt to me."

XXXVI. *Prayer anſwered by Croſſes.*

1 I aſk'd the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace;
Might more of his ſalvation know,
And ſeek more earneſtly his face.

2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I truſt, has anſwer'd pray'r;
But it has been in ſuch a way,
As almoſt drove me to deſpair.

3 I hop'd that in ſome favour'd hour,
At once he'd anſwer my requeſt;
And by his love's conſtraining pow'r,
Subdue my ſins, and give me reſt.

4 Inſtead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry pow'rs of hell
Aſſault my ſoul in ev'ry part.

5 Yea more, with his own hand he ſeem'd
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Croſs'd all the fair deſigns I ſchem'd;
Blaſted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 Lord, why is this, I trembling cry'd,
Wilt thou purſue thy worm to death?
"'Tis in this way," the Lord reply'd,
"I anſwer pray'r for grace and faith.

7 Theſe inward trials I employ,
From ſelf and pride to ſet thee free;
And break thy ſchemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'ſt ſeek thy all in me."

XXXVII. *I will truſt, and not be afraid.*

1 BEgone, Unbelief,
My Saviour is near,
And for my relief
Will ſurely appear:
By pray'r let me wreſtle,
And he will perform;
With Chriſt in the veſſel,
I ſmile at the ſtorm.

2 Tho' dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
'Tho' ciſterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he has ſpoken
Shall ſurely prevail.

3 His love in time paſt
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at laſt
In trouble to ſink;
Each ſweet Ebenezer
I have in review,
Confirms his good pleaſure
To help me quite through.

4 Deter-

4 Determin'd to ſave,
He watch'd o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind ſlave,
I ſported with death;
And can he have taught me
To truſt in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to ſhame?

5 Why ſhould I complain
Of want or diſtreſs,
Temptation or pain?
He told me no leſs:
The heirs of ſalvation,
I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation
Muſt follow their Lord *.

6 How bitter that cup,
No heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up,
That ſinners might live!
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jeſus thus ſuffer,
And ſhall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet
Shall work for my good,
The bitter is ſweet,
The med'cine is food;
Tho' painful at preſent,
'Twill ceaſe before long,
And then, Oh! how pleaſant
The conqueror's ſong †!

* Acts, xiv. 22. † Rom. viii. 37.

XXXVIII. *Queſtions to Unbelief.*

1 IF to Jeſus for relief
My ſoul has fled by pray'r,
Why ſhould I give way to grief,
Or heart-conſuming care?
Are not all things in his hand?
Has he not his promiſe paſt?
Will he then regardleſs ſtand,
And let me ſink at laſt?

2 While I know his providence
Diſpoſes each event,
Shall I judge by feeble ſenſe,
And yield to diſcontent?
If he worms and ſparrows feed,
Clothe the graſs in rich array *,
Can he ſee a child in need,
And turn his eye away?

3 When his name was quite unknown,
And ſin my life employ'd;
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been deſtroy'd:
Now his mercy-ſeat I know,
Now by grace am reconcil'd;
Would he ſpare me while a foe †,
To leave me when a child?

4 If he all my wants ſupply'd,
When I diſdain'd to pray,
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can he ſay me nay?
If he would not give me up
When my ſoul againſt him fought,
Will he diſappoint the hope
Which he himſelf has wrought?

* Matth. vi. 26. † Rom. v. 10.

5 If

5 If he ſhed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold,
Can I think that meaner good *
He ever will with-hold?
Satan, vain is thy device!
Here my hope reſts well aſſur'd,
In that great redemption-price,
I ſee the whole ſecur'd.

XXXIX. *Great Effects by weak Means.*

1 UNbelief the ſoul diſmays,
What objections will it raiſe!
But true faith ſecurely leans
On the promiſe, in the means.

2 If to faith it once be known,
God has ſaid, "It ſhall be done,
And in this appointed way;"
Faith has then no more to ſay.

3 Moſes' rod by faith up rear'd †,
Thro' the ſea a path prepar'd;
Jericho's devoted wall ‡
At the trumpet's ſound muſt fall.

4 With a pitcher and a lamp ‖,
Gideon overthrew a camp;
And a ſtone, well aim'd by faith **,
Prov'd the arm'd Philiſtine's death.

5 Thus the Lord is pleas'd to try
Thoſe who on his help rely;
By the means he makes it known,
That the pow'r is all his own.

6 Yet the means are not in vain,
If the end we would obtain;
Tho' the breath of pray'r be weak,
None ſhall find but they who ſeek.

* Rom. viii. 32.
† Exod. xiv. 21.
‡ Joſhua, vi. 20.
‖ Judges, vii. 22.
** 1 Sam. xvii. 42.

7 God

7 God alone the heart can reach,
Yet the miniſters muſt preach:
'Tis their part the ſeed to ſow,
And 'tis his to make it grow.

XL. *Why art thou caſt down.*

1 BE ſtill, my heart! theſe anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and ſnares,
They caſt diſhonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought ſafely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canſt thou want if he provide,
Or loſe thy way with ſuch a guide;

3 When firſt before his mercy-ſeat,
Thou didſt to him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To truſt his wiſdom, love, and pow'r.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuſe to hear thy call?
And has he not his promiſe paſt,
That thou ſhalt overcome at laſt?

5 Like David, thou may'ſt comfort draw,
Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw;
Goliath's rage I may defy,
For God, my Saviour, ſtill is nigh.

6 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey thro',
And give me daily cauſe to raiſe
New Ebenezers to his praiſe.

7 Tho' rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy preſent trials ſmall,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

XLI. *The*

XLI. *The Way of Acceſs.*

1 ONE glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature thro';
Nor heav'n, nor earth, nor hell afford
A ſhelter from thy view!

2 The mighty whole, each ſmaller part,
At once before thee lies;
And ev'ry thought of ev'ry heart
Is open to thine eyes.

3 Tho' greatly from myſelf conceal'd,
Thou ſee'ſt my inward frame;
To thee I always ſtand reveal'd,
Exactly as I am.

4 Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myſelf I ſee;
How vile and black muſt I appear,
Moſt holy God, to thee?

5 But ſince my Saviour ſtands between,
In garments dy'd in blood,
'Tis he, inſtead of me, is ſeen,
When I approach to God.

6 Thus, tho' a ſinner, I am ſafe;
He pleads before the throne,
His life and death in my behalf,
And calls my ſins his own.

7 What wond'rous love, what myſteries,
In this appointment ſhine!
My breaches of the law are his *,
And his obedience mine.

XLII. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

1 FROM Egypt, lately freed
By the Redeemer's grace,
A rough and thorny path we tread,
In hopes to ſee his face.

* 2 Cor. v. 21.

2 The fleſh diſlikes the way,
But faith approves it well;
This only leads to endleſs day,
All others lead to hell.

3 The promis'd land of peace
Faith keeps in conſtant view;
How diff'rent from the wilderneſs
We now are paſſing thro'!

4 Here often from our eyes
Clouds hide the light divine;
There we ſhall have unclouded ſkies,
Our Sun will always ſhine.

5 Here griefs, and cares, and pains,
And fears, diſtreſs us ſore:
But there eternal pleaſure reigns,
And we ſhall weep no more.

6 Lord, pardon our complaints,
We follow at thy call;
The joy prepar'd for ſuff'ring ſaints
Will make amends for all.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 10. 13. 21. 22. 24. 27. 40. 43. 44. 51. 56. 63. 76. 88. 107. 115. 126. 130. 131. 136. 142.

Book II. Hymn 30. 31. 84. 87. 92.

IV. COMFORT.

XLIII. *Faith a new and comprehenſive Senſe.*

1 SIGHT, hearing, feeling, taſte, and ſmell,
Are gifts we highly prize;
But faith does ſingly each excel,
And all the five comprize.

2 More

2 More piercing than the eagle's ſight,
It views the world unknown,
Surveys the glorious realms of light,
And Jeſus on the throne.

3 It hears the mighty voice of God,
And ponders what he ſaith;
His word and works, his gifts and rod,
Have each a voice to faith.

4 It feels the touch of heavenly pow'r *,
And from that boundleſs ſource,
Derives freſh vigour ev'ry hour
To run its daily courſe.

5 The truth and goodneſs of the Lord
Are ſuited to its taſte †;
Mean is the worldling's pamper'd board,
To faith's perpetual feaſt.

6 It ſmells the dear Redeemer's name
Like ointment poured forth ‡;
Faith only knows, or can proclaim,
Its ſavour or its worth.

7 Till ſaving faith poſſeſs the mind,
In vain of ſenſe we boaſt;
We are but ſenſeleſs, taſteleſs, blind,
And deaf, and dead, and loſt.

XLIV. C. *The happy Change.*

1 HOW bleſt thy creature is, O God,
When, with a ſingle eye,
He views the luſtre of thy word,
The day-ſpring from on high!

2 Thro' all the ſtorms that veil the ſkies,
And frown on earthly things;
The Sun of Righteouſneſs he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

* Luke, viii. 46. † Pſal. cxix. 103.
‡ Solomon's Song, i. 3.

3 Struck

3 Struck by that light, the human heart *,
A barren ſoil no more,
Sends the ſweet ſmell of grace abroad,
Where ſerpents lurk'd before.

4 The ſoul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heav'nly reign.

5 The glorious orb, whoſe golden beams
The fruitful year controul,
Since firſt, obedient to thy word,
He ſtarted from the goal,

6 Has cheer'd the nations with the joys
His orient rays impart;
But, Jeſus, 'tis thy light alone
Can ſhine upon the heart.

XLV. C. *Retirement.*

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From ſtrife and tumult far;
From ſcenes where Satan wages ſtill
His moſt ſucceſsful war.

2 The calm retreat, the ſilent ſhade,
With pray'r and praiſe agree;
And ſeem, by thy ſweet bounty made,
For thoſe who follow thee.

3 There if thy Spirit touch the ſoul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale ſhe pours
Her ſolitary lays;
Nor aſks a witneſs of her ſong,
Nor thirſts for human praiſe.

* Iſaiah, xxxv. 7.

5 Author

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet ſource of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundleſs, endleſs ſtore,
Shall echo thro' the realms above
When time ſhall be no more.

XLVI. JESUS *my All.*

1 WHY ſhould I fear the darkeſt hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's pow'r?
JESUS vouchſafes to be my tow'r.

2 Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field?
Why muſt I either flee or yield,
Since JESUS is my mighty ſhield?

3 When creature-comforts fade and die,
Worldlings may weep; but why ſhould I?
JESUS ſtill lives, and ſtill is nigh.

4 Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,
My ſoul a famine need not dread,
For JESUS is my living bread.

5 I know not what may ſoon betide,
Or how my wants ſhall be ſupply'd;
But JESUS knows, and will provide.

6 Tho ſin would fill me with diſtreſs,
The throne of grace I dare addreſs,
For JESUS is my righteouſneſs.

7 Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,
My ſtedfaſt hope ſhall not remove,
While JESUS intercedes above.

8 Againſt me earth and hell combine;
But on my ſide is pow'r divine;
JESUS is all, and he is mine.

XLVII. C. *The Hidden Life.*

1 TO tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleaſing is the taſk!
Nor leſs to praiſe him when he grants
Beyond what I can aſk

2 My lab'ring ſpirit vainly ſeeks
To tell but half the joy;
With how much tenderneſs he ſpeaks,
And helps me to reply.

3 Nor were it wiſe, nor ſhould I chooſe
Such ſecrets to declare;
Like precious wines, their taſte they loſe
Expos'd to open air.

4 But this with boldneſs I proclaim,
Nor care if thouſands hear,
Sweet is the ointment of his name,
Not life is half ſo dear.

5 And can you frown, my former friends,
Who knew what once I was;
And blame the ſong that thus commends
The Man who bore the croſs?

6 Truſt me, I draw the likeneſs true,
And not as fancy paints;
Such honour may he give to you,
For ſuch have all his ſaints.

XLVIII. *Joy and Peace in Believing.*

1 SOmetimes a light ſurpriſes
The Chriſtian while he ſings;
It is the Lord who riſes
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the ſoul again
A ſeaſon of clear ſhining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We ſweetly then purſue
The theme of God's ſalvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from preſent ſorrow,
We cheerfully can ſay,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow *
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us thro';
Who gives the lilies cloathing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the ſpreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

4 The vine nor fig-tree neither †
Their wonted fruit ſhall bear,
Tho' all the field ſhould wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the ſame abiding,
His praiſe ſhall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

XLIX. C *True Ile ſures.*

1 LORD, my ſoul with pleaſure ſprings,
When Jeſus' name I hear;
And when God the Spirit brings
The word of promiſe near:
Beauties too, in holineſs,
Still delighted I perceive;
Nor have words that can expreſs
The joys thy precepts give.

* Matth. vi. 34. † Habakkuk, iii. 17 18.

2 Cloth'd

2 Cloth'd in ſanctity and grace,
How ſweet it is to ſee
Thoſe who love thee as they paſs,
Or when they wait on thee!
Pleaſant too, to ſit and tell
What we owe to love divine;
Till our boſoms grateful ſwell,
And eyes begin to ſhine.

3 Thoſe the comforts I poſſeſs,
Which God ſhall ſtill increaſe.
All his ways are pleaſantneſs *,
And all his paths are peace.
Nothing Jeſus did or ſpoke,
Henceforth let me ever ſlight;
For I love his eaſy yoke †,
And find his burden light.

L. C. *The Chriſtian.*

1 HOnour and happineſs unite
To make the Chriſtian's name a praiſe:
How fair the ſcene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his prieſtly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a cloſe.

3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation ſhines upon his face;
His robe is of th' ethereal dye,
His ſteps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honours he diſdains,
Nor ſtoops to take applauſe from earth;
The King of kings himſelf maintains
Th' expences of his heav'nly birth.

* Prov. iii. 17. † Matth. xi. 30.

5 The

5 The nobleſt creature ſeen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can beſtow,
His kingdom of eternal love!

6 My ſoul is raviſh'd at the thought!
Methinks from earth I ſee him riſe;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

LI. C. *Lively Hope and Gracious Fear.*

1 I Was a grov'lling creature once,
And baſely cleav'd to earth;
I wanted ſpirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And ſent me, from above,
Wings, ſuch as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

3 With theſe to Piſgah's top I fly,
And there delighted ſtand,
To view beneath a ſhining ſky,
The ſpacious promis'd land.

4 The Lord of all the vaſt domain
Has promis'd it to me;
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can ſee.

5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I ſtand upon a mountain's edge,
Oh ſave me, leſt I fall!

6 Tho' much exalted in the Lord,
My ſtrength is not my own;
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none ſhall caſt me down.

LII. *Confidence.*

1 YES! ſince God himſelf has ſaid it,
On the promiſe I rely;
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbeliet reply?
He is ſtrong, and *can* fulfil;
He is truth, and therefore *will.*

2 As to all the doubts and queſtions
Which my ſpirit often grieve,
Theſe are Satan's fly ſuggeſtions,
And I need no anſwer give;
He would fain deſtroy my hope,
But the promiſe bears it up.

3 Sure the Lord thus far has brought me
By his watchful tender care;
Sure 'tis he himſelf has taught me
How to ſeek his face by pray'r:
After ſo much mercy paſt,
Will he give me up at laſt?

4 True, I've been a fooliſh creature,
And have ſinn'd againſt his grace;
But forgiveneſs is his nature,
Tho' he juſtly hides his face:
Ere he call'd me, well he knew *
What a heart like mine would do.

5 In my Saviour's interceſſion
Therefore I will ſtill confide;
Lord, accept my free confeſſion,
I have ſinn'd, but thou haſt dy'd †:
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

* Iſaiah, xlviii. 8. † Rom. viii. 34.

LIII.

LIII. *Peace reſtored.*

1 OH, ſpeak that gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart,
No voice but thine can ſooth my pain,
Or bid my fears depart.

2 And canſt thou ſtill vouchſafe to own
A wretch ſo vile as I?
And may I ſtill approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 Oh then let ſaints and angels join,
And help me to proclaim
The grace that heal'd a breach like mine,
And put my foes to ſhame!

4 How oft did Satan's cruel boaſt
My troubled ſoul affright!
He told me I was ſurely loſt,
And God had left me quite *.

5 Guilt made me fear, leſt all were true
The lying tempter ſaid!
But now the Lord appears in view,
My enemy is fled.

6 My Saviour, by his pow'rful word,
Has turn'd my night to day;
And his ſalvation's joys reſtor'd,
Which I had ſinn'd away.

7 Dear Lord, I wonder and adore,
Thy grace is all divine;
Oh keep me, that I ſin no more
Againſt ſuch love as thine!

LIV. *Hear what he has done for my Soul!*

1 SAV'D by blood, I live to tell
What the love of Chriſt hath done;
He redeem'd my ſoul from hell,
Of a rebel made a ſon:

* Pſal. lxxi. 11.

Oh I tremble ſtill, to think
How ſecure I liv'd in ſin;
Sporting on deſtruction's brink.
Yet preſerv'd from falling in.

2 In his own appointed hour,
To my heart the Saviour ſpoke;
Touch'd me by his Spirit's pow'r,
And my dang'rous ſlumber broke.
Then I ſaw and own'd my guilt,
Soon my gracious Lord reply'd:
"Fear not, I my blood have ſpilt,
'Twas for ſuch as thee I dy'd."

3 Shame and wonder, joy and love,
All at once poſſeſs'd my heart;
Can I hope thy grace to prove
After acting ſuch a part?
"Thou haſt greatly ſinn'd, he ſaid,
But I freely all forgive;
I myſelf thy debt have paid,
Now I bid thee riſe and live."

4 Come, my fellow ſinners, try,
Jeſus' heart is full of love!
Oh that you, as well as I,
May his wond'rous mercy prove!
He has ſent me to declare,
All is ready, all is free:
Why ſhould any ſoul deſpair,
When he ſav'd a wretch like me?

LV. *Freedom from Care.*

1 WHILE I liv'd without the Lord,
(If I might be ſaid to live),
Nothing could relief afford,
Nothing ſatisfaction give.

2 Empty

2 Empty hopes and groundleſs fear
Mov'd by turns my anxious mind;
Like a feather in the air,
Made the ſport of ev'ry wind.

3 Now, I ſee, whate'er betide,
All is well if Chriſt be mine;
He has promis'd to provide,
I have only to reſign.

4 When a ſenſe of ſin and thrall
Forc'd me to the ſinner's Friend,
He engag'd to manage all,
By the way and to the end.

5 "Caſt, he ſaid, on me thy care *,
'Tis enough that I am nigh;
I will all thy burdens bear,
I will all thy wants ſupply.

6 Simply follow as I lead,
Do not reaſon, but believe;
Call on me in time of need,
Thou ſhalt ſurely help receive."

7 Lord, I would, I do ſubmit,
Gladly yield my all to thee;
What thy wiſdom ſees moſt fit,
Muſt be, ſurely, beſt for me.

8 Only when the way is rough,
And the coward fleſh would ſtart,
Let thy promiſe and thy love
Cheer and animate my heart.

LVI. *Humiliation and Praiſe.*

(Imitated from the German.)

1 WHEN the wounded ſpirit hears
The voice of Jeſus' blood,
How the meſſage ſtops the tears
Which elſe in vain had flow'd:

* Pſal. lv. 22.; 1 Pet. v. 7.

Pardon, grace, and peace proclaim'd,
And the ſinner call'd a child;
Then the ſtubborn heart is tam'd,
Renew'd, and reconcil'd.

2 Oh! 'twas grace indeed, to ſpare
And ſave a wretch like me!
Men or angels could not bear
What I have offer'd thee:
Were thy bolts at their command,
Hell ere now had been my place;
Thou alone could ſilent ſtand,
And wait to ſhew thy grace.

3 If in one created mind
The tenderneſs and love
Of thy ſaints on earth were join'd,
With all the hoſts above;
Still that love were weak and poor,
If compar'd, my Lord, with thine;
Far too ſcanty to endure
A heart ſo vile as mine.

4 Wond'rous mercy I have found,
But, ah! how faint my praiſe!
Muſt I be a cumber-ground,
Unfruitful all my days?
Do I in thy garden grow,
Yet produce thee only leaves!
Lord, forbid it ſhould be ſo!
The thought my ſpirit grieves.

5 Heavy charges Satan brings
To fill me with diſtreſs;
Let me hide beneath thy wings,
And plead thy righteouſneſs:
Lord, to thee for help I call,
'Tis thy promiſe bids me come;
Tell him thou haſt paid for all,
And that ſhall ſtrike him dumb.

LVII. C. *For the Poor.*

1 WHEN Hagar found the bottle ſpent *,
And wept o'er Iſhmael;
A meſſage from the Lord was ſent
To guide her to a well.

2 Should not Elijah's cake and cruiſe †
Convince us at this day,
A gracious God will not refuſe
Proviſions by the way?

3 His ſaints and ſervants ſhall be fed,
The promiſe is ſecure;
"Bread ſhall be giv'n them, as he ſaid,
Their water ſhall be ſure ‡."

4 Repaſts far richer they ſhall prove,
Than all earth's dainties are;
'Tis ſweet to taſte a Saviour's love,
Tho' in the meaneſt fare.

5 To Jeſus then your trouble bring,
Nor murmur at your lot;
While you are poor, and he is King,
You ſhall not be forgot.

LVIII. *Home in View.*

1 AS when the weary trav'ller gains
The height of ſome o'er-looking hill;
His heart revives, if croſs the plains
He eyes his home, tho' diſtant ſtill.

2 While he ſurveys the much-lov'd ſpot,
He ſlights the ſpace that lies between;
His paſt fatigues are now forgot,
Becauſe his journey's end is ſeen.

* Gen. xxi. 19. † 1 Kings, xvii. 14. ‡ Iſ. xxxiii. 16.

3 Thus, when the Chriſtian pilgrim views
By faith, his manſion in the ſkies,
The ſight his fainting ſtrength renews,
And wings his ſpeed to reach the prize:

4 The thought of home his ſpirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles paſt;
Nor any future trial fears *,
So he may ſafe arrive at laſt.

5 'Tis there, he ſays, I am to dwell
With Jeſus, in the realms of day;
Then I ſhall bid my cares farewell,
And he will wipe my tears away.

6 Jeſus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode:
Aſſur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 4. 7. 9. 11. 25. 35. 36. 39. 41. 46. 47. 48. 70. 95. 128. 132.
Book II. Hymn 45. 46. 47.

V. DEDICATION and SURRENDER.

LIX. *Old Things are paſſed away.*

1 LET worldly minds the world purſue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admir'd its trifles too,
But grace has ſet me free.

2 Its pleaſures now no longer pleaſe,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart be joys like theſe,
Now I have ſeen the Lord.

* Acts, xx. 24.

3 As by the light of op'ning day
The ſtars are all conceal'd;
So earthly pleaſures fade away,
When Jeſus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthleſs worm like me?

6 Yes! tho' of ſinners I'm the worſt,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For if thou hadſt not lov'd me firſt,
I had refus'd thee ſtill *.

LX. *The Power of Grace.*

1 HAPPY the birth where grace preſides
To form the future life!
In wiſdom's paths the ſoul ſhe guides,
Remote from noiſe and ſtrife.

2 Since I have known the Saviour's name,
And what for me he bore;
No more I toil for empty fame,
I thirſt for gold no more.

3 Plac'd by his hand in this retreat,
I make his love my theme;
And ſee that all the world calls great,
Is but a waking dream.

4 Since he has rank'd my wort hleſs nam
Amongſt his favour'd few;
Let the mad world who ſcoff at *them*,
Revile and hate *me* too.

* Jer. xxxi. 3.

5 O thou whoſe voice the dead can raiſe,
And ſoften hearts of ſtone,
And teach the dumb to ſing thy praiſe,
This work is all thine own.

6 Thy wond'ring ſaints rejoice to ſee
A wretch like me reſtor'd;
And point, and ſay, "How chang'd is he,
Who once defy'd the Lord!"

7 Grace bid me live, and taught my tongue
To aim at notes divine;
And grace accepts my feeble ſong,
The glory, Lord, be thine!

LXI. C. *My Soul thirſteth for God.*

1 I Thirſt, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to ſhare;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid,
That I ſhould ſeek my pleaſures there.

2 It was the ſight of thy dear croſs,
Firſt wean'd my ſoul from earthly things;
And taught me to eſteem as droſs
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that ſprings from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle, or the roſe.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer ſink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living, and life-giving ſtream!

5 For ſure, of all the plants that ſhare
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves leſs grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

LXII. C. *Love conſtraining to Obedience.*

1 NO ſtrength of nature can ſuffice
To ſerve the Lord aright;
And what ſhe has, ſhe miſapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and diſtreſs!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without ſucceſs.

3 Then to abſtain from outward ſin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its pow'r within,
I feel I hate it too.

4 Then all my ſervile works were done
A righteouſneſs to raiſe;
Now, freely choſen in the Son,
I freely chooſe his ways.

5 What ſhall I do, was then the word,
That I may worthier grow?
What ſhall I render to the Lord?
Is my enquiry now.

6 To ſee the law by Chriſt fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Changes a ſlave into a child *,
And duty into choice.

LXIII. C. *The Heart healed and changed by Mercy.*

1 SIN enſlav'd me many years,
And led me bound and blind;
Till at length a thouſand fears
Came ſwarming o'er my mind.

* Rom. iii. 31.

Where, I ſaid in deep diſtreſs,
Will theſe ſinful pleaſures end?
How ſhall I ſecure my peace,
And make the Lord my friend?

2 Friends and miniſters ſaid much
The goſpel to enforce;
But my blindneſs ſtill was ſuch,
I choſe a legal courſe:
Much I faſted, watch'd, and ſtrove,
Scarce would ſhew my face abroad,
Fear'd, almoſt, to ſpeak or move,
A ſtranger ſtill to God.

3 Thus afraid to truſt his grace,
Long time did I rebel;
Till, deſpairing of my caſe,
Down at his feet I fell:
Then my ſtubborn heart he broke,
And ſubdu'd me to his ſway;
By a ſimple word he ſpoke,
"Thy ſins are done away."

LXIV. C. *Hatred of Sin.*

1 HOly Lord God! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy leaſt commandment ſlight;
Yet pierc'd by ſin, the ſerpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguiſh of the bite.

2 But tho' the poiſon lurks within,
Hope bids me ſtill with patience wait;
Till death ſhall ſet me free from ſin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

3 Had I a throne above the reſt,
Where angels and archangels dwell;
One ſin, unſlain, within my breaſt,
Would make that heav'n as dark as hell.

4 The

4 The pris'ner, ſent to breathe freſh air,
And bleſs'd with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.

5 But oh! no foe invades the bliſs,
When glory crowns the Chriſtian's head;
One view of Jeſus as he is,
Will ſtrike all ſin for ever dead.

LXV. *The Child* *.

1 QUiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, ſimple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child:
From diſtruſt and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleaſes thee.

2 What thou ſhalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wiſdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why ſhould I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own;
Knows he's neither ſtrong nor wiſe;
Fears to ſtir a ſtep alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preſerv'd from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy ſmiles,
Till the promis'd hour appears,
When the ſons of God ſhall prove
All their Father's boundleſs love.

* Pſalm, cxxxi. 2.; Matth. xviii. 3. 4.

LXVI. *True Happineſs.*

1 FIX my heart and eyes on thine!
What are other objects worth?
But to ſee thy glory ſhine,
Is a heav'n begun on earth:
Trifles can no longer move,
Oh, I tread on all beſide,
When I feel my Saviour's love,
And remember how he dy'd.

2 Now my ſearch is at an end,
Now my wiſhes rove no more!
Thus my moments I would ſpend,
Love, and wonder, and adore:
Jeſus, ſource of excellence!
All thy glorious love reveal!
Kingdoms ſhall not bribe me hence,
While this happineſs I feel.

3 Take my heart, 'tis all thine own,
To thy will my ſpirit frame;
Thou ſhalt reign, and thou alone,
Over all I have, or am:
If a fooliſh thought ſhall dare
To rebel againſt thy word,
Slay it, Lord, and do not ſpare,
Let it feel thy Spirit's ſword.

4 Making thus the Lord my choice,
I have nothing more to chooſe,
But to liſten to thy voice,
And my will in thine to loſe:
Thus, whatever may betide,
I ſhall ſafe and happy be;
Still content and ſatisfy'd,
Having all, in having thee.

LXVII. *The Happy Debtor.*

1 TEN thouſand talents once I ow'd,
And nothing had to pay;
But Jeſus free'd me from the load,
And waſh'd my debt away.

2 Yet ſince the Lord forgave my ſin,
And blotted out my ſcore;
Much more indebted I have been,
Than e'er I was before.

3 My guilt is cancell'd quite, I know,
And ſatisfaction made;
But the vaſt debt of love I owe
Can never be repaid.

4 The love I owe for ſin forgiv'n,
For power to believe,
For preſent peace, and promis'd heav'n,
No angel can conceive.

5 That love of thine, thou ſinner's Friend!
Witneſs thy bleeding heart!
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thouſandth part.

6 Nay more, the poor returns I make
I firſt from thee obtain *;
And 'tis of grace, that thou wilt take
Such poor returns again.

7 'Tis well—it ſhall my glory be
(Let who will boaſt their ſtore)
In time and to eternity,
To owe thee more and more.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 27. 50. 70. 93. 122.
Book II. Hymn 23. 90.

* 1 Chron. xxix. 14.

VI. CAU-

VI. CAUTIONS.

LXVIII. C. *The new Convert.*

1 THE new born child of goſpel grace,
Like ſome fair tree when ſummer's nigh,
Beneath Emmanuel's ſhining face,
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.

2 No fears he feels, he ſees no foes,
No conflict yet his faith employs,
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes,
The ſtrength and peace his ſoul enjoys.

3 But ſin ſoon darts its cruel ſting.
And comforts ſinking day by day;
What ſeem'd his own, a ſelf-fed ſpring,
Proves but a brook that glides away.

4 When Gideon arm'd his num'rous hoſt,
The Lord ſoon made his numbers leſs;
And ſaid, leſt Iſrael vainly boaſt*,
"My arm procur'd me this ſucceſs."

5 Thus will he bring our ſpirits down,
And draw our ebbing comforts low,
That ſav'd by grace, but not our own,
We may not claim the praiſe we owe.

LXIX. C. *True and falſe Comforts.*

1 O God, whoſe favourable eye
The ſin-ſick ſoul revives,
Holy and heav'nly is the joy
Thy ſhining preſence gives.

2 Not ſuch as hypocrites ſuppoſe,
Who with a graceleſs heart,
Taſte not of thee, but drink a doſe,
Prepar'd by Satan's art.

* Judges, vii. 2.

3. In-

3 Intoxicating joys are theirs,
Who, while they boaſt their light,
And ſeem to ſoar above the ſtars,
Are plunging into night.

4 Lull'd in a ſoft and fatal ſleep,
They ſin, and yet rejoice;
Were they indeed the Saviour's ſheep,
Would they not hear his voice?

5 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
The ſoul from Satan's pow'r;
That make me bluſh for what I am,
And hate my ſin the more.

6 'Tis joy enough, my All in All,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.

LXX. *True and falſe Zeal.*

1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame
The fire of love ſupplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is ſelf in a diſguiſe.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The falſe is headſtrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Chriſtian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But ſelf contends for names and forms,
Its party to increaſe.

4 Zeal has attain'd its higheſt aim,
Its end is ſatisfy'd,
If ſinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor ſeeks it ought beſide.

5 But ſelf, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And ſays, as boaſting Jehu cry'd *,
"Come, ſee what I can do."

6 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the beſt applauſe will gain,
When Jeſus ſhall appear.

7 Dear Lord, the idol-ſelf dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be ſhewn,
But that which ſprings from love.

LXXI. C. *A living and a dead Faith.*

1 THE Lord receives his higheſt praiſe
from humble minds and hearts ſincere;
While all the loud profeſſor ſays
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

2 To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precepts holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch and pray,
Shew who are pleaſing in his ſight.

3 Not words alone it coſt the Lord,
To purchaſe pardon for his own;
Nor will a ſoul, by grace reſtor'd,
Return the Saviour words alone.

4 With golden bells, the prieſtly veſt †,
And rich pomegranates border'd round,
The need of holineſs expreſs'd,
And call'd for fruit as well as ſound.

5 Eaſy, indeed, it were to reach
A manſion in the courts above,
If ſwelling words and fluent ſpeech
Might ſerve inſtead of faith and love.

* 2 Kings, x. 16. † Exod. xxviii. 33.

6 But

6 But none ſhall gain the bliſsful place,
Or God's unclouded glory ſee,
Who talks of free and ſov'reign grace,
Unleſs that grace has made *him* free.

LXXII. C. *Abuſe of the Goſpel.*

1 TOO many, Lord, abuſe thy grace,
In this licentious day;
And while they boaſt they ſee thy face,
They turn their own away.

2 Thy book diſplays a gracious light
That can the blind reſtore;
But theſe are dazzled by the ſight,
And blinded ſtill the more.

3 The pardon ſuch preſume upon,
They do not beg, but ſteal;
And when they plead it at thy throne,
Oh! where's the Spirit's ſeal?

4 Was it for this, ye lawleſs tribe,
The dear Redeemer bled?
Is this the grace the ſaints imbibe
From Chriſt the living head?

5 Ah, Lord, we know thy choſen few
Are fed with heav'nly fare;
But theſe the wretched huſks they chew
Proclaim them what they are.

6 The liberty our hearts implore,
Is not to live in ſin;
But ſtill to wait at Wiſdom's door,
Till Mercy calls us in.

LXXIII. C. *The narrow Way.*

1 WHAT thouſands never knew the road!
What thouſands hate it when 'tis known!
None but the choſen tribes of God
Will ſeek or chuſe it for their own.

2 A thouſand ways in ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high;
By that my willing ſteps aſcend,
Pleas'd with a journey to the ſky.

3 No more I aſk or hope to find
Delight or happineſs below;
Sorrow may well poſſeſs the mind
That feeds where thorns and thiſtles grow.

4 The joy that fades is not for me,
I ſeek immortal joys above;
There glory without end ſhall be
The bright reward of faith and love.

5 Cleave to the world, ye ſordid worms,
Contented lick your native duſt;
But God ſhall fight, with all his ſtorms,
Againſt the idol of your truſt.

LXXIV. C. *Dependence.*

1 TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the ſoul.

2 The Lord's unſparing hand
Supplies the living ſtream;
It is not at our own command,
But ſtill deriv'd from him.

3 Beware of Peter's word *,
Nor confidently ſay,
"I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
But grant I never *may*.

4 Man's wiſdom is to ſeek
His ſtrength in God alone;
And ev'n an angel would be weak,
Who truſted in his own.

* Matth. xxvi. 33.

5 Retreat

5 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide;
This more exalts the King of kings*
Than all your works beſide.

6 In Jeſus is our ſtore,
Grace iſſues from his throne;
Whoever ſays, "I want no more,"
Confeſſes he has none.

LXXV. C. *Not of Works.*

1 GRACE, triumphant in the throne,
Scorns a rival, reigns alone!
Come, and bow beneath her ſway,
Caſt your idol-works away.
Works of man, when made his plea,
Never ſhall accepted be;
Fruits of pride (vain-glorious worm!)
Are the beſt he can perform.

2 Self, the god his ſoul adores,
Influences all his pow'rs;
Jeſus is a ſlighted name,
Self-advancement all his aim.
But when God the Judge ſhall come,
To pronounce the final doom,
Then for rocks and hills to hide
All his works and all his pride!

3 Still the boaſting heart replies,
What! the worthy and the wiſe,
Friends to temperance and peace,
Have not theſe a righteouſneſs?
Baniſh ev'ry vain pretence
Built on human excellence;
Periſh ev'ry thing in man,
But the grace that never can.

* John, vi. 29.

LXXVI. *Sin's deceit.*

1 SIN, when view'd by ſcripture-light,
Is a horrid, hateful ſight;
But when ſeen in Satan's glaſs,
Then it wears a pleaſing face.

2 When the goſpel-trumpet ſounds,
When I think how grace abounds,
When I feel ſweet peace within,
Then I'd rather die than ſin.

3 When the croſs I view by faith,
Sin is madneſs, poiſon, death;
Tempt me not, 'tis all in vain,
Sure I ne'er can yield again.

4 Satan, for awhile debarr'd,
When he finds me off my guard,
Puts his glaſs before my eyes,
Quickly other thoughts ariſe.

5 What before excited fears,
Rather pleaſing now appears;
If a ſin, it ſeems ſo ſmall,
Or, perhaps, no ſin at all.

6 Often thus, thro' ſin's deceit,
Grief, and ſhame, and loſs I meet;
Like a fiſh, my ſoul miſtook,
Saw the bait, but not the hook.

7 O my Lord, what ſhall I ſay?
How can I preſume to pray?
Not a word have I to plead,
Sins like mine are black indeed!

8 Made, by paſt experience, wiſe,
Let me learn thy word to prize;
Taught by what I've felt before,
Let me Satan's glaſs abhor.

LXXVII. *Are there few that ſhall be ſaved?*

1 DEſtruction's dangerous road
What multitudes purſue!
While that which leads the ſoul to God,
Is known or ſought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By Chriſt, the living gate;
But they who will not leave their ſin,
Complain it is too ſtrait.

3 If ſelf muſt be deny'd,
And ſin forſaken quite;
They rather chooſe the way that's wide,
And ſtrive to think it right.

4 Encompaſs'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
So many ſurely can't be wrong,
And miſs a happy end.

5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
A few were ſav'd in Noah's ark *,
For many millions drown'd.

6 Obey the goſpel-call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Chriſt is always ſmall †,
And none are ſafe but they.

7 Lord, open ſinners eyes,
Their awful ſtate to ſee;
And make them, ere the ſtorm ariſe,
To thee for ſafety flee.

LXXVIII. *The Sluggard.*

1 THE wiſhes that the ſluggard frames ‡,
Of courſe muſt fruitleſs prove;
With folded arms he ſtands and dreams,
But has no heart to move.

* 1 Pet. iii. 20. † Luke, xii. 32.
Prov. vi. 10. xxiv. 30. xxii. 13. xx. 4.

2 His

2 His field from others may be known,
The fence is broken thro';
The ground with weeds is overgrown,
And no good crop in view.

3 No hardſhip, he, or toil, can bear,
No difficulty meet;
He waſtes his hours at home, for fear
Of lions in the ſtreet.

4 What wonder then if ſloth and ſleep,
Diſtreſs and famine bring!
Can he in harveſt hope to reap,
Who will not ſow in ſpring?

5 'Tis often thus, in ſoul-concerns,
We goſpel-ſluggards ſee;
Who, if a wiſh would ſerve their turns,
Might true believers be.

6 But when the preacher bids them watch,
And ſeek, and ſtrive, and pray*;
At ev'ry poor excuſe they catch,
A lion in the way!

7 To uſe the means of grace, how loth!
We call them ſtill in vain;
They yield to their beloved ſloth,
And fold their arms again.

8 Dear Saviour, let thy pow'r appear,
The outward call to aid;
Theſe drowſy ſouls can only hear
The voice that wakes the dead.

LXXIX. *Not in Word, but in Power.*

1 HOW ſoon the Saviour's gracious call,
diſarm'd the rage of bloody Saul†,
Jeſus, the knowledge of thy name,
Changes the lion to a lamb!

* 1 Cor. ix. 24. Luke xiii. 24. † Acts, ix. 6.

2 Zaccheus,

2 Zaccheus, when he knew the Lord *,
What he had gain'd by wrong, reſtor'd;
And of the wealth he priz'd before,
He gave the half to feed the poor.

3 The woman who ſo vile had been †,
When brought to weep o'er pardon'd ſin,
Was from her evil ways eſtrang'd,
And ſhew'd that grace her heart had chang'd.

4 And can we think the pow'r of grace
Is loſt, by change of time and place?
Then it was mighty, all allow,
And is it but a notion now?

5 Can they whom pride and paſſion ſway,
Who mammon and the world obey,
In envy or contention live,
Preſume that they indeed believe?

6 True faith unites to Chriſt the root,
By him producing holy fruit;
And they who no ſuch fruit can ſhow,
Still on the ſtock of nature grow.

7 Lord, let thy word effectual prove,
To work in us obedient love!
And may each one who hears it dread
A name to live, and yet be dead ‡.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 8. 20. 85. 87. 91. 104. 125. 139. 141.
Book II. Hymn 34. 49. 86. 91. 99.

* Luke, xix. 8. † Luke, vii. 47. ‡ Rev. iii. 1.

VII. PRAISE.

LXXX. C. *Praiſe for Faith.*

1 OF all the gifts thine hand beſtows,
Thou giver of all good!
Not heav'n itſelf a richer knows,
Than my Redeemer's blood.

2 Faith too, the blood-receiving grace,
From the ſame hand we gain;
Elſe, ſweetly as it ſuits our caſe,
That gift had been in vain.

3 Till thou thy teaching pow'r apply,
Our hearts refuſe to ſee,
And weak, as a diſtemper'd eye,
Shut out the view of thee.

4 Blind to the merits of thy Son,
What mis'ry we endure!
Yet fly that hand, from which alone,
We could expect a cure.

5 We praiſe thee, and would praiſe thee more,
To thee our all we owe;
The precious Saviour, and the pow'r
That makes him precious too.

LXXXI. C. *Grace and Providence.*

1 ALmighty King! whoſe wond'rous hand
Supports the weight of ſea and land;
Whoſe grace is ſuch a boundleſs ſtore,
No heart ſhall break that ſighs for more.

2 Thy providence ſupplies my food,
And 'tis thy bleſſing makes it good;
My ſoul is nourith'd by thy word,
Let ſoul and body praiſe the Lord.

3 My

3 My ſtreams of outward comfort came
From him, who built this earthly frame;
Whate'er I want his bounty gives,
By whom my ſoul for ever lives.

4 Either his hand preſerves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again;
From Satan's malice ſhield's my breaſt,
Or over-rules it for the beſt.

5 Forgive the ſong that falls ſo low
Beneath the gratitude I owe!
It means thy praiſe, however poor,
An angel's ſong can do no more.

LXXXII. *Praiſe for redeeming Love.*

1 LET us *love*, and *ſing*, and *wonder*,
Let us *praiſe* the Saviour's name!
He has huſh'd the Law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame:
He has waſh'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us *love* the Lord who bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies,
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
He has waſh'd us with his blood,
He preſents our ſouls to God.

3 Let us *ſing*, tho' fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear as down!
For the Lord, our ſtrong ſalvation *,
Holds in view the conqu'rors crown:
He who waſh'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

* Rev. ii. 10.

4 Let us *wonder*, grace and juſtice
Join, and point to mercy's ſtore;
When thro' grace in Chriſt our truſt is,
Juſtice ſmiles, and aſks no more:
He who waſh'd us with his blood,
Has ſecur'd our way to God.

5 Let us *praiſe*, and join the chorus
Of the ſaints enthron'd on high;
Here they truſted him before us,
Now their praiſes fill the ſky *:
"Thou haſt waſh'd us with thy blood;
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God!"

6 Hark! the name of Jeſus ſounded
Loud from golden harps above!
Lord, we bluſh, and are confounded,
Faint our praiſes, cold our love!
Waſh our ſouls and ſongs with blood,
For by thee we come to God.

LXXXIII. C. *I will praiſe the Lord at all times.*

1 WINTER has a joy for me,
While the Saviour's charms I read,
Lowly, meek, from blemiſh free,
In the ſnow-drop's penſive head.

2 Spring returns, and brings along
Life-invigorating ſuns:
Hark! the turtle's plaintive ſong,
Seems to ſpeak his dying groans!

3 Summer has a thouſand charms,
All expreſſive of his worth;
'Tis his ſun that lights and warms,
His the air that cools the earth.

4 What, has autumn left to ſay
Nothing of a Saviour's grace?
Yes, the beams of milder day
Tell me of his ſmiling face.

* Rev. v. 9.

5 Light

5 Light appears with early dawn;
While the ſun makes haſte to riſe,
See his bleeding beauties drawn
On the bluſhes of the ſkies.

6 Ev'ning, with a ſilent pace,
Slowly moving in the weſt,
Shews an emblem of his grace,
Points to an eternal reſt.

688 LXXXIV. *Perſeverance.* 6 Odes

1 REjoice, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cauſe his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Tho' many foes beſet your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Chriſt in God *,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you ſhall not faint,
Or fainting ſhall not die;
Jeſus the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint †,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Tho' ſometimes unperceiv'd by ſenſe,
Faith ſees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence,
Then what have you to fear?

5 As ſurely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So ſurely you that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

LXXXV. *Salvation.*

1 SAlvation! what a glorious plan,
How ſuited to our need!
The grace that raiſes fallen man
Is wonderful indeed!

* Col. iii. 3. † Iſaiah, xl. 29.

2 'Twas wiſdom form'd the vaſt deſign,
To ranſom us when loſt;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the coſt.

3 Strict Juſtice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant ſeal'd;
And Truth and Power undertook
The whole ſhould be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, Wiſdom, Juſtice, Pow'r, and Love,
In all their glory ſhone,
When Jeſus left the courts above,
And dy'd to ſave his own.

5 Truth, Wiſdom, Juſtice, Pow'r, and Love,
Are equally diſplay'd,
Now Jeſus reigns enthron'd above,
Our Advocate and Head.

6 Now ſin appears deſerving death,
Moſt hateful and abhor'd;
And yet the ſinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

LXXXVI. *Reigning Grace.*

1 NOW may the Lord reveal his face,
And teach our ſtamm'ring tongues
To make his ſovereign, reigning grace*,
The ſubject of our ſongs!
No ſweeter ſubject can invite
A ſinner's heart to ſing,
Or more diſplay the glorious right
Of our exalted King.

2 This ſubject fills the ſtarry plains
With wonder, joy, and love;
And furniſhes the nobleſt ſtrains
For all the harps above:

* Rom. v. 21.

While

While the redeem'd in praiſe combine
To grace upon the throne *,
Angels in ſolemn chorus join,
And make the theme their own.

3 Grace reigns, to pardon crimſon ſins,
To melt the hardeſt hearts;
And from the work it once begins †
It never more departs.
The world and Satan ſtrive in vain
Againſt the choſen few ‡;
Secur'd by grace's conqu'ring reign,
They all ſhall conquer too.

4 Grace tills the ſoil, and ſows the ſeeds,
Provides the ſun and rain;
Till from the tender blade proceeds
The ripen'd harveſt grain.
'Twas grace that call'd our ſouls at firſt;
By grace thus far we're come;
And grace will help us thro' the worſt,
And lead us ſafely home.

5 Lord, when this changing life is paſt,
If we may ſee thy face,
How ſhall we praiſe and love at laſt,
And ſing the reign of grace ‖!
Yet let us aim, while here below,
Thy mercy to diſplay;
And own, at leaſt, the debt we owe,
Altho' we cannot pay.

LXXXVII. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.*

1 PRepare a thankful ſong
To the Redeemer's name!
His praiſes ſhould employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame!

* Rev. v. 9. 12. † Phil. i. 6.
‡ Rom. viii. 35.—39. ‖ Pſal. cxv. 1.

2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endur'd,
That rebels, ſuch as you and I,
From wrath might be ſecur'd.

3 Upon the croſs he dy'd,
Our debt of ſin to pay;
The blood and water from his ſide
Waſh guilt and filth away.

4 And now he pleading ſtands,
For us, before the throne,
And anſwers all the law's demands
With what himſelf hath done.

5 He ſees us, willing ſlaves
To ſin, and Satan's pow'r;
But, with an outſtretch'd arm, he ſaves,
In his appointed hour.

6 The Holy Ghoſt he ſends,
Our ſtubborn ſouls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

7 The love of ſin departs,
The life of grace takes place,
Soon as his voice invites our hearts
To riſe and ſeek his face.

8 The world and Satan rage,
But he their pow'r controuls;
His wiſdom, love, and truth, engage
Protection for our ſouls.

9 Tho' preſs'd, we will not yield,
But ſhall prevail at length;
For Jeſus is our ſun and ſhield,
Our righteouſneſs and ſtrength.

10 Aſſur'd that Chriſt, our King,
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle ſing,
And triumph while we fight.

LXXXVIII. *Man by Nature, Grace, and Glory.*

1 LORD, what is man! extremes how wide,
In this myſterious nature join!
The fleſh, to worms and duſt ally'd,
The ſoul, immortal and divine!

2 Divine at firſt, a holy flame
Kindled by the Almighty's breath;
Till, ſtain'd by ſin, it ſoon became
The ſeat of darkneſs, ſtrife, and death.

3 But Jeſus, Oh! amazing grace!
Aſſum'd our nature as his own,
Obey'd and ſuffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
Again a life divine he feels,
Deſpiſes earth, and walks with God.

5 And what in yonder realms above,
Is ranſom'd man ordain'd to be?
With honour, holineſs, and love,
No ſeraph more adorn'd than he.

6 Neareſt the throne, and firſt in ſong,
Man ſhall his hallelujahs raiſe;
While wond'ring angels round him throng,
And ſwell the chorus of his praiſe.

SIMILAR HYMNS.

Book I. Hymn 57. 58. 59. 79. 80.
Book II. Hymn 37. 38. 39. 41. 42.

VIII. SHORT HYMNS.

BEFORE SERMON.

HYMN LXXXIX.

CONfirm the hope thy word allows,
Behold us waiting to be fed;
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And ſatisfy thy poor with bread:
Drawn by thine invitation, Lord,
A thirſt and hungry we are come;
Now from the fulneſs of thy word,
Feaſt us, and ſend us thankful home.

HYMN XC.

1 NOW, Lord, inſpire the preacher's heart,
And teach his tongue to ſpeak;
Food to the hungry ſoul impart,
And cordials to the weak.

2 Furniſh us all with light and pow'rs
To walk in Wiſdom's ways;
So ſhall the benefit be ours,
And thou ſhalt have the praiſe.

HYMN XCI.

1 THY promiſe, Lord, and thy command,
Have brought us here to-day;
And now, we humbly waiting ſtand
To hear what thou wilt ſay*.

2 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,
And fill our hearts with love;
That from our follies we may ceaſe,
And henceforth faithful prove.

* Pſal. lxxxv. 8.

HYMN

HYMN XCII.

1 HUngry, and faint, and poor,
Behold us, Lord, again
Aſſembled at thy mercies door,
Thy bounty to obtain.

2 Thy word invites us nigh,
Or we muſt ſtarve indeed;
For we no money have to buy,
No righteouſneſs to plead.

3 The food our ſpirits want
Thy hand alone can give;
Oh, hear the pray'r of faith, and grant
That we may eat, and live.

HYMN XCIII.

Pſalm, cvi. 4. 5.

1 REmember us, we pray thee, Lord,
With thoſe who love thy gracious name;
And to our ſouls that good afford,
Thy promiſe has prepar'd for them.

2 To us thy great ſalvation ſhow,
Give us a taſte of love divine;
That we thy people's joy may know,
And in their holy triumph join.

HYMN XCIV.

1 NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze *,
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way mark'd out with blood,
Sinners now approach to God.

* Hebrews, xii. 18. 22.

2 Not

2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water, by that well ſupply'd *,
Jeſus open'd when he dy'd.

3 Lord, there are no ſtreams but thine
Can aſſuage a thirſt like mine;
'Tis a thirſt thyſelf didſt give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

HYMN XCV.

1 OFten thy public means of grace,
Thy thirſty people's wat'ring place,
The archers have beſet †;
Attack'd them in thy houſe of pray'r,
To priſon dragg'd, or to the bar,
When thus together met.

2 But we from ſuch aſſaults are freed,
Can pray, and ſing, and hear, and read,
And meet, and part, in peace:
May we our privileges prize,
In their improvement make us wiſe,
And bleſs us with increaſe.

3 Unleſs thy preſence thou afford,
Unleſs thy bleſſing clothe the word,
In vain our liberty!
What would it profit to maintain
A name for life, ſhould we remain
Formal and dead to thee?

AFTER SERMON.

HYMN XCVI.

Deut. xxxiii. 26. 29.

1 WITH Iſrael's God who can compare?
Or who like Iſrael happy are?
O people ſaved by the Lord,
He is thy ſhield and great reward!

* Iſaiah, xii. 3. † Judges, v. 11.

2 Upheld

2 Upheld by everlaſting arms,
Thou art ſecur'd from foes and harms;
In vain their plots, and falſe their boaſts,
Our refuge is the Lord of hoſts.

H Y M N XCVII.

Habakkuk, iii. 17. 18.

JESUS is mine! I'm now prepar'd
To meet with what I thought moſt hard;
Yes, let the winds of trouble blow,
And comforts melt away like ſnow:
No blaſted trees, or failing crops,
Can hinder my eternal hopes;
Tho' creatures change, the Lord's the ſame;
Then let me triumph in his name.

H Y M N XCVIII.

1 WE ſeek a reſt beyond the ſkies,
In everlaſting day;
Thro' floods and flames the paſſage lies,
But Jeſus guards the way:
The ſwelling flood, and raging flame,
Hear and obey his word;
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

H Y M N XCIX.

Deut. xxxii. 9. 10.

1 THE ſaints Emmanuel's portion are,
Redeem'd by price, reclaim'd by pow'r;
His ſpecial choice, and tender care,
Owns them and guards them ev'ry hour.

2 He finds them in a barren land,
Beſet with ſins, and fears, and woes;
He leads and guides them by his hand,
And bears them ſafe from all their foes,

HYMN

HYMN C.

Hebrews, xiii. 20. 24.

1 NOW may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the ſheep,
Jeſus Chriſt, our King and Head,
All our ſouls in ſafety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleaſing in his ſight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preſerve us day and night!

3 To that dear Redeemer's praiſe,
Who the cov'nant ſeal'd with blood,
Let our hearts and voices raiſe
Loud thankſgivings to our God.

HYMN CI.

2 *Corinthians*, xiii. 14.

MAY the grace of Chriſt our Saviour
And the Father's boundleſs love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Reſt upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the Lord;
And poſſeſs, in ſweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN CII.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels *,
Direct and keep, and cheer your hearts:

* Phil. iv. 7.

And

And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant bleſſing down
On ev'ry ſoul aſſembled here!

HYMN CIII.

1 TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our pow'rs;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praiſes, Lord, and pray'rs receive,
And to thy word a bleſſing give.

2 Oh, grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear!
And follow thee to heav'n our home.
E'en ſo, Amen, Lord Jeſus, come *.

GLORIA PATRI.

HYMN CIV.

1 THE FATHER we adore,
And everlaſting SON,
The SPIRIT of his love and pow'r,
The glorious Three in one.

2 At the creation's birth
This ſong was ſung on high,
Shall ſound, thro' ev'ry age, on earth,
And thro' eternity.

* Rev. v. 20.

HYMN

HYMN CV.

1 FATHER of angels and of men,
Saviour, who haſt us bought,
Spirit by whom we're born again,
And ſanctify'd and taught!

2 Thy glory, holy Three in One,
Thy people's ſong ſhall be,
Long as the wheels of time ſhall run,
And to eternity.

HYMN CVI.

1 GLORY to God, the Father's name,
to Jeſus, who for ſinners dy'd;
The Holy Spirit claims the ſame,
By whom our ſouls are ſanctify'd.

2 Thy praiſe was ſung when time began
By angels, thro' the ſtarry ſpheres;
And ſhall, as now, be ſung by man
Thro' vaſt eternity's long years.

HYMN CVII.

YE ſaints on earth, aſcribe, with heav'n's high hoſt,
Glory and honour to the One in Three;
To GOD the FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
As was, and is, and evermore ſhall be.

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THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

POEMS.

POEMS.

The Kite; or, Pride muſt have a fall.

My waking dreams are beſt conceal'd,
Much folly, little good they yield;
But now and then I gain, when ſleeping,
A friendly hint that's worth the keeping:
Lately I dreamt of one who cry'd,
" Beware of ſelf, beware of pride;
When you are prone to build a Babel,
Recal to mind this little fable."

ONCE on a time a paper kite
Was mounted to a wondrous height,
Where, giddy with its elevation,
It thus expreſs'd ſelf-admiration:
" See how yon crowds of gazing people
Admire my flight above the ſteeple;
How would they wonder if they knew
All that a kite like me can do?
Were I but free, I'd take a flight,
And pierce the clouds beyond their ſight,
But, ah! like a poor priſ'ner bound,
My ſtring confines me near the ground:
I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,
Might I but fly without a ſtring."
It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it ſpoke,
To break the ſtring—at laſt it broke.
Depriv'd at once of all its ſtay,
In vain it try'd to ſoar away;
Unable its own weight to bear,
It flutter'd downward thro' the air;
Unable its own courſe to guide,
The winds ſoon plung'd it in the tide.
Ah! fooliſh kite, thou hadſt no wing,
How couldſt thou fly without a ſtring!
My heart reply'd, " O Lord, I ſee
How much this kite reſembles me!

Forgetful that by thee I ſtand,
Impatient of thy ruling hand;
How oft I've wiſh'd to break the lines
Thy wiſdom for my lot aſſigns?
How oft indulg'd a vain deſire
For ſomething more, or ſomething higher?
And, but for grace and love divine,
A fall thus dreadful had been mine."

A Thought on the Sea Shore.

1 IN ev'ry object here I ſee
Something, O Lord, that leads to thee.
Firm as the rocks thy promiſe ſtands,
Thy mercies countleſs as the ſands,
Thy love a ſea immenſely wide,
Thy grace an ever-flowing tide.

2 In ev'ry object here I ſee
Something, my heart, that points at thee.
Hard as the rocks that bound the ſtrand,
Unfruitful as the barren ſand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And, like the tides, in conſtant motion.

The Spider and Toad.

SOME author (no great matter who,
Provided what he ſays be true)
Relates he ſaw, with hoſtile rage,
A ſpider and a toad engage:
For tho' with poiſon both are ſtor'd,
Each by the other is abhorr'd,
It ſeems as if their common venom
Provok'd an enmity between 'em.
Implacable, malicious, cruel,
Like modern hero in a duel,
The ſpider darted on his foe,
Infixing death at every blow.

The

The toad, by ready inſtinct taught,
An antidote, when wounded, ſought
From the herb Plantane, growing near,
Well known to toads its virtues rare,
The ſpider's poiſon to repel;
It cropp'd the leaf, and ſoon was well.
This remedy it often try'd,
And all the ſpider's rage defy'd.
The perſon who the conteſt view'd,
While yet the battle doubtful ſtood,
Remov'd the healing plant away—
And thus the ſpider gain'd the day:
For when the toad return'd once more
Wounded, as it had done before,
To ſeek relief and found it not,
It ſwell'd and dy'd upon the ſpot.
In ev'ry circumſtance but one
(Could that hold too, I were undone)
No glaſs can repreſent my face
More juſtly than this tale my caſe.
The toad's an emblem of my heart,
And Satan acts the ſpider's part.
Envenom'd by his poiſon, I
Am often at the point to die;
But he who hung upon the tree,
From guilt and wo to ſet me free,
Is like the Plantane leaf to me.
To him my wounded ſoul repairs,
He knows my pain, and hears my prayers;
From him I virtue draw by faith,
Which ſaves me from the jaws of death:
From him freſh life and ſtrength I gain,
And Satan ſpends his rage in vain.
No ſecret arts or open force,
Can rob me of this ſure reſource,
Tho' baniſh'd to ſome diſtant land,
My med'cine would be ſtill at hand;

Tho'

Tho' fooliſh men its worth deny,
Experience gives them all the lie;
Tho' Deiſts and Socinians join,
Jeſus ſtill lives, and ſtill is mine.
'Tis here the happy diff'rence lies,
My Saviour reigns above the ſkies,
Yet to my ſoul is always near,
For he is God, and ev'ry where.
His blood a ſovereign balm is found
For ev'ry grief and ev'ry wound;
And ſooner all the hills ſhall flee
And hide themſelves beneath the ſea;
Or Ocean, ſtarting from its bed,
Ruſh o'er the cloud-topt mountain's head;
The ſun, exhauſted of its light,
Become the ſource of endleſs night;
And ruin ſpread from pole to pole,
Than Jeſus fail the tempted ſoul.

7 AP 51

FINIS